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DR. BREEN'S PRACTICE.¹

I.

NEAR the verge of a bold promontory stands the hotel, and looks southeastward over a sweep of sea unbroken to the horizon. Behind it stretches the vast forest, which after two hundred years has resumed the sterile coast wrested from it by the first Pilgrims, and has begun to efface the evidences of the inroad made in recent years by the bold speculator for whom Jocelyn's is named. The young birches and spruces are breast high in the drives and avenues at Jocelyn's; the low-blackberry vines and the sweet-fern cover the carefully graded sidewalks, and obscure the divisions of the lots; the children of the boarders have found squawberries in the public square on the spot where the bandstand was to have been. The notion of a sea-side resort at this point was courageously conceived, and to a certain extent it was generously realized. Except for its remoteness from the railroad, a drawback which future enterprise might be expected to remedy in some way, the place has many natural advantages. The broad plateau is cooled by a breeze from the vast forests behind it, which comes laden with health and freshness from the young pines; the sea at its feet is warmed by the Gulf Stream to a temperature delicious for bathing.

There are certainly mosquitoes from the woods; but there are mosquitoes everywhere, and the report that people have been driven away by them is manifestly untrue, for who ever comes to Jocelyn's remains. The beach at the foot of the bluff is almost a mile in its curve, and it is so smooth and hard that it glistens like polished marble when newly washed by the tide. It is true that you reach it from the top by a flight of eighty steps, but it was intended to have an elevator, like those near the Whirlpool at Niagara. In the mean time, it is easy enough to go down, and the ladies go down every day, taking their novels or their needle-work with them. They have various notions of a bath: some conceive that it is bathing to sit in the edge of the water, and emit shrieks as the surge sweeps against them; others run boldly in, and after a moment of poignant hesitation jump up and down half a dozen times, and run out; yet others imagine it better to remain immersed to the chin for a given space, looking toward the shore with lips tightly shut and the breath held. But after the bath they are all of one mind; they lay their shawls on the warm sand, and, spreading out their hair to dry, they doze in the sun, in such coils and masses as the unconscious figure lends itself to. When they rise from their beds, they sit in the

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shelter of the cliff and knit or sew, while one of them reads aloud, and another stands watch to announce the coming of the seals, which frequent a reef near the shore in great numbers. It has been said at rival points on the coast that the ladies linger there in despair of ever being able to remount to the hotel. A young man who clambered along the shore from one of those points reported finding day after day the same young lady stretched out on the same shawl, drying the same yellow hair, who had apparently never gone up-stairs since the season began. But the recurrence of this phenomenon in this spot at the very moment when the young man came by might have been accounted for upon other theories. Jocelyn's was so secluded that she could not have expected any one to find her there twice, and if she had expected this she would not have permitted it. Probably he saw a different young lady each time.

Many of the same boarders come year after year, and these tremble at the suggestion of a change for the better in Jocelyn's. The landlord has always believed that Jocelyn's would come up, some day, when times got better. He believes that the narrow-gauge railroad from New Leyden — arrested on paper at the disastrous moment when the fortunes of Jocelyn's felt the general crash — will be pushed through yet; and every summer he promises that next summer they are going to have a steam-launch running twice a day from Leyden Harbor. But at present his house is visited once a day by a barge, as the New England coast-folks call the vehicle in which they convey city boarders to and from the station, and the old frequenters of the place hope that the station will never be nearer Jocelyn's than at present. Some of them are rich enough to afford a sojourn at more fashionable resorts; but most of them are not, though they are often people of polite tastes and of æsthetic employments.

They talk with slight of the large watering-places, and probably they would not like them, though it is really economy that inspires their passion for Jocelyn's with most of them, and they know of the splendid weariness of Newport mostly by hearsay. New arrivals are not favored, but there are not often new arrivals at Jocelyn's. The chief business of the barge is to bring fresh meat for the table and the gaunt bag which contains the mail; for in the first flush of the enterprise the place was made a post-office, and the landlord is postmaster; he has the help of the lady-boarders in his official duties.

Scattered about among the young birches there are several of those pine frames known as shells, within easy walk of the hotel, where their inmates board. They are picturesque interiors, and are on informal terms with the public as to many domestic details. The lady of the house, doing her back hair at her dressing-room glass, is divided from her husband, smoking at the parlor fire-place, only by a partition of unlathed studding. The arrest of development in these shells is characteristic of everything about the place. None of the improvements invented since the hard times began have been added to Jocelyn's; lawn-tennis is still unknown there; but there is a croquet-ground before the hotel, where the short, tough grass is kept in tolerable order. The wickets are pretty rusty, and it is usually the children who play; but toward the close of a certain afternoon a young lady was pushing the balls about there. She seemed to be going over a game just played, and trying to trace the cause of her failure. She made bad shots, and laughed at her blunders. Another young lady drooped languidly on a bench at the side of the croquet-ground, and followed her movements with indifference.

"I don't see how you did it, Louise," panted the player; "it's astonishing how you beat me."

The lady on the bench made as if to answer, but ended by coughing hoarsely.

"Oh, dear child!" cried the first, dropping her mallet, and running to her. "You ought to have put on your shawl!" She lifted the knit shawl lying beside her on the bench, and laid it across the other's shoulders, and drew it close about her neck.

"Oh, don't!" said the other. "It chokes me to be bundled up so tight." She shrugged the shawl down to her shoulders with a pretty petulance. "If my chest's protected, that's all that's necessary." But she made no motion to drape the outline which her neatly-fitted dress displayed, and she did not move from her place, or look up at her anxious friend.

"Oh, but don't sit here, Louise," the latter pleaded, lingering near her. "I was wrong to let you sit down at all after you had got heated."

"Well, Grace, I had to," said she who was called Louise. "I was so tired out. I'm not going to take more cold. I can always tell when I am. I'll put on the shawl, in half a minute; or else I'll go in. I'm sure there's nothing to keep me out. That's the worst of these lonely places: my mind preys upon itself. That's what Dr. Nixon always said: he said it was no use in air so long as my mind preyed upon itself. He said that I ought to divert my mind all I could, and keep it from preying upon itself; that it was worth all the medicine in the world."

"That's perfectly true."

"Then you ought n't to keep reminding me all the time that I'm sick. That's what *starts* my mind to preying upon itself; and when it gets going once I can't stop it. I ought to treat myself just like a well person; that's what the doctor *said*."

The other stood looking at the speaker in frowning perplexity. She was a serious-faced girl, and now when she frowned her black brows met sternly above her

gray eyes. But she controlled any impulse she had to severity, and asked gently, "Shall I send Bella to you?"

"Oh, no! I can't make society out of a child the *whole* time. I'll just sit here till the barge comes in. I suppose it will be as *empty* as a gourd, as usual." She added, with a sick and weary negligence, "I don't even know where Bella is. She's run off, somewhere."

"It's quite time she should be looked up, for tea. I'll wander out that way and look for her." She indicated the wilderness generally.

"Thanks," said Louise. She now gratefully drew her shawl up over her shoulders, and faced about on the bench so as to command an easy view of the arriving barge. The other met it on her way to the place in the woods where the children usually played, and found it as empty as her friend had foreboded. But the driver stopped his horses, and leaned out of the side of the wagon with a little package in his hand. He read the superscription, and then glanced consciously at the girl. "You're Miss Breen, ain't you?"

"Yes," she said, with lady-like sweetness and a sort of business-like alertness.

"Well," suggested the driver. "This is for Miss Grace Breen, *M. D.*"

"For me, thank you," said the young lady. "I'm Dr. Breen." She put out her hand for the little package from the homœopathic pharmacy in Boston; and the driver yielded it with a blush that reddened him to his hair. "Well," he said slowly, staring at the handsome girl, who did not visibly share his embarrassment. "They *told* me you was the *one*; but I could n't seem to get it through me. I thought it must be the *old* lady."

"My mother is *Mrs.* Breen," the young lady briefly explained, and walked rapidly away, leaving the driver stuck in the heavy sand of Sea-Glimpse Avenue.

"Why, *get up!*" he shouted to his

horses. "Goin' to stay here all *day*?" He craned his neck round the side of the wagon for a sight of her. "Well, dunn 'f I don't wish *I* was sick! Steps along," he mused, watching the swirl and ripple of her skirt, "like — *I* dunno what!"

With her face turned from him Dr. Breen blushed, too; she was not yet so used to her quality of physician that she could coldly bear the confusion to which her being a doctor put men. She laughed a little to herself at the helplessness of the driver, confronted probably for the first time with a graduate of the New York homœopathic school; but she believed that she had reasons for taking herself seriously in every way, and she had not entered upon this career without definite purposes. When she was not yet out of her teens, she had an unhappy love affair, which was always darkly referred to as a disappointment by people who knew of it at the time. Though the particulars of the case do not directly concern this story it may be stated that the recreant lover afterwards married her dearest girl-friend, whom he had first met in her company. It was cruel enough, and the hurt went deep; but it neither crushed nor hardened her. It benumbed her for a time; she sank out of sight; but when she returned to the knowledge of the world she showed no mark of the blow except what was thought a strange eccentricity in a girl such as she had been. The world which had known her — it was that of an inland New England city — heard of her definitely after several years as a student of medicine in New York. Those who had more of her intimacy understood that she had chosen this work with the intention of giving her life to it, in the spirit in which other women enter convents, or go out to heathen lands; but probably this conception had its exaggerations. What was certain was that she was rich enough to have no need of her profession as a means of support,

and that its study had cost her more than the usual suffering that it brings to persons of sensitive nerves. Some details were almost insuperably repugnant; but in schooling herself to them she believed that she was preparing to encounter anything in the application of her science.

Her first intention had been to go back to her own town after her graduation, and begin the practice of her profession among those who had always known her, and whose scrutiny and criticism would be hardest to bear, and therefore, as she fancied, the most useful to her in the formation of character. But afterwards she relinquished her purpose in favor of a design which she thought would be more useful to others: she planned going to one of the great factory towns, and beginning practice there, in company with an older physician, among the children of the operatives. Pending the completion of this arrangement, which was waiting upon the decision of the other lady, she had come to Jocelyn's with her mother, and with Mrs. Maynard, who had arrived from the West aimlessly, sick and unfriended, just as they were about leaving home. There was no recourse but to invite her with them, and Dr. Breen was finding her first patient in this unexpected guest. She did not wholly regret the accident; this, too, was useful work, though not that she would have chosen; but her mother, after a fortnight, openly repined, and could not mention Mrs. Maynard without some rebellious murmur. She was an old lady, who had once kept a very vigilant conscience for herself; but after making her life unhappy with it for some threescore years, she now applied it entirely to the exasperation and condemnation of others. She especially devoted it to fretting a New England girl's naturally morbid sense of duty in her daughter, and keeping it in the irritation of perpetual self-question. She had never actively opposed her studying medicine; that am-

bition had harmonized very well with certain radical tendencies of her own, and it was at least not marriage, which she had found tolerable only in its modified form of widowhood; but at every step after the decisive step was taken she was beset with misgivings lest Grace was not fully alive to the grave responsibilities of her office, which she accumulated upon the girl in proportion as she flung off all responsibilities of her own. She was doubtless deceived by that show of calm which sometimes deceived Grace herself, who, in tutoring her soul to bear what it had to bear, mistook her tense effort for spiritual repose, and scarcely realized through her tingling nerves the strain she was undergoing. In spite of the bitter experience of her life, she was still very ardent in her hopes of usefulness, very scornful of distress or discomfort to herself, and a little inclined to exact the heroism she was ready to show. She had a child's severe morality, and she had hardly learned to understand that there is much evil in the world that does not characterize the perpetrators: she held herself as strictly to account for every word and deed as she held others, and she had an almost passionate desire to meet the consequence of her errors; till that was felt, an intolerable doom hung over her. She tried not to be impulsive; that was criminal in one of her calling; and she struggled for patience with an endeavor that was largely successful.

As to the effect of her career outside of herself, and of those whom her skill was to benefit, she tried to think neither arrogantly nor meanly. She would not entertain the vanity that she was serving what is called the cause of woman, and she would not assume any duties or responsibilities toward it. She thought men were as good as women; at least one man had been no worse than one woman; and it was in no representative or exemplary character that she had chosen her course. At the same time

that she held these sane opinions, she believed that she had put away the hopes with the pleasures that might once have taken her as a young girl. In regard to what had changed the current of her life, she mentally asserted her mere nullity, her absolute non-existence. The thought of it no longer rankled, and that interest could never be hers again. If it had not been so much like affectation, and so counter to her strong æsthetic instinct, she might have made her dress somehow significant of her complete abeyance in such matters; but as it was she only studied simplicity, and as we have seen from the impression of the barge-driver she did not finally escape distinction in dress and manner. In fact, she could not have escaped that effect if she would; and it was one of the indomitable contradictions of her nature that she would not.

When she came back to the croquet-ground, leading the little girl by the hand, she found Mrs. Maynard no longer alone and no longer sad. She was chatting and laughing with a slim young fellow, whose gay blue eyes looked out of a sunburnt face, and whose straw hat, carried in his hand, exposed a closely shaven head. He wore a suit of gray flannel, and Mrs. Maynard explained that he was camping on the beach at Birkman's Cove, and had come over in the steamer with her, when she returned from Europe. She introduced him as Mr. Libby, and said, "Oh, Bella, you dirty little thing!"

Mr. Libby bowed anxiously to Grace, and turned for refuge to the little girl.

"Hello, Bella!"

"Hello!" said the child.

"Remember me?"

The child put her left hand on that of Grace holding her right, and prettily pressed her head against the girl's arm in bashful silence. Grace said some coldly civil words to the young man, without looking at Mrs. Maynard, and passed on into the house.

"You don't mean *that's* your doctor?" he scarcely more than whispered.

"Yes, I do," answered Mrs. Maynard. "Is n't she too lovely? And she's just as *good*! She used to stand up at school for me, when all the girls were down on me because I was Western. And when I came East, this time, I just went right straight to her house. I knew she could tell me exactly what to do. And that's the reason I'm here. I shall always recommend this air to anybody with lung difficulties. It's the greatest *thing*! I'm almost another person. Oh, you need n't look after *her*, Mr. Libby! There's nothing flirtatious about Grace," said Mrs. Maynard.

The young man recovered himself from his absent-minded stare in the direction Grace had taken, with a frank laugh. "So much the better for a fellow, I should say!"

Grace handed the little girl over to her nurse, and went to her own room, where she found her mother waiting to go down to tea.

"Where is Mrs. Maynard?" asked Mrs. Breen.

"Out on the croquet-ground," answered the daughter.

"I should think it would be damp," suggested Mrs. Breen.

"She will come in when the tea-bell rings. She would n't come in now, if I told her."

"Well," said the elder lady, "for a person who lets her doctor pay her board, I think she's very independent."

"I wish you would n't speak of that, mother," said the girl.

"I can't help it, Grace. It's ridiculous,—that's what it is; it's ridiculous."

"I don't see anything ridiculous in it. A physician need not charge anything unless he chooses,—or she; and if I choose to make Louise my guest here it's quite the same as if she were my guest at home."

"I don't like you to have such a guest," said Mrs. Breen. "I don't see what claim she has upon your hospitality."

"She has a double claim upon it," Grace answered, with a flush. "She is in sickness and in trouble. I don't see how she could have a better claim. Even if she were quite well I should consider the way she had been treated by her husband sufficient, and I should want to do everything I could for her."

"I should want her to behave herself," said Mrs. Breen dryly.

"How behave herself? What do you mean?" demanded Grace, with guilty heat.

"You know what I mean, Grace. A woman in her position ought to be more circumspect than any other woman, if she wants people to believe that her husband treated her badly."

"We ought n't to blame her for trying to forget her troubles. It's essential to her recovery for her to be as cheerful as she can be. I know that she's impulsive, and she's free in her manners with strangers; but I suppose that's her Westernism. She's almost distracted. She was crying half the night, with her troubles, and kept Bella and me both awake."

"Is Bella with her now?"

"No," Grace admitted. "Jane's getting her ready to go down with us. Louise is talking with a gentleman who came over on the steamer with her; he's camping on the beach near here. I did n't wait to hear particulars."

When the nurse brought the little girl to their door, Mrs. Breen took one hand and Grace the other, and they led her down to tea. Mrs. Maynard was already at table, and told them all about meeting Mr. Libby abroad.

Until the present time she and Grace had not seen each other since they were at school together in Westhampton, where the girl used to hear so much to the disadvantage of her native section

that she would hardly have owned to it if her accent had not found her out. It would have been pleasanter to befriend another person, but the little Westerner suffered a veritable persecution, and that was enough to make Grace her friend. Shortly after she returned home from school she married, in that casual and tentative fashion in which so many marriages seem made. Grace had heard of her as traveling in Europe with her husband, from whom she was now separated. She reported that he had known Mr. Libby in his bachelor days, and that Mr. Libby had traveled with them. Mr. Maynard appeared to have left to Mr. Libby the arrangement of his wife's pleasures, the supervision of her shopping, and the direction of their common journeys and sojourns; and it seemed to have been indifferent to him whether his friend was smoking and telling stories with him, or going with his wife to the opera, or upon such excursions as he had no taste for. She gave the details of the triangular intimacy with a frank unconsciousness; and after nine o'clock she returned from a moonlight walk on the beach with Mr. Libby.

Grace sat waiting for her at the little one's bedside, for Bella had been afraid to go to sleep alone.

"How good you are!" cried Louise, in a grateful under-tone, as she came in. She kissed Grace, and choked down a cough with her hand over her mouth.

"Louise," said Grace, sternly, "this is shameful! You forget that you are married, and ill, too."

"Oh, I'm ever so much better, to-night. The air's just as dry! And you need n't mind Mr. Libby. He's such an *old* friend! Besides, I'm *sure* to gain the case."

"No matter. Even as a divorced woman, you ought n't to go on in this way."

"Well, I wouldn't, with *every* one. But it's quite different with Mr. Libby. And, besides, I have to keep my mind from preying on itself *some* how."

II.

Mrs. Maynard sat in the sun on the seaward-looking piazza of the hotel, and coughed in the warm air. She told the ladies as they came out from breakfast that she was ever so much better, generally, but that she seemed to have more of that tickling in her throat. Each of them advised her for good, and suggested this specific and that; and they all asked her what Miss Breen was doing for her cough. Mrs. Maynard replied, between the paroxysms, that she did not know: it was some kind of powders. Then they said they would think she would want to try something active; even those among them who were homœopathists insinuated a fine distrust of a physician of their own sex. "Oh, it's nothing serious," Mrs. Maynard explained. "It's just bronchial. The air will do me more good than anything. I'm keeping out in it all I can."

After they were gone, a queer, gaunt man came and glanced from the doorway at her. He had one eye in unnatural fixity, and the other set at that abnormal slant which is said to qualify the owner for looking round a corner before he gets to it. A droll twist of his mouth seemed partly physical, but there is no doubt that he had often a humorous intention. It was Barlow, the man-of-all-work, who killed and plucked the poultry, peeled the potatoes and picked the peas, pulled the sweet-corn and the tomatoes, kindled the kitchen fire, harnessed the old splay-footed mare, — safe for ladies and children, and intolerable for all others, which formed the entire stud of the Jocelyn House stables, — dug the clams, rowed and sailed the boat, looked after the bath-houses, and came in contact with the guests at so many points that he was on easy terms with them all. This ease tended to an intimacy which he was himself powerless to repress, and which, from time to time,

required their intervention. He now wore a simple costume of shirt and trousers, the latter terminated by a pair of broken shoes, and sustained by what he called a single gallows; his broad-brimmed straw hat scooped down upon his shoulders behind, and in front added to his congenital difficulty of getting people in focus. "How do you do, this morning, Mrs. Maynard?" he said.

"Oh, *I'm* first-rate, Mr. Barlow. What sort of day do you think it's going to be for a sail?"

Barlow came out to the edge of the piazza, and looked at the sea and sky. "First-rate. Fog's most burnt away, now. You don't often see a fog at Jocelyn's after ten o'clock in the mornin'."

He looked for approval to Mrs. Maynard, who said, "That's so. The air's just splendid. It's doing everything for me."

"It's these pine woods, back o' here. Every breath on 'em does ye good. It's the balsam in it. D' you ever try," he asked, stretching his hand as far up the piazza-post as he could, and swinging into a conversational posture, — "d' you ever try whisky — good old Bourbon whisky — with white-pine chips in it?"

Mrs. Maynard looked up with interest, but, shaking her head, coughed for no.

"Well, *I* should like to have you try that."

"What does it do?" she gasped, when she could get her breath.

"Well, it's soothin' t' the cough, and it builds ye up, every ways. Why, my brother," continued the factotum, "he died of consumption when I was a boy, — reg'lar old New England consumption. Don't hardly ever hear of it any more, round here. Well, I don't suppose there's been a case of *reg'lar* old New England consumption — well, not the old New England *kind* — since these woods grewed up. *He* used to take whisky with white-pine chips in it; and

I can remember hearin' 'em say that it done him more good than all the doctor's stuff. He'd been out to Demarary, and everywhere, and he come home in the last stages, and took up with this whisky with white-pine chips in it. Well, it's just like this, I presume: it's the balsam in the chips. It don't make any difference how you git the balsam into your system, so 's t' you *git* it there. *I* should like to have you try whisky with white-pine chips in it."

He looked convincingly at Mrs. Maynard, who said she should like to try it. "It's just bronchial with me, you know. But I should like to try it. I *know* it would be soothing; and I've always heard that whisky was the very thing to build you up. But," she added, lapsing from this vision of recovery, "I could n't take it unless Grace said so. She'd be sure to find it out."

"Why, look here," said Barlow. "As far forth as that goes, you could keep the bottle in my room. Not but what I believe in going by your doctor's directions, it don't matter *who* your doctor is. I ain't sayin' nothin' against Miss Breen, you understand?"

"Oh, *no*!" cried Mrs. Maynard.

"I never see *much* nicer ladies than her and her mother in the house. But you just tell her about the whisky with the white-pine chips in it. May be she never heard of it. Well, she *hain't* had a great deal of experience yet."

"No," said Mrs. Maynard. "And I think she'll be glad to hear of it. You may be sure I'll tell her, Mr. Barlow. Grace is everything for the balsamic properties of the air, down here. That's what she said; and as you *say*, it does n't matter how you get the balsam into your system, so you get it there."

"No," said the factotum, in a tone of misgiving, as if the repetition of the words presented the theory in a new light to him.

"What I think is, and what I'm always telling Grace," pursued Mrs. May-

nard, in that confidential spirit in which she helplessly spoke of her friends by their first names to every one, "that if I could once get my digestion all right, then the cough would stop of itself. The doctor said — Dr. Nixon, that is — that it was more than half the digestion, any way. But just as soon as I eat anything — or if I over-eat, a little — then that tickling in my throat begins, and *then* I commence coughing; and I'm back just where I was. It's the digestion. I ought n't to have eaten that mince pie, yesterday."

"No," admitted Barlow. Then he said, in indirect defense of the kitchen, "I think you had n't ought to be out in the night air, — well, not a *great* deal."

"Well, I don't suppose it *does* do me *much* good," Mrs. Maynard said, turning her eyes seaward.

Barlow let his hand drop from the piazza post, and slouched in-doors; but he came out again, as if pricked by conscience to return.

"After all, you know it did n't cure him."

"What cure him?" asked Mrs. Maynard.

"The whisky with the white-pine chips in it."

"Cure who?"

"My brother."

"*Oh!* Oh, *yes!* But mine's only bronchial. I think it might do me good. I shall tell Grace about it."

Barlow looked troubled, as if his success in the suggestion of this remedy were not finally a pleasure; but as Mrs. Maynard kept her eyes persistently turned from him, and was evidently tired, he had nothing for it but to go in-doors again. He met Grace, and made way for her on the threshold to pass out.

As she joined Mrs. Maynard, "Well, Grace," said the latter, "I do believe you were right. I *have* taken some more cold. But that shows that it does n't get worse of itself, and I think we ought to be encouraged by that. I'm going

to be more careful of the night air after this."

"I don't think the night air was the worst thing about it, Louise," said Grace, bluntly.

"You mean the damp from the sand? I put on my rubbers."

"I don't mean the damp sand," said Grace, beginning to pull over some sewing which she had in her lap, and looking down at it.

Mrs. Maynard watched her a while in expectation that she would say more, but she did not speak. "Oh, *well!*" she was forced to continue herself, "if you're going to go on with *that!*"

"The question is," said Grace, getting the thread she wanted, "whether *you* are going on with it."

"Why, I can't see any possible harm in it," protested Mrs. Maynard. "I suppose you don't exactly like my going with Mr. Libby, and I know that under some circumstances it *would n't* be quite the thing. But did n't I tell you last night how he lived with us in Europe? And when we were all coming over on the steamer together Mr. Libby and Mr. Maynard were together the whole time, smoking and telling stories. They were the greatest *friends!* Why, it is n't as if he was a *stranger*, or an *enemy* of Mr. Maynard's."

Grace dropped her sewing into her lap. "Really, Louise, you're incredible!" She looked sternly at the invalid; but broke into a laugh, on which Mrs. Maynard waited with a puzzled face. As Grace said nothing more, she helplessly resumed:—

"We did n't expect to go down the cliff when he first called in the evening. But he said he would help me up again, and — he did, nicely. I was n't exhausted a bit; and how I took more cold I can't understand; I was wrapped up warmly. I think I took the cold when I was sitting there after our game of croquet, with my shawl off. Don't you think so?" she wheedled.

"Perhaps," said Grace.

"He did nothing but talk about you, Grace," said Mrs. Maynard, with a sly look at the other. "He's awfully afraid of you, and he kept asking about you."

"Louise," said the other, gravely ignoring these facts, "I never undertook the care of you socially, and I object very much to lecturing you. You are nearly as old as I am, and you have had a great deal more experience of life than I have." Mrs. Maynard sighed deeply in assent. "But it does n't seem to have taught you that if you will provoke people to talk of you, you must expect criticism. One after another you've told nearly every woman in the house your affairs, and they have all sympathized with you and pitied you. I shall have to be plain, and tell you that I can't have them sneering and laughing at any one who is my guest. I can't let you defy public opinion here."

"Why, Grace," said Mrs. Maynard, buoyed above offense at her friend's words by her consciousness of the point she was about to make, "you defy public opinion yourself a good deal more than I do, every minute."

"I? How do I defy it?" demanded Grace, indignantly.

"By being a doctor."

Grace opened her lips to speak, but she was not a ready person, and she felt the thrust. Before she could say anything Mrs. Maynard went on: "There is n't one of them that does n't think you're much more scandalous than if you were the greatest flirt alive. But I don't mind them, and why should *you*?"

The serious girl whom she addressed was in that helpless subjection to the truth in which so many New England women pass their lives. She could not deny the truth which lurked in the exaggeration of these words, and it unnerved her, as the fact that she was doing what the vast majority of women considered unwomanly always unnerved her when she suffered herself to think

of it. "You are right, Louise," she said, meekly and sadly. "They think as well of you as they do of me."

"Yes, that's just what I *said*!" cried Mrs. Maynard, glad of her successful argument.

But however disabled, her friend resumed: "The only safe way for you is to take the ground that so long as you wear your husband's name you must honor it, no matter how cruel and indifferent to you he has been."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Maynard, ruefully, "of course."

"I mean that you must n't even have the appearance of liking admiration, or what you call attentions. It's wicked."

"I suppose so," murmured the culprit.

"You have been brought up to have such different ideas of divorce from what I have," continued Grace, "that I don't feel as if I had any right to advise you about what you are to do after you gain your suit."

"I shall not want to get *married* again for *one* while; I know *that* much," Mrs. Maynard interpolated, self-righteously.

"But till you do gain it, you ought not to regard it as emancipating you in the slightest degree."

"No," came in sad assent from the victim of the law's delays.

"And I want you to promise me that you won't go walking with Mr. Libby any more; and that you won't even see him alone, after this."

"Why, but Grace!" cried Mrs. Maynard, as much in amazement as in annoyance. "You don't seem to understand! Have n't I told you he was a friend of the family? He's *quite* as much Mr. Maynard's friend as he is mine. I'm sure," she added, "if I asked Mr. Libby, I should never think of getting divorced. He's *all* for George; and it's as much as I can do to put up with him."

"No matter. That does n't alter the appearance to people here. I don't wish you to go with him alone any more."

"Well, Grace, I won't," said Mrs.

Maynard, earnestly. "I won't, indeed. And that makes me think: he wanted you to go along, this morning."

"To go along? Wanted me — What are you talking about?"

"Why, I suppose that's his boat, out there, now." Mrs. Maynard pointed to a little craft just coming to anchor inside the reef. "He said he wanted me to take a sail with him, this morning; and he said he would come up and ask you, too. I do hope you'll go, Grace. It's just as calm; and he always has a man with him to help sail the boat, so there is n't the least danger." Grace looked at her in silent sorrow, and Mrs. Maynard went on with sympathetic seriousness: "Oh! there's one thing I want to ask you about, Grace: I don't like to have any concealments from you." Grace did not speak, but she permitted Mrs. Maynard to proceed: "Barlow recommended it, and he's lived here a *great* while. His brother took it, and he had the regular old New England consumption. I thought I should n't like to try it without your knowing it."

"Try it? What are you talking about, Louise?"

"Why, whisky with white-pine chips in it."

Grace rose, and moved towards the door, with the things dropping from her lap. One of these was a spool, that rolled down the steps and out upon the sandy road. She turned to pursue it, and recovered it at the cost of dropping her scissors and thimble out of opposite sides of her skirt, which she had gathered up apronwise to hold her work. When she rose from the complicated difficulty, in which Mrs. Maynard had amiably lent her aid, she confronted Mr. Libby, who was coming towards them from the cliff. She gave him a stiff nod, and attempted to move away; but in turning round and about she had spun herself into the folds of a stout linen thread escaping from its spool. These gyves not only bound her skirts, but involved her feet in an ex-

traordinary mesh, which tightened at the first step and brought her to a stand-still.

Mrs. Maynard began to laugh and cough, as Mr. Libby came to her friend's help. He got the spool in his hand, and walked round her in the endeavor to free her; but in vain. She extended him the scissors with the stern passivity of a fate. "Cut it," she commanded, and Mr. Libby knelt before her and obeyed. "Thanks," she said, taking back the scissors; and now she sat down again, and began deliberately to put up her work in her handkerchief.

"I'll go out and get my things. I won't be gone half a minute, Mr. Libby," said Mrs. Maynard, with her first breath, as she vanished in-doors.

Mr. Libby leaned against the post lately occupied by the factotum in his talk with Mrs. Maynard, and looked down at Grace as she bent over her work. If he wished to speak to her, and was wavering as to the appropriate style of address for a handsome girl, who was at once a young lady and a physician, she spared him the agony of a decision by looking up at him suddenly.

"I hope," he faltered, "that you feel like a sail, this morning? Did Mrs. Maynard?"

"I shall have to excuse myself," answered Grace, with a conscience against saying she was sorry. "I am a very bad sailor."

"Well, so am I, for that matter," said Mr. Libby. "But it's smooth as a pond, to-day."

Grace made no direct response, and he grew visibly uncomfortable under the cold abstraction of the gaze with which she seemed to look through him. "Mrs. Maynard tells me you came over with her from Europe."

"Oh, yes!" cried the young man, the light of pleasant recollection kindling in his gay eyes. "We had a good time. Maynard was along: he's a first-rate fellow. I wish he were here."

"Yes," said Grace, "I wish so, too."

She did not know what to make of this frankness of the young man's, and she did not know whether to consider him very depraved or very innocent. In her question she continued to stare at him, without being aware of the embarrassment to which she was putting him.

"I heard of Mrs. Maynard's being here, and I thought I should find him, too. I came over yesterday to get him to go into the woods with us."

Grace decided that this was mere effrontery. "It is a pity that he is not here," she said; and though it ought to have been possible for her to go on and rebuke the young fellow for bestowing upon Mrs. Maynard the comradeship intended for her husband, it was not so. She could only look severely at him, and trust that he might conceive the intention which she could not express. She rebelled against the convention and against her own weakness, which would not let her boldly interfere in what she believed a wrong; she had defied society in the mass, but here, with this man, whom as an atom of the mass she would have despised, she was powerless.

"Have you ever seen him?" Libby asked, perhaps clinging to Maynard because he was a topic of conversation in default of which there might be nothing to say.

"No," answered Grace.

"He's funny. He's got lots of that Western humor, and he tells a story better than any man I ever saw. There was one story of his"—

"I have no sense of humor," interrupted Grace, impatiently. "Mr. Libby," she broke out, "I'm sorry that you've asked Mrs. Maynard to take a sail with you. The sea air"—she reddened with the shame of not being able to proceed without this wretched subterfuge—"won't do her any good."

"Then," said the young man, "you mustn't let her go."

"I don't choose to forbid her," Grace began.

"I beg your pardon," he broke in. "I'll be back in a moment."

He turned, and ran to the edge of the cliff, over which he vanished, and he did not reappear till Mrs. Maynard had rejoined Grace on the piazza.

"I hope you won't mind it's being a little rough, Mrs. Maynard," he said, breathing quickly. "Adams thinks we're going to have it pretty fresh before we get back."

"Indeed, I don't want to go, then!" cried Mrs. Maynard, in petulant disappointment, letting her wraps fall upon a chair.

Mr. Libby looked at Grace, who haughtily rejected a part in the conspiracy. "I wish you to go, Louise," she declared indignantly. "I will take the risk of all the harm that comes to you from the bad weather." She picked up the shawls, and handed them to Mr. Libby, on whom her eyes blazed their contempt and wonder. It cost a great deal of persuasion and insistence now to make Mrs. Maynard go, and he left all this to Grace, not uttering a word till he gave Mrs. Maynard his hand to help her down the steps. Then he said, "Well, I wonder what Miss Breen *does* want."

"I'm sure I don't know," said the other. "At first she didn't want me to go, this morning, and now she makes me. I do hope it is n't going to be a storm."

"I don't believe it is. A little fresh, perhaps. I thought you might be seasick."

"Don't you remember? I'm never seasick! That's one of the worst signs."

"Oh, yes."

"If I could be thoroughly seasick once, it would be the best thing I could do."

"Is she capricious?" asked Mr. Libby.

"Grace?" cried Mrs. Maynard, releasing her hand half-way down the steps, in order to enjoy her astonish-

ment without limitation of any sort.
"Grace capricious!"

"Yes," said Mr. Libby, "that's what I thought. Better take my hand again," and he secured that of Mrs. Maynard, who continued her descent. "I suppose I don't understand her, exactly. Perhaps she did n't like my not calling her Doctor. I did n't call her anything. I suppose she thought I was dodging it. I was. I should have had to call her Miss Breen, if I called her anything."

"She would n't have cared. She is n't a doctor for the name of it."

"I suppose you think it's a pity?" he asked.

"What?"

"Her being a doctor."

"I'll tell her you say so."

"No, don't. But don't you?"

"Well, I would n't want to *be* one," said Mrs. Maynard candidly.

"I suppose it's all right, if she does it from a sense of duty, as you say," he suggested.

"Oh, yes, *she's* all right. And she's just as much of a girl as anybody, though she don't know it," Mrs. Maynard added, astutely. "Why would n't she come with us? Were you afraid to ask her?"

"She said she was n't a good sailor. Perhaps she thought we were too young. She must be older than you."

"Yes, and you, *too*!" cried Mrs. Maynard, with good-natured derision.

"She does n't look old," returned Mr. Libby.

"She's twenty-eight. How old are you?"

"I promised the census-taker not to tell till his report came out."

"What is the color of her hair?"

"Brown."

"And her eyes?"

"I don't know" —

"You had better look out, Mr. Libby!" said Mrs. Maynard, putting her foot on the ground, at last. They walked across the beach to where his

dory lay, and Grace saw him pulling out to the sail boat before she went in from the piazza. Then she went to her mother's room. The elder lady was keeping in-doors, upon a theory that the dew was on, and that it was not wholesome to go out till it was off. She asked, according to her habit when she met her daughter alone, "Where is Mrs. Maynard?"

"Why do you always ask that, mother?" retorted Grace, with her growing irritation in regard to her patient intensified by the recent interview. "I can't be with her the whole time."

"I wish you could," said Mrs. Breen, with non-committal suggestion.

Grace could not keep herself from demanding, "Why?" as her mother expected, though she knew why too well.

"Because she would n't be in mischief then," returned Mrs. Breen.

"She's in mischief now!" cried the girl, vehemently; "and it's my fault! I did it. I sent her off to sail with that ridiculous Mr. Libby!"

"Why?" asked Mrs. Breen, in her turn, with unbroken tranquillity.

"Because I am a fool, and I could n't help him lie out of his engagement with her."

"Did n't he want to go?"

"I don't know. Yes. They both wanted me to go with them. Simpletons! And while she had gone upstairs for her wraps I managed to make him understand that I did n't wish her to go, either; and he ran down to his boat, and came back with a story about its going to be rough, and looked at me perfectly delighted, as if I should be pleased. Of course, then, I *made* him take her."

"And is n't it going to be rough?" asked Mrs. Breen.

"Why, mother, the sea's like glass!"

Mrs. Breen turned the subject. "You would have done better, Grace, to begin as you had planned. Your going to Fall River, and beginning practice there

among those factory children, was the only thing that I ever entirely liked in your taking up medicine. There was sense in that. You had studied specially for it. You could have done good there."

"Oh, yes," sighed the girl, "I know. But what was I to do, when she came to us, sick and poor? I could n't turn my back on her, especially after always befriending her, as I used to, at school, and getting her to depend on me."

"I don't see how you ever liked her," said Mrs. Breen.

"I never did like her. I pitied her. I always thought her a poor, flimsy little thing. But that ought n't to make any difference, if she was in trouble."

"No," Mrs. Breen conceded, and in compensation Grace admitted something more on her side: "She's worse than she used to be, — sillier. I don't suppose she has a wrong thought; but she's as light as foam."

"Oh, it is n't the *wicked* people who do the harm," said Mrs. Breen.

"I was sure that this air would be everything for her; and so it would, with any ordinary care. But a child would take better care of itself. I have to watch her every minute, *like* a child; and I never know what she will do next."

"Yes; it's a burden," said Mrs. Breen, with a sympathy which she had not expressed before. "And you're a good girl, Grace," she added in very unwonted recognition.

The grateful tears stole into the daughter's eyes, but she kept a firm face, even after they began to follow one another down her cheeks. "And if Louise had n't come, you know, mother, that I was anxious to have some older person with me when I went to Fall River. I was glad to have this respite; it gives me a chance to think. I felt a little timid about beginning alone."

"A man would n't," Mrs. Breen remarked.

"No. I am not a man. I have accepted that, with all the rest. I don't rebel against being a woman. If I had been a man, I should n't have studied medicine. You know that. I wished to be a physician because I was a woman, and because — because — I had failed where — other women's hopes are." She said it out firmly, and her mother softened to her in proportion to the girl's own strength. "I might have been just a nurse. You know I should have been willing to be that, but I thought I could be something more. But it's no use talking." She added, after an interval, in which her mother rocked to and fro with a gentle motion that searched the joints of her chair, and brought out its most plaintive squeak in pathetic iteration, and watched Grace, as she sat looking seaward through the open window, "I think it's rather hard, mother, that you should be always talking as if I wished to take my calling mannishly. All that I intend is not to take it womanishly; but as for not being a woman about it, or about anything, that's simply impossible. A woman is reminded of her insufficiency to herself every hour of the day. And it's always a man that comes to her help. I dropped some things out of my lap down there, and by the time I had gathered them up I was wound round and round with linen thread so that I could n't move a step, and Mr. Libby cut me loose. I could have done it myself, but it seemed right and natural that he should do it. I dare say he plumed himself upon his service to me, — that would be natural, too. I have things enough to keep me meek, mother!"

She did not look round at Mrs. Breen, who said, "I think you are morbid about it."

"Yes. And I have the satisfaction of knowing that whatever people think of Louise's giddiness, I'm a great deal more scandalous to them than she is,

simply because I wish to do some good in the world, in a way that women have n't done it, usually."

"Now you *are* morbid."

"Oh, yes! Talk about men being obstacles! It's other women! There is n't a woman in the house that would n't sooner trust herself in the hands of the stupidest boy that got his diploma with me than she would in mine. Louise knows it, and she feels that she has a claim upon me in being my patient. And I've no influence with her about her conduct because she understands perfectly well that they all consider me much worse. She prides herself on doing me justice. She patronizes me. She tells me that I'm just as nice as if I had n't 'been through all that.'" Grace rose, and a laugh, which was half a sob, broke from her.

Mrs. Breen could not feel the humor of the predicament. "She puts you in a false position."

"I must go and see where that poor little wretch of a child is," said Grace, going out of the room. She returned in an hour, and asked her mother for the arnica. "Bella has had a bump," she explained.

"Why, have you been all this time looking her up?"

"No, I couldn't find her, and I've been reading. Barlow has just brought her in. *He* could find her. She fell out of a tree, and she's frightfully bruised."

She was making search on a closet shelf as she talked. When she reappeared with the bottle in her hand, her mother asked, "Is n't it very hot and close?"

"Very," said Grace.

"I should certainly think they would perish," said Mrs. Breen, hazarding the pronoun, with a woman's confidence that her interlocutor would apply it correctly.

When Grace had seen Bella properly bathed and brown-papered, and in the

way to forgetfulness of her wounds in sleep, she came down to the piazza, and stood looking out to sea. The ladies appeared one by one over the edge of the cliff, and came up, languidly stringing their shawls after them, or clasping their novels to their bosoms.

"There is n't a breath down there," they said, one after another. The last one added, "Barlow says it's the hottest day he's ever seen here."

In a minute, Barlow himself appeared at the head of the steps with the ladies' remaining wraps, and confirmed their report in person. "I tell you," he said, wiping his forehead, "it's a ripper."

"It must be an awful day in town," said one of the ladies, fanning herself with a newspaper.

"Is that to-day's Advertiser, Mrs. Alger?" asked another.

"Oh, dear, no! Yesterday's. We shan't have to-day's till this afternoon. It shows what a new arrival you are, Mrs. Scott,— your asking."

"To be sure. But it's such a comfort being where you can see the Advertiser the same morning. I always look at the Weather Report the first thing. I like to know what the weather's going to be."

"You can't at Jocelyn's. You can only know what it's been."

"Well," Barlow interposed, jealous for Jocelyn's, "you can most al'ays tell by the look o' things."

"Yes," said one of the ladies; "but I'd rather trust the Weather Report. It's wonderful how it comes true. I don't think there's anything that you miss more in Europe than our American Weather Report."

"I'm sure you miss the oysters," said another.

"Yes," the first admitted, "you do miss the oysters. It was the last of the R months when we landed in New York; and do you know what we did the first thing? We drove to Fulton Market, and had one of those Fulton

Market broils! My husband said we should have had it if it had been July. He used to dream of the American oysters, when we were in Europe. Gentlemen *are* so fond of them."

Barlow, from scanning the heavens, turned round and faced the company, which had drooped in several attitudes of exhaustion on the benching of the piazza. "Well, I can most al'ays tell about Jocelyn's as good as the Weather Report. I told Mrs. Maynard here this mornin' that the fog was goin' to burn off."

"Burn off?" cried Mrs. Alger. "I should think it had!" The other ladies laughed.

"And you'll see," added Barlow, "that the wind'll change at noon, and we'll have it cooler."

"If it's as hot on the water as it is here," said Mrs. Scott, "I should think those people would get a sunstroke."

"Well, so should I, Mrs. Scott," cordially exclaimed a little fat lady, as if here at last were an opinion in which all might rejoice to sympathize.

"It's never so hot on the water, Mrs. Merritt," said Mrs. Alger, with the instructiveness of an old *habituée*.

"Well, not at Jocelyn's," suggested Barlow. Mrs. Alger stopped fanning herself with her newspaper, and looked at him. Upon her motion, the other ladies looked at Barlow. Doubtless he felt that his social acceptability had ceased with his immediate usefulness. But he appeared resolved to carry it off easily. "Well," he said, "I suppose I must go and pick my peas."

No one said anything to this. When the factotum had disappeared round the corner of the house, Mrs. Alger turned her head aside, and glanced downward with an air of fatigue. In this manner Barlow was dismissed from the ladies' minds.

"I presume," said young Mrs. Scott, with a deferential glance at Grace, "that the sun is good for a person with lung-difficulty."

Grace silently refused to consider herself appealed to, and Mrs. Merritt said, "Better than the moon, I should think."

Some of the others tittered, but Grace looked up at Mrs. Merritt and said, "I don't think Mrs. Maynard's case is so bad that she need be afraid of either."

"Oh, I am so glad to hear it!" replied the other. She looked round, but was unable to form a party. By twos or threes they might have liked to take Mrs. Maynard to pieces; but no one cares to make unkind remarks before a whole company of people. Some of the ladies even began to say pleasant things about Mr. Libby, as if he were Grace's friend.

"I always like to see these fair men when they get tanned," said Mrs. Alger. "Their blue eyes look so *very* blue. And the backs of their necks—just like my boys!"

"Do you admire such a *very* fighting-clip as Mr. Libby has on?" asked Mrs. Scott.

"It must be nice for summer," returned the elder lady.

"Yes, it certainly must," admitted the younger.

"Really," said another, "I wish I could go in the fighting-clip. One does n't know what to do with one's hair at the sea-side; it's always in the way."

"*Your* hair would be a public loss, Mrs. Frost," said Mrs. Alger. The others looked at her hair, as if they had seen it now for the first time.

"Oh, I don't think so," said Mrs. Frost, in a sort of flattered coo.

"Oh, *don't* have it cut off!" pleaded a young girl, coming up and taking the beautiful mane, hanging loose after the bath, into her hand. Mrs. Frost put her arm round the girl's waist, and pulled her down against her shoulder. Upon reflection she also kissed her.

Through a superstition, handed down from mother to daughter, that it is uncivil and even unkind not to keep saying

something, they went on talking vapidities, where the same number of men, equally vacuous, would have remained silent; and some of them complained that the nervous strain of conversation took away all the good their bath had done them. Miss Gleason, who did not bathe, was also not a talker. She kept a bright-eyed reticence, but was apt to break out in rather enigmatical flashes, which resolved the matter in hand into an abstraction, and left the others with the feeling that she was a person of advanced ideas, but that, while rejecting historical Christianity, she believed in a God of Love. This Deity was said, upon closer analysis, to have proved to be a God of Sentiment, and Miss Gleason was herself a hero-worshiper, or, more strictly speaking, a heroine-worshiper. At present Dr. Breen was her cult, and she was apt to lie in wait for her idol, to beam upon it with her suggestive eyes, and evidently to expect it to say or do something remarkable, but not to suffer anything like disillusion or disappointment in any event. She would sometimes offer it suddenly a muddled depth of sympathy in such phrases as, "Too bad!" or, "I don't see how you keep up!" and darkly insinuate that she appreciated all that Grace was doing. She seemed to rejoice in keeping herself at a respectful distance, to which she breathlessly retired, as she did now, after waylaying her at the top of the stairs, and confidentially darting at her the words, "I'm so glad you don't like scandal!"

III.

After dinner the ladies tried to get a nap, but such of them as reappeared on the piazza later agreed that it was perfectly useless. They tested every corner for a breeze, but the wind had fallen dead, and the vast sweep of sea seemed to smoulder under the sun. "This is

what Mr. Barlow calls having it cooler," said Mrs. Alger.

"There are some clouds that look like thunder-heads in the west," said Mrs. Frost, returning from an excursion to the part of the piazza commanding that quarter.

"Oh, it won't rain to-day," Mrs. Alger decided.

"I thought there was always a breeze at Jocelyn's," Mrs. Scott observed, in the critical spirit of a recent arrival.

"There always is," the other explained, "except the first week you're here."

A little breath, scarcely more than a sentiment of breeze, made itself felt. "I do believe the wind has changed," said Mrs. Frost. "It's east." The others owned one by one that it was so, and she enjoyed the merit of a discoverer; but her discovery was rapidly superseded. The clouds mounted in the west, and there came a time when the ladies disputed whether they had heard thunder or not: a faction contended for the bowling-alley, and another faction held for a wagon passing over the bridge just before you reached Jocelyn's. But those who were faithful to the theory of thunder carried the day by a sudden crash that broke over the forest, and, dying slowly away among the low hills, left them deeply silent.

"Some one," said Mrs. Alger, "ought to go for those children." On this it appeared that there were two minds as to where the children were, — whether on the beach or in the woods.

"Was n't that thunder, Grace?" asked Mrs. Breen, with the accent by which she implicated her daughter in whatever happened.

"Yes," said Grace, from where she sat at her window, looking seaward, and waiting tremulously for her mother's next question.

"Where is Mrs. Maynard?"

"She is n't back, yet."

"Then," said Mrs. Breen, "he really did expect rough weather."

"He must," returned Grace, in a guilty whisper.

"It's a pity," remarked her mother, "that you made them go."

"Yes." She rose, and, stretching herself far out of the window, searched the inexorable expanse of sea. It had already darkened at the verge, and the sails of some fishing-craft flecked a livid wall with their white, but there was no small boat in sight.

"If anything happened to them," her mother continued, "I should feel terribly for you."

"I should feel terribly for myself," Grace responded, with her eyes still seaward.

"Where do you think they went?"

"I did n't ask," said the girl. "I would n't," she added, in devotion to the whole truth.

"Well, it is all of the same piece," said Mrs. Breen. Grace did not ask what the piece was. She remained staring at the dark wall across the sea, and spiritually confronting her own responsibility, no atom of which she rejected. She held herself in every way responsible, — for doubting that poor young fellow's word, and then for forcing that reluctant creature to go with him, and forbidding by her fierce insistence any attempt of his at explanation; she condemned herself to perpetual remorse with even greater zeal than her mother would have sentenced her, and she would not permit herself any respite when a little sail, which she knew for theirs, blew round the point. It seemed to fly along just on the hither side of that mural darkness, skillfully tacking to reach the end of the reef before the wall pushed it on the rocks. Suddenly, the long, low stretch of the reef broke into white foam, and then passed from sight under the black wall, against which the little sail still flickered. The girl fetched a long silent breath. They were inside

the reef, in comparatively smooth water, and to her ignorance they were safe. But the rain would be coming in another moment, and Mrs. Maynard would be drenched; and Grace would be to blame for her death. She ran to the closet, and pulled down her mother's india-rubber cloak and her own, and fled out-of-doors, to be ready on the beach with the wrap, against their landing. She met the other ladies on the stairs and in the hall, and they clamored at her; but she glided through them like something in a dream, and then she heard a shouting in her ear, and felt herself caught and held up against the wind.

"Where in land be you goin', Miss Breen?"

Barlow, in a long yellow oil-skin coat and sou'wester hat, kept pushing her forward to the edge of the cliff, as he asked.

"I'm going down to meet them!" she screamed.

"Well, I hope you *will* meet 'em. But *I* guess you better go back to the house. Hey? *Wunt?* Well, come along, then, if they ain't past doctorin' by the time they git ashore! Pretty well wrapped up, any way!" he roared; and she perceived that she had put on her waterproof and drawn the hood over her head.

Those steps to the beach had made her giddy when she descended with leisure for such dismay; but now, with the tempest flattening her against the stair-case, and her gossamer clutching and clinging to every surface, and again twisting itself about her limbs, she clambered down as swiftly and recklessly as Barlow himself, and followed over the beach beside the men who were pulling a boat down the sand at a run.

"Let me get in!" she screamed. "I wish to go with you!"

"Take hold of the girl, Barlow!" shouted one of the men. "She's crazy."

He tumbled himself with four others

into the boat, and they all struck out together through the froth and swirl of the waves. She tried to free herself from Barlow, so as to fling the waterproof into the boat. "Take this, then. She'll be soaked through!"

Barlow broke into a grim laugh. "She won't need it, except for a wind-in'-sheet!" he roared. "Don't you see the boat's drivin' right on t' the sand? She'll be kindlin' wood in a minute."

"But they're inside the reef! They can come to anchor!" she shrieked in reply. He answered her with a despairing grin and a shake of the head. "They can't? What has your boat gone out for, then?"

"To pick 'em up out the sea. But they'll never git 'em alive. Look how she slaps her boom int' the water! Well! He *doos* know how to handle a boat!"

It was Libby at the helm, as she could dimly see, but what it was in his management that moved Barlow's praise she could not divine. The boat seemed to be aimed for the shore, and to be rushing, head on, upon the beach; her broad sail was blown straight out over her bow, and flapped there like a banner, while the heavy boom hammered the water as she rose and fell. A jagged line of red seamed the breast of the dark wall behind; a rending crash came, and as if fired upon, the boat flung up her sail, as a wild fowl flings up its wing when shot, and lay tossing keel up, on the top of the waves. It all looked scarcely a stone's cast away, though it was vastly farther. A figure was seen to drag itself up out of the sea, and fall over into the boat, hovering and pitching in the surrounding welter, and struggling to get at two other figures clinging to the wreck. Suddenly the men in the boat pulled away, and Grace uttered a cry of despair and reproach: "Why they're leaving it, they're leaving it!"

"Don't expect 'em to tow the wreck

ashore in *this* weather, do ye?" shouted Barlow. "They've got the folks all safe enough. I tell ye I *see* 'em!" he cried, at a wild look of doubt in her eyes. "Run to the house, there, and get everything in apple-pie order. There's goin' to be a chance for some of your doctor'n', now, if ye know how to fetch folks to."

It was the little house on the beach, which the children were always prying and peering into, trying the lock, and wondering what the boat was like, which Grace had seen launched. Now the door yielded to her, and within she found a fire kindled in the stove, blankets laid in order, and flasks of brandy in readiness in the cupboard. She put the blankets to heat for instant use, and prepared for the work of resuscitation. When she could turn from them to the door, she met there a procession that approached with difficulty, heads down and hustled by the furious blast through which the rain now hissed and shot. Barlow and one of the boat's crew were carrying Mrs. Maynard, and bringing up the rear of the huddling oil-skins and sou'westers came Libby, soaked, and dripping as he walked. His eyes and Grace's encountered with a mutual avoidance; but whatever was their sense of blame, their victim had no reproaches to make herself. She was not in need of restoration. She was perfectly alive, and apparently stimulated by her escape from deadly peril to a vivid conception of the wrong that had been done her. If the adventure had passed off prosperously, she was the sort of woman to have owned to her friend that she ought not to have thought of going. But the event had obliterated these scruples, and she realized herself as a hapless creature who had been thrust on to dangers from which she would have shrunk. "Well, Grace!" she began, with a voice and look before which the other quailed, "I hope you are satisfied! All the time I was clinging to that wretched boat I was wonder-

ing how *you* would feel. Yes, my *last thoughts* were of you. I pitied you. I did n't see how you could ever have peace again" —

"Hold on, Mrs. Maynard!" cried Libby. "There's no time for that, now. What had best be done, Miss Breen? Had n't she better be got up to the house?"

"Yes, by all means," answered Grace.

"You might as well let me die here," Mrs. Maynard protested, as Grace wrapped the blankets round her dripping dress. "I'm as wet as I can be, now."

Libby began to laugh at these inconsequences, to which he was probably well used. "You would n't have time to die here. And we want to give this hydropathic treatment a fair trial. You've tried the douche, and now you're to have the pack." He summoned two of the boatmen, who had been considerably dripping outside, in order to leave the interior to the shipwrecked company, and they lifted Mrs. Maynard, finally wrapped in Grace's india-rubber cloak, and looking like some sort of strange, huge chrysalis, and carried her out into the storm and up the steps.

Grace followed last with Mr. Libby, very heavy-hearted and reckless. She had not only that sore self-accusal; but the degradation of the affair, its grotesqueness, its spiritual squalor, its utter gracelessness, its entire want of dignity, were bitter as death in her proud soul.

It was not in this shameful guise that she had foreseen the good she was to do. And it had all come through her own willfulness and self-righteousness. The tears could mix unseen with the rain that drenched her face, but they blinded her, and half-way up the steps she stumbled on her skirt, and would have fallen, if the young man had not caught her. After that, from time to time he put his arm about her, and stayed her against the gusts.

Before they reached the top he said, "Miss Breen, I'm awfully sorry for all this. Mrs. Maynard will be ashamed of what she said. Confound it! If Maynard were only here" —

"Why should she be ashamed?" demanded Grace. "If she had been drowned, I should have murdered her, and I'm responsible if anything happens to her, — I am to blame." She escaped from him, and ran into the house. He slunk round the piazza to the kitchen door, under the eyes of the ladies watching at the parlor windows.

"I wonder he let the others carry her up," said Miss Gleason. "Of course, he will marry her now, — when she gets her divorce." She spoke of Mrs. Maynard, whom her universal toleration not only included in the mercy which the opinions of the other ladies denied her, but round whom her romance cast a halo of pretty possibilities as innocently sentimental as the hopes of a young girl.

W. D. Howells.

FRENCH DOMESTIC LIFE AND ITS LESSONS.

OTHER countries may excel France in many ways, such as England in its political attainments, Germany in its erudition and military prowess, America in its enterprise, and, going back to the past, Italy in its art refinement, Spain

in its religious fervor, and so on; but in no country do we find in full play that equally harmonious compound of human energies, the fruit of which is summed up in the word "civilization." Perhaps the specialty of the French, if the above

characteristics of other nations are specialties, is to be *social*; in other words, to show the world what good can be got out of life without being extraordinarily great in any one direction. In any event, all people of European lineage like to go to France, and they enjoy themselves when they get there. Few care to analyze their enjoyment, either through indifference or because of the complexity of the subject. Those who are capable of doing it, like Matthew Arnold, Hamerton, and Hillebrand, recognize the importance of French social development in relation to that of their own country. The following article is an attempt to add something to this branch of literature, but from an American point of view. I begin by introducing the reader to an ordinary French house in the country, where the national mode of living can be much better studied than in Paris.

In the village, behind my friend's house, stood an old church with a rich, low-toned bell, which every morning at six o'clock sounded the matins of the ages of faith the same as in mediæval times. This bell commonly awoke me at that hour, whether I would or not; but I bore it no ill-will on that account. Time with me did not "lag withal." On arising a pleasant scene drew me to the window, where I could look through the delicate atmosphere upon a fine panorama of mountains, which, with their long, transparent shadows gradually shortening over the sloping ground, was always fascinating. Or if I remained in bed I could read, for there were books alongside of it; had I a wish to do so I could write, for my room contained every convenience for this, it not being a mere sleeping compartment.

One Sunday the above-mentioned holy bell "knolled me to church." It was a fête day. There was to be a blessing of bread for general distribution, a kind of bread colored with saffron, and of which there was a stack of large round

loaves standing in the church in front of the chancel. I have forgotten the name of the saint under whose sanction this ceremony took place. What especially interested me in the matter was the subject of the curé's discourse, transubstantiation, and more especially the way in which he enforced his argument. His text was taken from the chapter in St. Matthew describing the Last Supper: "Jesus took bread and blessed it, . . . and said, 'Take, eat; this is my body.'" "Transubstantiation must be true, my Christian brethren," exclaimed the curé, warming up, "or our Lord was a liar; and no one can believe that our Lord would lie!"

My friend's house, which was plain architecturally, stood on a plot of about eight acres, one half of which was under cultivation and uninclosed, as is usual with farm lands in France; the rest was devoted to a vegetable garden behind the house, and in front to flowers, shrubbery, walks, and grass, all surrounded by a high stone wall pierced by an iron gate which opened on to the main street leading to the village. This stone wall being a peculiar feature of French landscape, as well as indicative of social peculiarities, I dwell on it for a moment.

If you happen to be on the outside of this stone wall, you do not find it an agreeable object, especially when it hampers the view. A promenade, for instance, through the suburbs of a French town, or among the straggling houses of a French village, where nothing can be seen but sky and clouds between two parallel rows of gray stucco or stone wall, is, to say the least, monotonous. Get behind these walls, however, and the scene changes. You find gardens, flowers, fruit and shade trees, ranging in luxuriance and beauty all the way from the Duc de Luynes's magnificent parterres at Dampierre down to the smallest patch of ground owned by the humblest peasant. Other contrasts suggest themselves. When an American, for

instance, gets within one of these inclosures he is impressed with the air of privacy which prevails there. Privacy is one of those things for which we Americans seem to have an "imperfect sympathy." We regard publicity as a sort of duty. We take delight in the reflection of ourselves in the public mirror. Self-exposure seems to us to be a matter of pride. We build our houses so that our neighbors can easily look in at the windows. We lay out our grounds and arrange our flower-beds and shrubbery expressly to be seen from the street. Our sentiment of privacy is symbolized by the open wire fence. Again, as we do so much for the public, we naturally draw on the public for our benefit. We tolerate usurpations of private property for public uses, — when not our own. We content ourselves with a public standard of education because it is public. We find intellectual excitement in the judicial exposure of private incompatibilities and vices. We pay for hand labor, but the labor of the brain by which the public benefits we want for nothing. We not only claim the right to know the details of the lives of the men we honor, but we send reporters to ascertain how they die. When a private citizen consents to serve his country, and becomes "public property," we tear him to pieces morally, — all of which traits, either positively or negatively, are rooted in that indifference to privacy, a respect for which is one real test of civilization. It is different with the Frenchman. His domain, his name, his features, his ideas, his works, everything that belongs to and emanates from him, are sacred. No one can sell his photograph or caricature him without his consent. The product of his mind is under his own control. He not only cares to keep his premises from being intruded upon, but no one must look into them to gratify mere curiosity. He resists encroachments, moral as well as material. Whatever sympathy he craves and gives is based on the

absolute right to his own personality. In this respect for his neighbor's individuality may be found the source of the Frenchman's urbanity. It is likewise the key to certain French legal safeguards, such as the litigation within closed doors of family disputes when these happen to be scandalous, and the prevention of such details appearing in the newspapers. All this is symbolized in France by the stone wall which surrounds domestic life, the germ cell of all that is good in society. Some people may regard this sensibility to privacy as mere selfishness. If that is their opinion, it seems to me that one might say the same thing of the modesty of a woman.

But in my disquisition on the stone wall I am keeping the reader from my friend's unostentatious dining-room, into which I introduce him without further parley. This room contained a small round table, a set of chairs, two ranges of book-shelves, some drawings hung on the walls, and opened by a central door on a gravel walk. My friend's family included himself and wife, a group of children, — a daughter twelve years old and a son six years old, with a niece and nephew of about the same ages as their cousins, — a paternal grandmother, and a maternal grandfather, all living together in the most harmonious relations. I may as well add to this family combination the strangers that were within my host's gates, for these, in the country, are not infrequent in French houses; generally invited on account of intimate associations, they are so much at home as to impress one with the idea that they were born there. The family, with their guests, usually assembled in this room about eight o'clock in the morning. Whoever chose to remain in his cosy, well-furnished bedroom, to read, write, or take an extra nap, could do so without impoliteness, and be served at will with tea, coffee, milk, or chocolate without interfering with housekeeping

arrangements. French hospitality, it must be mentioned, takes into account personal habits, tastes, and even caprices. The entertainment of a guest does not hinge on regular or irregular habits or opinions. One of our company would remain in the *salon* till after midnight, talking, and the following day sleep until noon, which simply made my host regret that sleep deprived him of so much of his guest's society. In this house the children were generally up first. On coming down-stairs, I would find them in the dining-room, and be greeted by them as if I were a relation. When the elders came in we would shake hands as each made his or her appearance. The moment the children caught sight of "*grandpère*" there was a rush for a kiss, while "*mamma*" rose from her chair and received one from him on her brow. The same ceremony was observed on the entrance of "*grand-mère*." On the table stood a tureen of *soupe maigre*, coffee, tea, fresh milk, and chocolate, with *brioche*s, which two dishes put in italics I wish were common on the American table. Nothing remains to be added to the details of this early breakfast except that it was enlivened by a desultory chat.

When this sort of morning lunch was over we withdrew to our respective occupations. On my arrival my host told me frankly that he was very busy, and that he should be obliged to leave me largely to myself. He had public duties to perform, and was absent most of the day. I too had work to do, and was only too glad of the opportunity of doing it without prejudice to my position as guest. The truth is, apart from any other motive, one gets along better on a visit of any length by having some special occupation. Should one's work not be transportable, like that of an artist, one would do well to get up such work as extra reading or correspondence, — both parties, host and guest, being gainers by it. All of this family attended to their

business without apparently concerning themselves with their guests. "*Madame*" every morning made a tour of inspection of the garden and grounds, to trim flowers, look at the chickens, and so on, on which tours I would often accompany her. But this did not consume much time. Her chief occupation in the morning was teaching her children, for which she was well qualified. French mothers in France often — I will not say always — instruct their children themselves. Public primary schools are not found everywhere; and even if they were, the best class of parents in France would not avail themselves of them.

I now come to breakfast, the regular breakfast, announced by a bell suspended out-doors at one angle of the house, and which took place at eleven o'clock. All were ready for it and punctual. The *menu* of this meal is not important. It is only the manner of serving it, and every other meal in France, which merits special remark. In France to "set the table" means, generally speaking, to put nothing on it but the implements necessary for use, such as plates, knives, forks, glass, and napkins, with *carafes* of water, wine, and condiments; add to these the dessert, consisting of fruits and various bonbons, and always an accompaniment of flowers. All meats that require to be carved are cut up on dishes, at a side table, and passed around by the waiter, who likewise changes plates and watches the wants of those who are eating. Vegetables and the solids of the dessert are served in like manner. The result is such an economy of time and labor, such a relief to the heads of the house, such an absence of confusion, such æsthetic enjoyment, owing in the first place to order, and secondly to agreeable harmonies of color in the fruit and flowers before you, and especially to untrammelled conversation, that one wonders at the maintenance of the "good old English fashion" of a literally "groaning board," rattling plates, incessant

interruptions, and general discomfort. The English system of serving meals may be based on a willingness to present the best the house can afford, together with a personal interest in the fullness of the supply, but I am certain that the French system has the advantage of it in quiet, comfort, and refinement. The other peculiarity of the French table, a steady stream of conversation, which renders it unique, I reserve for comment when I reach what I have to say about the French dinner.

After breakfast, which was sometimes followed by a half hour's stroll through the grounds, we resumed our work. For three hours "all was still through the house." At four o'clock in the afternoon the mail came. Newspapers and correspondence kept us occupied for a time, according to the interests of public or private matters. When these were disposed of it was the hour for recreation. So regularly was recreation followed up, that I looked upon it as a family tradition. Whether walking, bathing, playing some out-door game, or making an excursion in the woods or on the water, something of this kind always occupied what remained of the afternoon. It is needless to state that everybody was the more ready for dinner on account of it.

Dinner in France is supposed to be the one great event of the day. So it is, but not because it is a feeding operation. On the contrary, this French meal is a domestic symposium, in which head and heart take precedence of the stomach. The interest and value of a meal in France depend more on the social than on the culinary element. Old Izaak Walton's dictum that the company makes the feast, and not the food, is of special significance in France. One rarely sees a Frenchman dining alone, not for the reason that he wants some one to look at, or to drink with, but because he wishes some one to talk to. Conversation, accordingly, renders the French

table unique. I am inclined to think that the modern French dinner-table is the substitute for the old *salon* to which the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" used to be wholly confined. In any event, the chief attraction of the French table nowadays is conversation. How it originates, and what its leading points are, is worth stating.

It begins with the prattle of children. French children have a seat at table with their seniors almost as soon as weaned. What attention they receive at table depends, of course, on discipline; the significant fact is that they mingle with their elders, at the outset of their careers, on what may be called common ground. An expression of sentiments and ideas belonging to successive stages of intellectual growth is encouraged. The effect of this custom is to secure a natural play of emotions and ideas: the child's mind is stimulated from without; its eyes are fixed on objects, and its heart on persons.¹ Children thus treated are not made morbidly sensitive through the machinery of conscience, or distrustful of themselves through doubt of behaving in conformity with some absolute rule of conduct which a child's mind is not capable of comprehending. It is questionable whether a French child knows what it is to behave as it "ought" to do. If it behaves badly through the innate "old Adam," right conduct is not due to maxims, but rather to some injunction of obedience which makes the child perceive that it is agreeable or disagreeable to others. Children growing up under such treatment, expressing their feelings and ideas openly and disingenuously, with no restraint on them but that of finding themselves in unsympathetic relations, talk well and act politely because they talk and act spontaneously and naturally. The abuse of this system through parental indulgence

¹ The bad side of this custom is probably an over-development of the perceptive faculties, which is very remarkable in some Frenchmen.

may stimulate the child's vanity, but it does not make it a pretender or hypocrite.

People thus educated are capable of talking, and of talking well, because there is no inward or outward brake on the natural flow of emotions and ideas. The charm of what they say does not depend on quality of idea or on mode of expression, but rather on latitude of expression. Ideas do not proceed from, nor are they hampered by, preconceived notions of what one ought to say, or believe, to show one's knowledge, breeding, character, or aspiration. The terms "trifling," "proper," "highly instructive," "light," "serious," and so on, either of praise or censure, and denoting what conversation should be to be edifying, have no more application to it than to the music of an opera. In few words, French conversation is not an acquired art, but a special grace, evolved out of peculiar experiences and habits; it is not didactic or dogmatic, but a spontaneous utterance, by young and old, of any idea, fancy, or sentiment that comes uppermost. The only restraint upon the conversational facility is politeness. Irritating subjects are kept within bounds by good taste and feeling, if not by principle. Whatever indicates sectarianism is repelled; susceptibility on account of contrary opinions is considered weakness, and the person who manifests it a bore. Earnestness, eccentricity even, is admired, but not exclusiveness. The mind possessed by one idea, the pedant, the reformer, is never twice welcome. But two sins are regarded as mortal among the French, — dullness and pretension. He or she who "poses," either in deportment or intellectually, is ridiculed or avoided. If, in sum, the French are "good talkers from infancy to old age," it is owing to their being cheerful, intelligent, and deferential.

¹ A game of cards, named after Boston, Massachusetts, during the investment of this city by the

To return to the house of my friend, with whom all these traits were conspicuous. We dined always in fair weather in the open air, a luxury which climate and freedom from annoying insects permitted. Our table was placed on the gravel walk in the shadow of two large altheas which served to screen us from the setting sun. Those who pleased sat with their hats on. Grandmère was ensconced in a canopy basket-chair, such as bathers use, to shield her from the breeze. Our meal lasted a couple of hours, far into the twilight, and longer still when there was a moon. On one occasion, at the dessert, my hostess favored us with a song of which the chorus involved three smart raps on the table, in time with the music, — such a thumping and rattling of glasses! On another occasion our talk turned on the subject of ballads, whereupon my host called upon his daughter to sing one of mediæval times, lately brought to light by an eminent *savant*, the subject of which was Christ, in a mendicant garb, wandering about the world to test the charity of mankind. The words and music of this quaint ballad, its pathos heightened by the young girl's plaintive voice, as she sang it in the "soft stillness which becomes the touches of sweet harmony," form, if not a typical incident, at least a charming reminiscence.

After dinner came in-door amusements until bed-time. To amuse the children was the first thing. We men folks joined them in a sort of miniature ten-pins on the billiard-table. Afterwards, when mamma came in, she exercised them in a game of questions designed to perfect them in their knowledge of history and geography. At length the *bonne* appeared, which was the signal for their withdrawal, and they kissed us good-night. After their departure the rest sat down to a game of "Boston,"¹ at which grandmère was

English in our Revolutionary War, at which time it was invented in France. One of its terms, *mi-*

specially diverted. At eleven o'clock some simple beverage was brought in, and then we parted for the night.

This simple melody of existence had its variations. A magnificent walnut-tree on the place shaded a fine, turfy croquet ground. An old gentleman and his daughter, with two other young ladies who lived near by, frequently came to play this game. This gentleman was about sixty, and he played well; but, being one of those ardent, impulsive, domineering Frenchmen who do not believe in anybody's capacity but their own, he made the game a serious affair. On failing to score a point, which was rare, he winced, but said nothing; let any one on his side do the same thing, and he visited them with a torrent of critical instruction which made one tremble. What struck me most on these occasions was to see a man of his years as lively and youthful, and as much absorbed with the game, as any of the young folks. Another thing struck me even to astonishment, namely, three young women of about twenty, in plain but becoming attire, outspoken, natural, easy, and so much occupied with their game as not to be aware that anybody was looking at them.

One day a widowed lady in the neighborhood invited us to breakfast. The invitation involved a ride back in the mountains to a certain town whose prosperity was largely due to the intercourse of its inhabitants with the United States. Some of its citizens had emigrated to this country, and returned home with ample fortunes. A statue, indeed, was to be inaugurated the following week, on its little public square, in honor of one of these, who had died and bequeathed to the commune a fine hospital. Our party was a merry one. Two of the young ladies, sisters, above referred to, accompanied us. The archness and gayety of these young people; their joyous ex-

clamations at the striking features of the scenery; their glee, fun, and frolic; in short, the charm of fresh, innocent, unaffected, impressionable natures, prevailed with me over the beauties of the landscape. In the midst of our jollity grandmère became somewhat fatigued, and as we were passing a cascade with a chalet alongside of it under the cliff from which the water fell in one plunge, my host concluded to stop and have her rest there until our return. Keeping on our course, we soon reached the town, nestling at the foot of precipitous mountains bounding one side of the valley, and which, with its quaint architecture and winding streets, had a special interest; but it was too clean to be picturesque. Repairs were visible, and there was a good deal of fresh paint and white-wash. Mediæval dirt seemed to have been washed off, and there was no dilapidation about it, nor disagreeable odors, all of which probably shows the reaction of the New World on the Old through the more cleanly habits of its Americanized and prosperous inhabitants. A fête day, however, enhanced its attractions. The people, dressed in their Sunday's best, — which by the bye was not homespun, but consisted mostly of the brilliant products of the modern loom, — thronged the streets, or were leaning from the windows of their apartments gossiping and commenting on what was going on in the streets. The young ladies of our party had relatives in the town, one of whom, an uncle, had died the year before. As they had not been there since his death, they proposed to visit the cemetery. Obtaining the key, we followed them outside the town, where we found the city of the dead, like the mansions of the living, surrounded by silent, towering old mountains. The cemetery was overrun with weeds, and its walls were dilapidated. In one corner, however, stood a plain mural

sère, denotes a supposed phase of the siege. The game is made up from whist and one called *rever-*

sis, fashionable in the time of Louis XIV., as we see in Madame de Sévigné's letters.

tablet with a neat iron railing before it, hung with wreaths of *immortelles* and inclosing a small area of ground decked with flowers. "There," said one of the sisters in a low voice, "is my uncle's grave;" both then went to the grave, knelt down side by side, bowed their heads, and remained there some time in silent prayer. When we left the cemetery the sun had disappeared behind the mountains. Our homeward ride in the evening light was more grave than gay. My host and his mother stood awaiting our coming at the cascade. On taking their seats in the vehicle, they told us all about a poor girl whom they had seen in the chalet, bent almost double with an affection of the spine, but who was nevertheless as cheerful as if she had been in the most perfect health. On asking her parents how this affliction had come upon her, they simply replied that they did not know; "it was the will of *le bon Dieu*." The incident excited comment on the great comfort of religious faith in such cases. My host said that it reminded him of Turgénieff's vivid description of a similar case in *Les Reliques Vivantes*. The next day he dispatched a package of dainties, together with a few books, to add something to the enjoyment of the poor girl's life.

Another variation of our every-day life was this. A lovely summer day chanced to be the anniversary of my host's birth. In other words, it was "papa's" fête day. We had been occupied as usual until just before dinner, when, as my host and myself were talking together, madame beckoned me to join her behind the house. "Ah!" exclaimed my host, turning away, "I know what that means." Obeying the summons, I found madame distributing bouquets to the little group which had assembled there out of sight; two each to her father, to the four children and the *bonne*, with two for myself. Forming in procession, with madame at the head of it, we marched along in single

file to the front of the house, where papa and grandmère appeared, seated side by side, the latter in her basket-chair. Shouting, laughing, and singing, the old and the young together, we advanced in the highest glee. Mamma first presented her bouquets, and was affectionately embraced by grandmère and papa; and then each of the children in turn presented theirs, down to the *bonne*, all being greeted alike. After this the little boy stood before his papa and recited a fable in French, which was followed by one in English recited by his sister, and the ceremony was over. We then seated ourselves at the table. Is it necessary to add that our dinner was hilarious, and that the day is an ever bright one in memory's calendar?

The reader may think the foregoing commonplace. Perhaps it is. If so, the fault is more mine than that of the subject. Or, if he is willing to accept it as truthful portraiture, he may charge me with trying to convey a general impression by an exceptional instance. This I cannot admit. What I have stated indicates the spirit of French domestic life everywhere. It is characteristic of life in France, from that of the peasant up to that of the aristocrat. It may be different with the purely moneyed or luxurious class, in which life everywhere is more or less conventional. Three words sum up the leading features of French domestic life, — work, play, and affection. In the foregoing example of it my host worked, his wife worked, the grandparents worked, the children worked, and their guests worked — if they had a mind to. But this work was, as Dr. Coan well observes, that which consists in "natural power healthfully exerted." When work was over time was devoted to recreation, while the whole was gilded by affection; it is to me living, in the best sense of the term. And so is it everywhere in France, according to facilities, aptitudes, and discipline. In French domiciles generally,

the racket of the machinery of life is not heard; nor is the machinery kept out of sight by furniture and specious formality. Worn features do not betray an undercurrent of toil, care, and anxiety; one is not obliged to accept mute repose as recreation, nor forced attempts to say something as successful efforts at pleasing. Duty and pleasure, gayety and tranquillity, seem to be complementary colors in French domesticity. Nor are the comforts and enjoyments of life due to money. In the foregoing instance my host was a plain *bourgeois*, having no exceptional advantage but culture and an income sufficient for moderate wants. The only supplement to this income was the produce of his small estate, which about paid the wages of his servants. Of course in this situation, compared with an American situation on the same social plane, my host had the advantage of a superior class of domestics, lower wages, and a degree of public order externally which is unknown to us. But it is not these advantages, or money, or fine houses, or advanced theories of progress which enable French people to live and live well. The secret of it lies in contentment. French people are tolerably well satisfied with their lot in life and their position in society. Whatever they do to improve these, they do not overstep the limitations of means and education. No Frenchman is anxious to sell his dwelling for the sake of making something by the transaction; nor is he prompted to move out of it by restlessness and ambition. In any event, when he does yield to the temptation of gain or to better himself in any way, he is too shrewd to do it at the expense of mind, body, capital, and family. French life, in the words of Matthew Arnold, exhibits a "serenity and dignified freedom from petty cares" which we rarely encounter.

It is now pertinent to assign some of the causes of these social traits. I shall cite but three or four: climate and soil,

kinds of labor, system of religious discipline, and the institution of the family, the last mentioned being the most important.

Climate and soil have a good deal to do with French social characteristics. The climate of France is a happy mean between the two extremes of temperature; it is never so cold for any length of time as to make a subsistence precarious and people over-provident, nor ever warm enough to render them indolent. The soil, again, is favorably situated geographically, and exceptionally fertile; the products of France are extensively consumed all over the world, while the rivers of the country and its range of seacoast enable them to be cheaply and readily exported. Wealth is therefore easily acquired. The people born on the soil love to stay there, emigration never being the least of two evils.

Kind of labor, and its ratio of compensation has much to do with social characteristics. While certain species of labor tend to enfeeble the body and keep man brutal, others strengthen it and add to his refinement. Manufacturing labor seems to be more prejudicial to human development than agricultural labor. The large centres of population which it creates appear to favor degeneracy. People living in manufacturing districts are not so healthy as those who live on farms, with the advantage of more air and sunshine. If the manufacturing class is as thrifty as any other, it does not enjoy the same security for its investments; no deposit in a bank is so reliable as that which accrues from and is vested in the soil. Manufacturing people, again, are more the victims of commercial and political convulsions. In manufacturing towns, too, is begot that half-knowledge which renders the laboring class discontented as well as turbulent, as we see among the French communists, who are all denizens of large towns and cities. Next after this is the

ratio of compensation for labor in relation to its quality, which is another important social agency. Artistic labor, skilled labor, that which is done with the least waste of mental and bodily vigor, and accompanied with the highest wages, is that which best develops the individual for the advantage of society. In France agricultural labor is of this description, the energy which it calls forth being better indemnified than elsewhere. French crops, on the average, bring in more money to their cultivators than those of any other country do to their cultivators. But the most valuable labor to France, morally and materially, is that which flows from French artistic sentiment, which sentiment is supposed to be a racial advantage. It is rather due to the greater emotional freedom the people enjoy (of which the source will be indicated farther on), coupled with superior material advantages, as above mentioned, and greater educational facilities. French taste and economy issue from this artistic sentiment. The so-called practical habits of the French, their capacity for organization, both of which traits show superior calculation of means to ends, are due to this sentiment. Proofs of French success in this line may be found all the way up from the administration of the kitchen to that of the kingdom.

The next cause, purely psychological, which throws some light on the social traits of the French consists of the system of religious discipline under which they have been brought up. This, as every one knows, is the system of Catholicism. I must premise to the reader that, in what follows, I am not advocating that system, but am simply endeavoring to show how certain effects are produced by a mental process which Catholicism illustrates better than Protestantism.

Two cardinal principles underlie the systems of Catholicism and Protestantism; each takes an opposite view of

conscience. In the mind of the Protestant, conscience is the sole authority; in the mind of the Catholic, conscience is not an authority. The Protestant, thinking for himself, judges his own and others' conduct; the Catholic, whatever he may do with others' conduct, submits his own to his church. These are the two principles with which each, respectively, starts in life. Another detail of Protestant conviction must be stated, which is that man is naturally wicked. The Catholic thinks so, too; but as his church takes his sins on its back, this thought does not trouble his conscience. We will now trace the effects of these two different theories.

The Protestant, in whom conscience presides over "heart, temper, and action," begins very early to watch his emotions. He accordingly checks them before they fully ripen. Through an early planting in the mind of the idea of perversity, his emotions are unduly bridled; natural, healthy impulses are nipped in the bud. By this course, the emotions not maturing, they become dulled, not alone through inward restraint, but through a lack of the sympathetic reaction which proceeds from their contact with those of other people. Emotional habits, so to say, are more or less suppressed or perverted. Conduct of all kinds, consequently, in a mind thus turned in on itself, is tried by a subjective standard. It is difficult, for instance, for a mind thus disciplined to admit the excellence of a superior intelligence. Feeling, abnormally arrested, languishes through insufficient nutriment, or flows powerfully in one direction, the same as when, on pinching the sprays of a grape-vine, its leaves become unusually large. Whatever character may gain in stability by this order of self-discipline it loses in gentleness, delicacy, and geniality. Considered in relation to religious discipline, the value and beauty of this character do not appear until manhood, when the battle of

life has to be fought on an independent ground.

The system of Catholicism produces different results and for different purposes. Here conscience is not left to itself; checks on the emotions come from without, which checks conscience early in life is never aware of. Personal conviction is not the test of one's own or of other people's conduct. The self-discipline of an ignorant or impassible nature is not the court of last appeal in estimating an intelligent, sensitive, cultivated nature. Catholicism not leaving the mind free, it is not harassed by doubts, nor does it flatter itself with self-made opinions. Instead of emotional habits being suppressed or perverted by a self-questioning process, they are fostered by outward influences, which, it is true, are brought to bear for ulterior objects, but which nevertheless leave the emotions to a certain extent free. This freedom is allowed during youth. It is in youth that the emotions take root. Catholicism in the early stages of life brings them out, waters them, feeds them, and protects them from the outside world. Whatever spiritual walls it erects around the emotions, these walls inclose a sufficiently large moral area for their exercise, while they are so concealed by the vines, leaves, and flowers of the imagination as not to be regarded as barriers to free-will. This method of mental discipline is not for adults, who think for themselves, but it eminently favors in the young the growth of cheerfulness, vivacity, joyousness, and enthusiasm, qualities that are incompatible with a system of restraint which engenders doubt.

Certain facts on a large scale seem to demonstrate the truth of the foregoing theory. Protestant nations, with whom conscience is all-powerful, are not remarkable to anything like the same extent as Catholic nations for either social or artistic attainments. France is more noted for social qualities than England,

while the same is true of Southern Germany, which is Catholic, in contrast with Northern Germany, which is Protestant. Again, Italy, Spain, France, Belgium, and even Holland, all more or less inspired by Catholic ideas and culture, take precedence in art of any Protestant country. The secret of it is a freer emotional development. In literature, all the great English writers of the Renaissance epoch, — an epoch that grew out of the emancipation of human emotions from absolute theological rule, — Shakespeare and the rest, were the product of the Catholic *régime*. No one can read Milton without recognizing that his was an emotional nature of the finest stamp in unnatural conflict with the restraints of Protestantism.

I now come to the last of the causes which seem to account for the great charm of French domestic life, — the institution of the family. We Americans have the word family, but not the thing itself; at all events, the word with us does not convey the same meaning as with the French. Here, again, it is necessary to present a contrast, that the difference may be easily perceptible.

The formation of the American family is simple; scarcely any condition is requisite for parentage but the age of puberty. Any energetic young man may choose his mate; any young woman may accept for her husband whoever pleases her. Fair opportunity is afforded to each to ascertain the other's qualities. Courtesy and natural affection alone control parental consent. It is not incumbent on either party to furnish capital with which to commence the business of life; nothing is deemed necessary but mutual faith and unbounded hope. As far as any legal or social restraint goes, both parties may morally gratify that natural social instinct which makes one flesh of two complementary halves. Did subsequent knowledge and experience keep alive the sentiment with which a union of this kind is formed,

and so maintain a series of material conditions in harmony with the first step which costs, the American family would be perfect.

When children come to the family thus constituted, education begins. The American boy is fairly prepared for manhood; he is early impressed with the idea that he is an independent factor, and has to make his own way in the world. The girl is prepared for womanhood on the same principle; she is early impressed with the equivalent and natural idea that she is to choose a husband. It would be unjust to say that these ideas are positively inculcated on boy or girl; they are ideas diffused in the social atmosphere which, like exhalations from the ground, seize youth mentally as malaria seizes the body. But even if this were not the case, the degree of improvident and unrestrained instincts which obtains with us would be quite sufficient to warrant such conceptions in youthful brains.

As far as the conservative influence of property goes in the formation of the American family, none is inherent in its organization. Every American has the right to do as he pleases with his own; consequently, he has the right to disinherit his children. This principle of personal independence and personal right, indeed, underlies all our activity, and is only to be restricted through the severest experiences. As things now are, property and fortune in the American family are accumulated more for the advantage of the boy than for the girl; seldom is a girl sure of a cent from her parents on forming a matrimonial alliance. Money is sometimes furnished to the young man to start him in business, while the girl, on entering upon the business of her life, has to do without it. In France, as soon as the girl is born, the parents begin to save for her *dot*. Some people think that the American theory, as above shown, begets the virtue of self-reliance; they must remem-

ber that excessive self-reliance is the leading characteristic of the savage.

The moral restraints growing out of this hap-hazard combination of individuals into a family group are likewise feeble. Parental cares and duties, the material difficulties of living, prevent both father and mother from carefully superintending the education of their offspring. The common-school system, a vast public machine which too largely relieves them of the trouble, takes their place. They are also powerless in the regulation of their children's associations: girls, in spite of parents, find their own friends, while boys do likewise, and seek their own amusements. One of the proofs of the ease with which this is done is the fact that young people often engage themselves, and indeed marry, without their parents' knowledge. What is true in relation to associates and amusements in the American family is true of literature and religion: children are free to select their own reading and their own spiritual advisers. It is by no means an uncommon thing to see American families divided on theological questions.

The law affords but little protection to the American family as a distinct, organized institution. With the exception of the ordinances concerning marriage as a civil contract and certain marital restrictions for the sake of order, the laxity of which is apparent in the facility with which divorces and separations are procured; the regulation of a wife's dowry, simply a post-mortem guarantee of support; and the laws compelling parents to support minors, there is none of any positive importance. Children are not required to support parents, while the principle of paternal authority is of scarcely any significance either in legislation or through tradition. The emancipation of the child is complete on its attaining a legal age. The individual, with us, is the unit of society. Political freedom is made the criterion of social

freedom. The family as an institution disappears under the value of a vote. The American family, consequently, is simply an aggregation of human units, with few principles of cohesion except those of natural instinct. One illustration will be sufficient to show this state of things in all its bearings: a man in America may marry a woman, have six children by her, obtain a divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temper, wed another woman, settle all his property on her, disinherit the children by the first wife, and still move about, unquestioned and unchallenged. In this case are summed up all the evils that flow from "the right to do as one pleases." Thanks to superior facilities for earning money in this new country, and the ease with which women can procure husbands, the family system, or rather lack of it, is thus far comparatively innocuous. The demoralization which ensues from it will be fully apparent when, through the pressure of population, there arises a worse conflict of rights and interests than is now imminent.

In France the family is not a sentimental group, but a complicated and carefully guarded social compact. It forms the unit of society. Outside of the family individuals are, in a measure, so much refuse material; the state awards them protection, but their interests and capacities are not considered in the polity of the country as of chief importance.

The formation of a family in France is a serious affair. Sentiment has a good deal to do with it, but not the fleeting sentiment of youthful inexperience; its organization is based on the wear and tear of life for the good of the community. Instead of two young independent factors being allowed to form an irresponsible union, they are obliged to submit to the dictates of experience and good sense. The likings of two parties are heeded and respected, but they are

not the ultimate criterion of fitness; the important things required in the formation of a family are a sufficient amount of capital, giving a guarantee that it will be kept up, also a proper degree of social equality. Unions in France made up of parties of diverse education and means are rare. This is brought about through the management of the dot or dowry question. Hence the formalities of the marriage contract, the moral issues of which are ten times greater than its material issues.

In the French family, education begins with children as it does in the American family. But the system of education is radically different. I do not follow up that of boys, in which the difference is less perceptible; but that of girls, in whom, as it should be, the integrity, beauty, and perpetuity of the family is vested. It is sufficient to state that the French girl grows up almost wholly under maternal supervision; literally, she is never out of her mother's sight. It might be supposed that she has a hard time of it, which is not the case. She is not stinted in pleasures or associates. Almost any French family, as far as these go, supply to girls in their teens more real enjoyment in one month than girls anywhere else obtain in a year. The French girl's mind is not dwarfed by nursery ways, by the formal prescriptions of a governess, or by theories of riding, driving, hunting, visiting, or voting. She sits at table with her elders from infancy up, listens to their conversation, shares in their amusements, and is never overlooked in their out-door recreations. The French girl grows up an integral part of a system which, it is not too much to say, is specially devised for her benefit.

These habits, through which the integrity as well as vigor of feminine nature is preserved, are not so much matters of intellectual direction as they are the combined result of legislation and custom. One of the important principles

of the French family, sanctioned both by law and tradition, is that of paternal authority. All the stipulations of the marriage contract, in which the property rights of man and wife are equitably adjusted and fully understood beforehand, are made subservient to this cardinal principle. The administration of all family interests in relation to society is vested in the husband; it is he who controls enterprises, investments, the location of the family, and who pronounces on the settlement of children by marriage or otherwise. The great idea is this: he is the natural protector and director of the family unit. This supreme authority, the grandeur as well as the abuse of which is apparent in the Mirabeau family, is never lost sight of. If latent and imperceptible, it is always active when the occasion calls for it. It never lapses. At the father's death it becomes vested in the mother; and if both die, and there are no grandparents living, it reverts to a family council. The child grows up conscious of and obedient to this authority. The French husband, at the same time, is not wholly "free to do as he likes with his own;" he cannot alienate his property to the disadvantage of his children, as his freedom of bequest is strictly limited. The value of his power is essentially moral. In relation to sons, a rebellious youth may incur debts, even mortgage his inheritance, and indulge in the wildest dissipation, but he cannot marry and thus victimize a new series of existences, before he is thirty, without his father's consent. Should he do so, he imperils his patrimony and forfeits all claim to respect. Generally speaking, by the time a young man reaches the age of thirty he has sown his wild oats, and is ready to avail himself of family privileges and family protection.

The greatest benefit of this family organization enures to the daughter. She grows up in close sympathy with her mother, reverencing her father, and, if

conscious of being a matrimonial object, content to let her parents decide for her in this as always before in other matters. The mother is the constant guardian of her daughter's purity, and in the organization of the family is a guarantee of her intellectual integrity.

I say nothing of the conservative effect of religious observances. More important than these is the protection a French young girl enjoys against current theories and events that excite curiosity on the bad side of life. Again, she is carefully protected from the fascinations of amusements and literature. Three significant channels of mental corruption are accordingly under control in the French family: gossip, the press, and the theatre. As to gossip, which is a much more educational instrumentality than people imagine, the mother, like an engineer on duty, lets on just as much steam as she pleases; whatever curiosity this may excite, the mother is the judge to what extent it shall be gratified. If newspapers are allowed for perusal, they are of that class, fortunately possessed by the French, that do the minimum of mischief in the way of worldly information. The American reader who finds the best French newspaper uninteresting may judge whether girls would be likely to take to them. There is a good deal more circumspection in relation to novels and the stage. Improper novels do not find their way into the family circle. Perhaps they do surreptitiously, but even then they prove innocuous on taking into account free access to a circulating library. As to the stage, whoever frequents French theatres and sees how few "pretty girls" there are in the house, can readily appreciate family discipline in this direction. The French girl, it must be understood, is not excluded from either of these sources of entertainment any more than she is excluded from a dinner; care only is taken that the healthy intellectual nutriment which gossip, the press, and the

theatre afford shall not be rendered deleterious by social and literary conditions better adapted to stronger palates. Through this system of circumspection the emotional element of a French girl's nature is confined to the heart rather than to the head; in other words, the natural current of feeling is not diverted into that engendered by uncontrolled curiosity. The French girl grows up, accordingly, dependent to a great extent on the affections, absorbed in the lives of the persons around her, and hence more confiding in human beings generally.

Radicals in France, those who are attacking the established order of things, sneer at and ridicule this mode of education. I will not stop to argue the point with them. One of its effects is to preserve intact the feminine qualities most prized and sought after by men, the high estimate of which is the guarantee of their own civilization and refinement; and another is to preserve and fortify that spirit of trust in and fidelity to man which is natural to woman, when honorably treated, and which characterizes all epochs of vigorous social development. The absence of solicitude in these matters anywhere is more due to egoism than to philanthropy.

The foregoing sketch of the French family, meagre as it is, may serve to explain both the repose and brightness of French domestic life. The secret of it lies in the solidarity of feeling and interests which its members enjoy. The large and small wheels of the family organization are adjusted so as to keep excellent time. Fathers and mothers, through the wise provisions of the nuptial contract, which anticipates the contingencies of a matrimonial career, are

not harried by cares and duties, and have time to think, to eat, and to enjoy themselves. Their children profit immensely by parental leisure and freedom from anxieties. Children are not rendered precocious by "glittering generalities," nor hardened by neglect and the absence of sympathy: the boy has an opportunity to obtain knowledge without worrying about an unknown future, while a girl is not thrown too rudely back upon the chances of a situation which makes marriage, with us, a mere lottery. None of the parties forming the French family are floating about on an ocean of uncertainty, at once solicitous and reckless of the passing hour. It is a harbor of refuge at all times, to all its members. In it the aged are sure of support in their declining years, while it is a retreat for the prodigal, whose sins are readily forgotten. The French family, in short, is a fold in which human emotions work more naturally for human happiness than is commonly seen elsewhere.

A comprehension of the French family organization furnishes a key to a great many phenomena of the national life. It largely helps to explain the centralization of the government. It accounts for that patriotic sentiment which has a deeper root than in purely material interests; that love of country which makes the children of the soil, never too many to be supported on it, unwilling to emigrate from it, and, when they do, which brings them back to it with tenfold ardor; that capacity for recuperation when reduced by adversity; that admiration, in fine, which the people of all countries instinctively, and sometimes intelligently, yield to France as a remarkable centre of civilization.

John Durand.

CORDA CONCORDIA.

READ AT THE OPENING SESSION OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY:
CONCORD, JULY 11, 1881.

No sandalled footsteps fall,
Tablet and coronal
From the Cephissian grove have vanished long,
Yet in the sacred dale
Still bides the nightingale
Easing his ancient heart-break still with song;
Or is there some dim audience
Viewless to all save his unclouded sense?

Revisit now those glades
The stately mantled shades
Whose lips so wear the inexorable spell?
Saying, with heads sunk low,
All that we sought, we know, —
We know, but not to mortal ears may tell:
No answer unto man's desire
Shall thus be made, to quench his eager fire.

Under these orchard trees
Still pure and fresh the breeze
As where the plane-tree whispered to the elm;¹
The thrush and robin bring
A new-world offering
Of song, — nor are we banished from the realm
Of thought that as the wind is pure,
And converse deep, and memories that endure.

Some honey dropped as well,
Some dew of hydromel
From wilding meadow-bees, upon the lips
Of poet and sage who found,
Here on our own dear ground,
Light as of old; who let no dull eclipse
Obscure this modern sky, where first
Through perilous clouds the dawn of freedom burst.

Within this leafy haunt
Their service ministrant
Upheld the nobler freedom of the soul.
How was it hither came
The message and the flame
Anew? Make answer from thine aureole

¹ Aristophanes: Nubes, 995.

O mother Nature, thou who best
Man's heart in all thy ways interpretest!

High thoughts of thee brought near
Unto our minstrel-seer
The antique calm, the Asian wisdom old,
Till in his verse we heard
Of blossom, bee, and bird,
Of mountain crag and pine, the manifold
Rich song, — and on the world his eyes
Dwelt penetrant with vision sweet and wise.

Whence came the silver tongue
To one forever young
Who spoke until our hearts within us burned?
This reverend one, who took
No palimpsest or book,
But read his soul with glances inward turned,
While (her rapt forehead like the dawn)
The Sibyl listened, by that music drawn,

And from her fearless mouth,
Where never speech had drouth,
Gave voice to some bold chant of womanhood, —
Her own imaginings,
Like swift, resplendent things,
Flashing from eyes that knew to beam or brood.
What sought these shining ones? What thought
From preacher-saint have poet and teacher caught?

In scorn of meaner use,
Anon, the young recluse
Builded his hut beside the woodland lake,
And set the world far off,
Though with no will to scoff,
Thus from the Earth's near breast fresh life to take.
Against her bosom, heart to heart,
All Nature's sweets he ravished for his Art.

The soul's fine instrument,
Of pains and raptures blent,
Replied to these clear voices, tone for tone,
Their cadence answering
With tuneful sounds that wing
The upper air a few perchance have known,
The stormless empyrean, where
In strength and joy a few move unaware.

Ah, even thus the thrill
Of life beyond life's ill

To feel betimes our envious selves are fain, —
 Seeing that, as birds in night
 Wind-driven against the light
Whose unseen armor mocks their stress and pain,
 Most men fall baffled in the surge
That to their cry responds but with a dirge.

Where broods the Absolute,
 Or shuns our long pursuit
By fiery utmost pathways out of ken?
 Fleeter than sunbeams, lo,
 Our passionate spirits go,
And traverse immemorial space, and then
 Look off, and look in vain, to find
The master-clew to all they left behind.

White orbs like angels pass
 Before the triple glass,
That men may scan the record of each flame, —
 Of spectral line and line
 The legendry divine, —
Finding their mould the same, and aye the same,
 The atoms that we knew before
Of which ourselves are made, — dust, and no more.

So let our defter art
 Probe the warm brain, and part
Each convolution of the trembling shell:
 But whither now has fled
 The sense to matter wed
That murmured here? All silence, such as fell
 When to the shrine beyond the Ark
The soldiers reached, and found it void and dark.

Seek elsewhere, and in vain
 The wings of morning chain;
Their speed transmute to fire, and bring the Light,
 The co-eternal beam
 Of the blind minstrel's dream;
But think not that bright heat to know aright,
 Nor how the trodden seed takes root,
Waked by its glow, and climbs to flower and fruit.

Behind each captured law
 Weird shadows give us awe;
Press with your swords, the phantoms still evade;
 Through our alertest host
 Wanders at ease some ghost,
Now here, now there, by no enchantment laid,

And works upon our souls its will,
Leading us on to subtler mazes still.

We think, we feel, we are ;
And light, as of a star,
Gropes through the mist, — a little light is given ;
And aye from life and death
We strive, with indrawn breath,
To somehow wrest the truth, and long have striven,
Nor pause, though book and star and clod
Reply, *Canst thou by searching find out God?*

As from the hollow deep
The soul's strong tide must keep
Its purpose still. We rest not, though we hear
No voice from heaven let fall,
No chant antiphonal
Sounding through sunlit clefts that open near ;
We look not outward, but within,
And think not quite to end as we begin.

For now the questioning age
Cries to each hermitage,
Cease not to ask, — or bring again the time
When the young world's belief
Made light the mourner's grief
And strong the sage's word, the poet's rhyme, —
Ere Knowledge thrust a spear-head through
The temple's veil that priests so closely drew.

From what our fate inurns
Save that which music yearns
To speak, in ecstasy none understand,
And (Oh, how like to it!)
The half-formed rays that flit,
Like memories vague, above the further land.
Cry, as the star-led Magi cried,
We seek, we seek, we will not be denied!

Let the blind throng await
A healer at the gate ;
Our hearts press on to see what yonder lies,
Knowing that arch on arch
Shall loom across the march
And over portals gained new strongholds rise.
The search itself a glory brings,
Though foiled so oft, that seeks the soul of things.

Some brave discovery,
Howbeit in vain we try

To clutch the shape that lures us evermore,
 It shall be ours to make, —
 As, where the waters break
Upon the margin of a pathless shore,
 They find, who sought for gold alone,
The sudden wonders of a clime unknown.

 Such treasure by the way
 Your errantry shall pay,
Nor shall it aught against your hope prevail
 That not to waking eyes
 The golden clouds arise
Wherewith our visions clothe the mystic Grail,
 When, in blithe halts upon the road,
We sleep where pilgrims earlier gone abode.

 After the twelvemonth set
 When as of old they met,
(A twelvemonth and a day, and kept their tryst,)
 And knight to pilgrim told
 Things given them to behold,
What country found, what gained of all they wist,
 (While ministering hands assign
To each a share of healing food and wine,)

 So come, — when long grass waves
 Above the holiest graves
Of them whose ripe adventure chides our own, —
 Come where the great elms lean
 Their quivering leaves and green
To shade the moss-clung roofs now sacred grown,
 And where the bronze and granite tell
How Liberty was hailed with Life's farewell.

 Here let your Academe
 Be no ignoble dream,
But, consecrate with life and death and song,
 Through the land's spaces spread
 The trust inherited,
The hope which from your hands shall take no wrong,
 And build an altar that may last
Till heads now young be laurelled with the Past.

Edmund C. Stedman.

IN EXILE.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

NICKY DYER and the school-mistress sat upon the slope of a hill, one of a low range overlooking an arid Californian valley. These sunburnt slopes were traversed by many narrow foot-paths, descending, ascending, winding among the tangle of poison-oak and wild-rose bushes, leading from the miners' cabins to the shaft-houses and tunnels of the mine which gave to the hills their only importance. Nicky was a stout Cornish lad of thirteen, with large light eyes that seemed mildly to protest against the comic tendency which a broad, freckled, turned-up nose gave to the rest of his countenance. Nicky was doing nothing in particular, and did it as if he were used to it. The school-mistress sat with her skirts tucked round her ankles, the heels of her stout little boots driven well into the dry, gritty soil. There was in her attitude the tension of some slight habitual strain — perhaps of endurance — as she leaned forward, her arms stretched straight before her, with the delicate fingers interlocked. Whatever may be the type of Californian young womanhood, it was not her type. You felt sure, looking at her cool, clear tints and slight, straight outlines, that she had winter in her blood. She was gazing down into the valley, as one looks at a landscape who has not yet mastered all its phases of expression. All its details were blurred in the hot, dusty glare; the mountains opposite had faded to a flat outline against the indomitable sky. A light wind blew up the slope, flickering the pale leaves of a manzanita, whose burnished cinnamon-colored stems glowed in the sun. As the breeze strengthened, the young girl stood up, lifting her arms, and letting it blow on her bare wrists.

"Nicky, why do the trees in that hollow between the hills look so green?"

"There's water over there, miss; that's the Chilano's spring. I'm thinkin' the old cow might 'a' strayed over there somewheres. They mostly goes for the water, wherever it is."

"Is it running water, Nicky, — not water in a tank?"

"Why, no, miss; it cooms right out o' the rock as pretty as you ivir saw! I often goes there myself for a drink, cos it seems to taste sort o' different, coomin' out o' the ground like. We was used to that kind o' water at 'ome."

"Let us go, Nicky," said the girl. "I would like to taste that water, too. Do we cross the hill first, or is there a shorter way?"

"Over the 'ill's the shortest, miss. It's quite a ways, but you've been longer ways nor they for less at th' end on't."

They "tacked" down the steepest part of the hill, and waded through a shady hollow where ferns grew rank and tall, — crisp, faded ferns, with an aromatic smell which seemed to escape by friction, like the smell of warm amber. They reached at length the green trees, a clump of young cottonwoods at the entrance to a narrow cañon, and followed the dry bed of a stream for some distance, until water began to show among the stones. The principal outlet of the spring was on a small plantation at the head of the cañon, rented of the "company" by a Chilian, or "the Chilano," as he was called; he was not at all a pastoral-looking personage, but, with the aid of his good water, he earned a moderately respectable living by supplying the neighboring cabins and the miners' boarding-house with green vegetables. After a temporary disappear-

ance, as if to purge its memory of the Chilano's water-buckets, the spring again revealed itself in a thin, clear trickle down the hollowed surface of a rock which closed the narrow passage of the cañon. Young sycamores and cottonwoods shut out the sun above; their tangled roots, interlaced with vines still green and growing, trailed over the edge of the rock, where a mass of earth had fallen. Green moss lined the hollows of the rock, and water-plants grew in the dark pools below.

The strollers had left behind them the heat and glare; only the breeze followed them into this green stillness, stirring the boughs overhead and letting spots of sunlight flicker over the wet stones. Nicky, after enjoying for a few moments the school-mistress' surprised delight, proposed that she should wait for him at the spring, while he went "down along" in search of his cow. Nicky was not without a certain awe of the school-mistress, as a part of creation he had not fathomed in all its bearings; but when they rambled on the hills together, he found himself less uneasily conscious of her personality, and more comfortably aware of the fact that, after all, she was "nothin' but a woman." He was a little disappointed that she showed no fear at being left alone, but consoled himself with the reflection that she was "a good un to 'old 'er tongue," and probably felt more than she expressed.

The school-mistress did not look in the least disconsolate after Nicky's departure. She gazed about her very contentedly for a while, and then prepared to get a drink of water. She made a cup of her two hands, and waited for it to fill, stooping below the rock, her lifted skirt held against her side by one elbow, while she watched with a childish eagerness the water trickle into her pink palms. Miss Frances Newell had never looked prettier in her life. A pretty girl is always prettier in the open air,

with her head uncovered. Her cheeks were red; the sun just touched the roughened braids of dark brown hair, and intensified the glow of a little ear which showed beneath. She stooped to drink, but Miss Frances was destined never to taste that virgin cup of water. There was a trampling in the bushes overhead; a little shower of dust and pebbles scattered down upon her bent head, and soiled the water. She let her hands fall as she looked up with a startled "Oh!" A pair of large boots were rapidly making their way down the bank, and the cause of all this disturbance stood before her, — a young man in a canvas jacket, with a leathern case slung across his shoulder, and a small tin lamp fastened in front of the hat he took off while he apologized to the girl for his intrusion.

"Miss Newell! Forgive me for dropping down on you like the Assyrian. You've found the spring, I see."

Miss Frances stood with her elbows still pressed to her sides, though her skirt had slipped down into the water, her wet palms helplessly extended. "I was getting a drink," she said, searching with the tips of her fingers among the folds of her dress for a handkerchief. "You came just in time to remind me of the slip between the cup and the lip."

"I'm very sorry, but there is plenty of water left. I came for some myself. Let me help you." He took from one of the many pockets stitched into the breast and sides of his jacket a covered flask, detached the cup, and after carefully rinsing, filled and handed it to the girl. "I hope it does n't taste of 'store claret;' the water underground is just a shade worse than that exalted beverage."

"It is delicious, thank you, and it does n't taste in the least of claret. Have you just come out of the mine?"

"Yes. It is 'measuring-up day.' I have been toddling through the drifts and sliding down chiflons" — he looked ruefully at his trousers' legs — "ever since

seven o'clock this morning. Have n't had time to eat any lunch yet, you see." He took from another pocket a small package folded in a coarse napkin. "I came here to satisfy the pangs of hunger and enjoy the beauties of nature at the same time, — such nature as we have here. Will you excuse me, Miss Newell? I'll promise to eat very fast."

"I'll excuse you if you will not ask me to share with you."

"Oh, I have entirely too much consideration for myself to think of such a thing; there is n't enough for two."

He seated himself, with a little sigh, and opened the napkin on the ground before him. Miss Newell stood leaning against a rock on the opposite side of the brook, regarding the young man with a shy and smiling curiosity. "Meals," he continued, "are a penitential exercise we all engage in three times a day at the boarding-house. Have you ever tried any of Mrs. Bondy's fare, Miss Newell?"

"I'm sure Mrs. Bondy tries to have everything very nice," the young girl replied, with some embarrassment.

"Of course she does; she is a very good old girl. I think a great deal of Mrs. Bondy; but when she asks me if I have enjoyed my dinner, I always make a point of telling her the truth; she respects me for it. This is her idea of sponge-cake, you see." He held up admiringly a damp slab of some compact pale-yellow substance, with crumbs of bread adhering to one side. "It is a little mashed, but otherwise a fair specimen."

Miss Frances laughed. "Mr. Arnold, I think you are too bad. How can she help it, with those dreadful Chinamen? But I would really advise you not to eat that cake; it does n't look wholesome."

"Oh, as to that, I've never observed any difference; one thing is about as wholesome as another. Did you ever eat bacon fried by a Chinaman, Miss Newell? The sandwiches were made of that. You see, I still live." The

sponge-cake was rapidly disappearing. "Miss Newell, you look at me as if I were committing *hara-kiri*. Will you appear at the inquest?"

"No, I will not testify to anything so unromantic; besides, it might be inconvenient for Mrs. Bondy's cook." She put on her hat, and stepped along the stones towards the entrance to the glen.

"You are not going to refuse me the last offices?"

"I am going to look for Nicky Dyer. He came with me to show me the spring, and now he has gone to hunt for his cow."

"And you are going to hunt for him? I hope you won't try it, Miss Frances. A boy on the track of a cow is a very uncertain object in life. Let me call him, if you really must have him."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself. I suppose he will come after a while. I said I would wait for him here."

"Then permit me to say that I think you had better do as you promised."

Miss Frances recrossed the stones, and seated herself with a faint smile.

"I hope you don't mind if I stay," Arnold said, moving some loose stones to make her seat more comfortable. "You have the prior right to-day, but this is an old haunt of mine. I feel as if I were doing the honors; and to tell you the truth, I am rather used up. The new workings are very hot and the drifts are low. It's a combination of steam-bath and hoeing corn."

The girl's face cleared, as she looked at him. His thin cheek was pale under the tan, and where his hat was pushed back the hair clung in damp points to his forehead and temples.

"I should be very sorry to drive you away," she said. "I thought you looked tired. If you want to go to sleep, or anything, I will promise to be very quiet."

Arnold laughed. "Oh, I'm not such an utter wreck; but I'm glad you can be very quiet. I was afraid you might

be a little uproarious at times, you know."

The girl gave a little shy laugh. It was really a giggle, but a very sweet, girlish giggle. It called up a look of keen pleasure to Arnold's face.

"Now I call this decidedly gay," he remarked, stretching out his long legs slowly, and leaning against a slanting rock, with one arm behind his head. "Miss Frances, will you be good enough to tell me that my face is n't dirty?"

"Truth compels me to admit that you have one little daub on your left eyebrow."

"Thank you," said Arnold, rubbing it languidly with his handkerchief. His hat had dropped off, and he did not replace it; he did not look at the girl, but let his eyes rest on the thread of water that gleamed from the spring. Miss Frances, regarding him with some timidity, thought, How much younger he looks without his hat! He had that sensitive fairness which in itself gives a look of youth and purity. The sternness of his face lay in the curves which showed under his mustache, and in the silent, dominant eye.

"You've no idea how good it sounds to a lonely fellow like me," he said, "to hear a girl's laugh."

"But there are a great many women here," Miss Frances observed.

"Oh, yes, there are women everywhere, such as they are; but it takes a real nice girl, a lady, to laugh!"

"I don't agree with you at all," replied Miss Frances, coldly. "Some of those Mexican women have the sweetest voices, speaking or laughing, that I have ever heard; and the Cornish women, too, have very fresh, pure voices. I often listen to them in the evening when I sit alone in my room. Their voices sound so happy"—

"Well, then it is the accent,—or I'm prejudiced. Don't laugh again, please, Miss Frances; it has a very demoralizing effect upon me!" He moved

his head a little, and looked across at the girl to assure himself that her silence did not mean disapproval. "I admit," he went on, "that I like our Eastern girls. I know you are from the East, Miss Newell."

"I am from what I used to think was East," she said, smiling. "But everything is East here. People from Indiana and Wisconsin say they are from the East."

"Ah, but you are from our old Atlantic coast. I was sure of it when I first saw you. If you will pardon me, I knew it by your way of dressing."

The young girl flushed with pleasure; then, with a reflective air. "I confess myself, since you speak of clothes, to a feeling of relief when I saw your hat the first Sunday after I came. Western men wear such dreadful hats."

"Good!" he cried gayly. "You mean my hat that I *call* a hat." He reached for the one behind his head, and spun it lightly upward, where it settled on a projecting branch. "I respect that hat myself,—my *other* hat, I mean; I'm trying to live up to it. Now, let me guess your State, Miss Newell: is it Massachusetts?"

"No,—Connecticut; but at this distance it seems like the same thing."

"Oh, pardon me, there are very decided differences. I'm from Massachusetts myself. Perhaps they show more in the women,—the ones who stay at home, I mean, and become more local and idiomatic than the men. You are *not* one of the daughters of the soil, Miss Newell."

She looked pained as she said, "I wish I were; but there is not room for us all, where there is so *little* soil."

Arnold moved uneasily, extracted a stone from under the small of his back, and tossed it out of sight with some vehemence. "You think it goes rather hard with women who are uprooted, then," he said. "I suppose it is something a man can hardly conceive of,—a

woman's attachment to places, and objects, and associations; they are like cats."

Miss Newell was silent.

Arnold moved a little restlessly; then began again, with his eyes on the trickle of water: "Miss Newell, do you remember a poem — I think it is Bryant's — called *The Hunter of the Prairies*? It's no disgrace not to remember it, and it may not be Bryant's."

"I remember seeing it, but I never read it. I always skipped those West-ern things."

Arnold gave a short laugh, and said, "Well, you are punished, you see, by going West to hear me repeat it to you. I think I can give you the idea in a few lines: —

"Here, with my rifle and my steed,
And her who left the world for me" —

The sound of his voice in the stillness of the little glen, and a look of surprise in the young girl's quiet eyes, reminded Arnold that eight years of hard experience in the world had not deprived him of all shyness. "Hm-m-m," he murmured to himself, "it's queer how rhymes slip away. Well, the last line ends in *free*. You see, it is a man's idea of happiness, — a young man's. Now, how do you suppose *she* liked it, — the girl, you know, who left the world, and all that? Did you ever, Miss Newell, happen to see a poem or a story, written by a woman, celebrating the joys of a solitary existence with the man of her heart?"

"I suppose that many a woman has tried it," Miss Newell said, evasively, "but I'm sure *she*" —

"Never lived to tell the tale?" cried Arnold.

"She probably had something else to do while the hunter was riding round with his gun," Miss Frances continued.

"Well, give her the odds of the rifle and the steed; give the man some commonplace employment to take the swag-ger out of him; let him come home rea-

sonably tired and cross at night, — do you suppose he would find the 'kind' eyes and the 'smile'? I forgot to tell you that the Hunter of the Prairies is always welcomed by a smile at night."

"He must have been an uncommonly fortunate man," she said.

"Of course he was; but the question is, Could any living man be so fortunate? Come, Miss Frances, don't prevaricate!"

"Well, am I speaking for the average woman?"

"Oh, not at all, — you are speaking for the very nicest of women. Any other kind would be intolerable on a prairie."

"I should think, if she were very healthy," said Miss Newell, with a faint increase of color, "and not too imaginative, and of a cheerful disposition; and if *he*, the hunter, were *really* above the average, — supposing that she cared for him in the beginning, — I should think the smile might last a year or two."

"Heavens, what a cynic you are, Miss Newell! I feel like a mere daub of sentiment beside you. There have been moments, even in this benighted mining camp, when I have believed in that hunter and his smile!"

He got up suddenly, and stood against the rock, facing her. Although he kept his cool, bantering tone, his color had risen perceptibly, and his eyes looked darker. "I hope you are not trifling with my ideals, Miss Newell; I want to keep the jewel I have left. You may consider me a representative man, if you please: I speak for hundreds of us scattered about in mining camps and on cattle ranches, in lighthouses and frontier farms and military posts, and all the God-forsaken holes you can conceive of where men are trying to earn a living, — or lose one, — we are all going to the dogs for the want of that smile! What is to become of us if the women whose smiles we care for cannot support life in the places where we have to live?

Come, Miss Frances, can't you make that smile last at least two years?" He gathered a handful of dry leaves from a broken branch above his head and crushed them in his long hands, sifting the yellow dust on the water below.

"The conditions you speak of are very different," the girl answered, with a shade of uneasiness in her manner. "A mining camp is anything but a solitude, and a military post may be very gay."

"Oh, the principle is the same. It is the absolute giving up of everything. You know most women require a background of family and friends and congenial surroundings; the question is whether *any* woman can do without them."

The young girl moved in a constrained way, and flushed as she said, "It must always be an experiment, I suppose, and its success would depend, as I said before, on the woman and on the man."

"An 'experiment' is good!" said Arnold, rather savagely. "Well, Miss Newell, I see you won't say anything you can't swear to."

"I really do not see that I am called upon to say anything on the subject at all!" she said, rising and looking at him across the brook with indignant eyes and a hot glow on her cheek.

He did not appear to notice her annoyance.

"Because you know something about it, and most women don't, your testimony is worth something. How long have you been here, — a year? I wonder how it seems to a woman to live in a place like this a year! I hate it all, you know, — I've seen so much of it. But is there really any beauty here? I suppose beauty, and all that sort of thing, is partly within us, is n't it? — at least, that's what the goody little poems tell us."

"I think it is very beautiful here," said Miss Frances, softening, as he laid aside his light and somewhat strained manner, and spoke more quietly. "It

is the kind of place a happy woman might be very happy in; but if she were sad — or — disappointed" —

"Well?" said Arnold, pulling at his mustache, and fixing a rather gloomy gaze upon her.

"She would die of it! I really do not think there would be any hope for her in a place like this."

"But if she were happy, as you say," persisted the young man, "don't you think her woman's adaptability and quick imagination would help her immensely? She wouldn't see what I, for instance, know to be ugly and coarse; her very ignorance of the world would help her."

There was a vague, pleading look in his eyes. "Arrange it to suit yourself," she said. "Only, I can assure you, if anything happens to her, it will be the — the hunter's fault."

"All right," said he, rousing himself. "That hunter, if I know him, is a man who is used to taking risks! Where are you going?"

"I thought I heard Nicky."

They were both silent, and as they listened footsteps, with a tinkling accompaniment, crackled among the bushes below the cañon. Miss Newell turned towards the spring again. "I want one more drink before I go," she said.

Arnold followed her. "Let us drink to our return. We will call this our fountain of Trevi."

"Oh, no," said Miss Frances. "Don't you remember what your favorite Bryant says about bringing the 'faded fancies of an elder world' into these 'virgin solitudes'?"

"Faded fancies!" cried Arnold. "Do you call that a faded fancy? It is as fresh and graceful as youth itself, and as natural. I should have thought of it myself, if there had been no fountain of Trevi."

"Do you think so?" smiled the girl. "Then imagination, it would seem, is not entirely confined to homesick women."

"Come, fill the cup, Miss Frances! Nicky is almost here."

The girl held her hands beneath the trickle again, until they were brimming with the clear sweet water.

"Drink first," said Arnold.

"I'm not sure that I want to return," she replied, smiling, with her eyes on the space of sky between the tree-tops.

"Nonsense, — you must be homesick. Drink, drink!"

"Drink yourself; the water is all running away!"

He bent his head, and took a vigorous sip of the water, holding his hands below hers, inclosing the small cup in the large one. The small cup trembled a little. He was laughing and wiping his mustache, when Nicky appeared, and Miss Frances, suddenly brightening and recovering her freedom of movement, exclaimed, "Why, Nicky! You have been *forever*! We must go at once, Mr. Arnold; so good-by! I hope" —

She did not say *what* she hoped, and Arnold, after looking at her with an interrogative smile a moment, caught his hat from the branch overhead, and made her a great bow with it in his hand.

He did not follow her light figure, pushing its way through the swaying, rustling ferns, but he watched it out of sight. "What an extraordinary ass I've been making of myself!" He confided this remark to the stillness of the little cañon, and then, with long strides, took his way over the hills in an opposite direction.

It was the middle of July when this little episode of the spring occurred. The summer had reached its climax. The dust did not grow perceptibly deeper, nor the fields browner, during the long brazen weeks that followed. One only wearied of it all more and more.

So thought Miss Newell, at least. It was her second summer in California, and the phenomenon of the dry season was not so impressive on its repetition. She had been surprised to observe

how very brief had been the charm of strangeness in her experience of life in a new country. She began to wonder if a girl born and brought up among the hills of Connecticut could have the seeds of *ennui* subtly distributed through her frame, to reach a sudden development in the heat of a Californian summer. She longed for the rains to begin, that in their violence and the sound of the wind she might gain a sense of life in action by which to eke out her dull and expressionless days. She was, as Nicky Dyer had said, "a good un to 'old 'er tongue," and therein lay her greatest strength as well as her greatest danger.

Miss Newell boarded at Captain Dyer's. The prosperous ex-mining captain was a good deal nearer to the primitive type than any man Miss Newell had ever sat at table with in her life before, but she had a thorough respect for him, and she soon felt the time might come when she would enjoy him — as a reminiscence. Mrs. Dyer was kindly, and not more of a gossip than her neighbors; and there were no children, — only one grandchild, the inoffensive Nicky. The ways of the house were a little uncouth, but everything was clean and in a certain sense homelike. To Miss Newell's homesick sensitiveness it seemed better than being stared at across the boarding-house table by Boker and Pratt, and pitied by the engineer. She had a little room at the Dyers', which was a reflection of herself so far as a year's occupancy and very moderate resources could make it. Perhaps for that very reason she often found her little room an intolerable prison. One night her homesickness had taken its worst form, a restlessness, which began in a nervous inward throbbing and extended to her cold and tremulous finger-tips. She went softly down-stairs and out on the piazza, where the moonlight lay in a brilliant square on the unpainted boards. The moonlight increased her restlessness.

ness, but she could not keep away from it. She dared not walk up and down the piazza, because the people in the street below would see her. She stood there perfectly still, holding her elbows with her hands, crouched into a little dark heap against the side of the house.

Lights were twinkling far and near over the hills, singly, and in clusters. Black figures moved across the moonlit spaces in the street. There were sounds of talking, laughing, and singing; dogs barking; occasionally a stir and tinkle in the scrub, as a cow wandered past. The engines throbbed from the distant shaft-houses. A miner's wife was hushing her baby in the next house, and across the street a group of Mexicans were talking all at once in a loud, monotonous cadence.

In her early days at the mines there had been a certain piquancy in her sense of the contrast between herself and her circumstances, but that had long passed into a dreary recognition of the fact that she had no real part in the life of the place.

She recalled one afternoon when Arnold had passed the school-house, and found her sitting alone on the door-step. He stopped to ask if that "mongrel pack on the hill were worrying the life out of her," and added with a laugh, in answer to her look of silent disapproval, "Oh, I mean the dear lambs of your flock. I saw two of them just now on the trail fighting over a lame donkey. The clans were gathering on both sides; there will be a pitched battle in a few minutes. The donkey was enjoying it. I think he was asleep!" The day had been an unusually hard one, and the patient little school-mistress was just then struggling with a distracted sense of unavailing effort. Arnold's grim banter brought the tears as blood follows a blow. He got down from his horse, looking wretched at what he had done. "I am a brute, I believe, — worse than any of the pack. You have so much patience

with them, — please have a little with me. Trust me, I am not utterly blind to your sufferings. Indeed, Miss Newell, I see them, and they make me savage!" With the gentlest touch he lifted her hand, held it in his a moment, and then he mounted his horse and rode away.

Yes, he *did* understand, — she felt sure of that. What an unutterable rest it would be if she could go to some one with the small worries of her life! But she could not yield to such impulses. It was different with men! She had often thought of Arnold's words that day at the spring, all the more that he had never before or since revealed so much of himself to her. Under an apparently careless frankness and extravagance of speech he was a reticent man, but lightly spoken as the words had been, were they not the sparks and ashes blown from a deep and smothered core of fire? She seemed to feel its glow on her cheek as she recalled his singular persistence and the darkening of his imperious eyes. No, she would not permit herself to think of that day at the spring. No doubt he himself thought of it with disgust. . . .

There was a bright light in the engineer's office across the street. She could see Arnold through the windows (for like a man he did not pull his shades down) at one of the long drawing-tables. He worked late, it seemed. He was writing. He wrote rapidly, page after page, tearing each sheet from what appeared to be a paper block, and tossing it on the table beside him. He covered only one side of the paper, she noticed, thinking with a smile of her own small economies. Presently he got up, swept the papers together in his hands, and stooped over them. He is numbering and folding them, she thought, and now he is directing the envelope, — to whom, I wonder! He turned, and as he walked towards the window she saw him put something in the pocket of his coat. He lit a cigar, and began walking with long

strides up and down the room, one hand in his pocket; the other he occasionally rubbed over his eyes and head, as if they hurt him. She remembered the engineer had headaches, and wished somebody would ask him to try valerian. Is he ever really lonely? she thought. What can he, what can any man, know of loneliness? He can go out and walk about on the hills; he can go away altogether, and take the risks of life somewhere else. A woman must take no risks. There is not a house in the camp where he might not enter to-night, if he chose; he might come over here and talk to me. The East with all its memories and hopes and antecedents seemed so hopelessly far away. They two alone, in that strange, uncongenial new world which had crowded out the old, seemed to speak a common language. And yet how little she really knew of him!

Suddenly the lights disappeared from the windows of the office. She heard a door unlock, and presently the young man's figure crossed the street and turned up the trail past the house.

Two other figures going up halted, and the taller one said, "Will you go up on the hill, to-night, Mr. Arnold?"

"What for?" said Arnold, slackening his pace without stopping.

"Oh, nothing in particular, — to see the señoritas."

"Oh, thank you, Boker, I've seen the señoritas."

He walked quickly past the men, and the shorter one, who had not spoken, called after him rather huskily, —

"W-what do you think of the school-ma'am?"

Arnold turned back and confronted the speaker. "Shall I tell you what I think of *you*, Pratt?"

"You can do as you damn please!"

"It would please me to strangle you, but I don't think you're worth it!" and flinging the man aside with one hand, Arnold strode on up the trail.

"Confound him, — the cold-blooded Yankee! They're all alike, — birds of a feather flock together. Hope she's thin enough to suit him."

"Shut up, Jack!" said his comrade. "You're a little high now, you know."

"High!" The voices of the two men blended with the night chorus of the camp as they passed out of sight.

Miss Newell sat perfectly still for a while; then she went to her room, and threw herself down on the bed, wondering if she could ever forget those words which the faithless night had brought to her ear. The moonlight had left the piazza, and crept round to the side of the house. It shone in at the window, touching the girl's cold fingers pressed to her burning cheeks and temples. She got up, drew the curtain, and groped her way back to the bed, where she lay for hours trying to convince herself that her misery was out of all proportion to the cause, and that those coarse words could make no real difference in her life.

They did make a little difference. They loosened the slight, indefinite threads of intercourse which a year had woven between these two exiles. Miss Newell was prepared to withdraw from any further overtures of friendship from the engineer; but he made it unnecessary for her to do so, — he made no overtures. On the night of Pratt's tipsy salutation he had abruptly decided that a mining-camp was no place for a nice girl with no acknowledged masculine protector. In Miss Newell's circumstances a girl must be left entirely alone, or exposed to the gossip of the camp. He knew very well which she would choose, and so he kept away, — though at considerable loss to himself, he felt. It made him cross to watch her pretty figure going up the trail every morning and to reflect that so much sweetness and refinement should not be having its ameliorating influence on his own barren and somewhat defiant existence.

Mary Hallock Foote.

THE NEW YORK ART SEASON.

IN attempting a brief review of what the past season has produced in the way of pictorial art, it will be well, I think, not to content ourselves with a mere enumeration of individual objects of interest. We may profitably pass, by their means, to some estimate of the present condition of our art as a whole, and especially of the promise it gives as to its development in the near future. Only those who vividly remember American art as it was twenty years ago will quite understand the satisfaction we feel in looking back over the creditable showing of the past season; only such will appreciate the intense pleasure we draw from its evidence that the day is approaching when we shall have an art not only accomplished, but national, — not only schooled in the best contemporary methods, but devoted to the expression of our own local life and our own individual impressions. It would be idle, of course, to say that any such art yet exists in a comprehensive way. But we may fairly claim, I think, that we can already see its beginnings and foresee its wide development.

It has been a little hard to remember, looking at all that has claimed our attention during the past few months, that a very short time ago we had no "art season" whatever, nothing but the Academy's exhibition as the sole attraction of the year. This year four general exhibitions have been filled to overflowing, and a number of special collections have succeeded one another. In considering the work produced, it will be best, in view of the aim I have just declared and of the limitations of our space, to pause over the good work only, confessing at the outset, once for all, that a vast amount of bad work also has been shown, and that false methods and mistaken aims and immature accomplishment still

claim their devotees. We have known the time when these things seemed so dangerous to the future of our art as to call for constant mention and for detailed blame. There was a day when it seemed as though learners would have nowhere else to look for models, and the public nowhere else to bestow its admiration. But this day has passed. The so-called "new men," and the elder workers who are identified with them in aim and practice, have done far more for us than merely to paint their own pictures. They have established good methods of teaching, and have inculcated, by word and deed, better general views of art; and these views and methods have already impregnated our most conservative institutions. The worst work on our exhibition walls now rarely comes from the hand of a beginner, but is most often due to some older Academician, or to one of his contemporaries. It is a hopeful sign of the times, indeed, that many quite new and unknown names come yearly to swell the ranks of our best workmen, and to help carry off the highest honors. The generation that is just entering upon its life's work seems, in a word, to be starting along the right road, uninfluenced, to any dangerous extent, by the example of men whose names have long been held in honor, but whose practices could not now be followed without contempt for what we have found to be better methods. Recognizing this fact the critic is no longer driven to constant fault-finding.

What, now, are the good qualities to be especially looked for in judging the present of our art and in calculating its future? Fifteen years ago our artists as a body — with a few notable exceptions, whom I need surely not stop to mention here — were not animated by individual and characteristic thoughts or

feelings. Nor were they, on the other hand, masters of an accomplished technique, — of that precious artistic speech which can make the tritest or most casual thought, the most hackneyed or prosaic object, a painted joy forever. If we wished to improve upon our past, this technical ability was the first thing to be acquired as a necessary basis for all other excellence. Beginning, then, with the beginning, our younger artists have gone abroad in crowds to seek for manual training; that being a thing to be best learned by precept and example, not to be easily evolved from one's own soul, no matter how much artistic material might surround one, and no matter how truly one might be inspired thereby. We have now got far on the way toward technical accomplishment, I think; we may now boast of a large and rapidly growing body of young men whose work would in any country stand on a level with that of the ablest, of all but the most inspired, of modern brushes. We have been a little slow to recognize this fact, however; a little afraid to believe our eyes when they bore witness that young Americans, with quite unknown names and origins, were painting things as good as we could get from Europe, were conceiving of their art in the most thorough-going and artistic way, and were displaying, moreover, a commendable degree of diversity among themselves. At first we said, "They have caught a foreign trick from foreign masters. They have painted well, perhaps, in pupilage; but when left to themselves they will do the sort of work our men have always done, or they will run into extreme eccentricity and artistic aberration." They have amply proved, however, that they will do none of these things. The men who five or six years ago came home from foreign cities to be greeted with such prophecies now paint better than at that time. Each year — note the successive exhibitions of the Society of American Artists — they show

less of mere eccentricity, fewer mere *tours de force*, more of balance, of discretion, and of high artistic effort. From extremely clever pupils they are growing to be masters in their art. They paint as enthusiastically, as steadily; they are as devoted to their art, and as entirely determined to pursue it irrespective of popular cavil, as when fresh from the inspiring atmosphere of Paris or of Munich. We are forced at last to confess that they can and do paint well, — still using the word in its narrower technical but most important sense. Convinced of this, however, we cannot rest satisfied a moment with so great a gain, so immense a promise for the future. We instantly demand that they shall do work racy with the flavor of the soil, — work such as no man has ever done before, and that will therefore be "original." This for records of external life. When they attempt imaginative work we insist that they shall at once show a power to rival that developed at the supremest moment of the noblest schools. These are all demands which must be realized, of course, before we can have a truly national art, — an art that shall be our own by any stronger title than the mere fact of its production on this side of the water. Art is long, however, and its steps are many and gradual, and must be properly sequent. It is only those who have no confidence in their own power to discern good work, though as yet unheralded by fame, in their own ability to perceive signs and promises as well as complete and wide results, who despair of the fact that our artists will soon see our own local materials in a pictorial manner, and think our own characteristic thoughts in an artistic way. It is for proofs that they have already begun, indeed, to do so, — for evidence that we have already men among us who are not only good painters, but American artists, — that we should most keenly look, in our current criticising. While praising, therefore, good painter's work of every

sort, no matter how unoriginal, it is for work in which local life and local ideas are most distinctly visible that our highest commendation should be reserved.

After so much generalizing, it may be well to pass at last to a few particulars. I must preface the notice of our New York pictures by a few words with reference to some that were shown in Philadelphia last autumn. A hundred canvases that were sent from the easels of painters practicing or still studying in Paris afforded a hitherto unfound opportunity of estimating what a large body of our aspirants are accomplishing. They showed much excellent work; little that was very original, it is true, in either mood or technique, but a great deal to prove that Americans are at last fully reconciled to the necessity of hard and systematic study. We were especially glad to see much capable figure-drawing on a large scale. Most of it was academical practice-work, and nothing more; but it was accomplished to a degree that would have startled us a few years since. The fact that it did not in the least surprise us now, that it did not fully satisfy us, indeed, shows how our standard of requirement has risen in the interim. When we looked at the works in detail, moreover, we found some that broke the level of commonplace acquirement, and showed original and successful impulse. Of Miss Dodson, for example, I may surely say that her work displayed not only admirable training, but an individual temperament and a commendable degree of versatility. Miss Dodson has undoubtedly a future before her, and one may predict, perhaps, that if she ever combines the large scale and assured drawing and broad masculine style of her *Deborah*, here shown, with the fresh fancy of her smaller decorative works, — *The Pupils of Love* and *The Dance*, — she may do very good and much-to-be-desired work in the way of mural decoration. Mr. Picknell's canvases — the

Route de Concarneau, which won official recognition at the last *Salon*, and *Au Bord du Marais* — were bold and vigorous things, most admirable in technique, and showing, it seemed to me, a sentiment and accent of their own. And there were still other works at Philadelphia for which more than accomplished workmanship might have been claimed, — notably those of Mr. Marr, now of Milwaukee, and of Mr. Kenyon Cox, who sent a strange and fascinating little portrait.

Nothing more strongly marks our recent growth in productiveness and versatility than the sudden rise of our water-color art. Twenty years ago it was an almost unknown thing. Half a dozen years ago, even, we took but a languid interest in its possibilities. Now it is universally popular with our artists, even with those whose methods of work in oil would seem most alien to its requirements; and it is immensely popular with the public at large, — disproportionately so as compared with the estimation in which that public sees fit to hold good native work in oil. The large collection of aquarelles shown this year — there were over eight hundred numbers, and no works in black and white were admitted — was of greater average excellence, I think, than any previously shown. There was but little work of the best possible sort, while there were dozens of drawings, each of which would have made its mark not many years ago, but which now passed unnoticed amid crowds of almost equal excellence. The old-fashioned "niggling" imitations of work in oils, distressingly hard and flat, and painfully elaborate, were in a minority. Even painters who had nothing of much interest to say upon their paper had learned to speak in a simple and direct way that gave no opportunity for fault-finding, if it gave no occasion for any special praise. Perhaps the greater part of the work did not merit higher commendation than this. But even this

is a level by no means to be despised, in view of things not long gone by. From such a level there stood out, moreover, some work of a more decided and individual stamp, — work both strong and peculiar in its artistic flavor. The three men who were most conspicuous for excellence were Messrs. Winslow Homer, Currier, and Blum. Mr. Homer's work is too well known to need detailed notice here. He was at his very best, and when at that best must always be recognized as strong, and individual, and intensely local. Whether or no one personally likes his kind of strength and his sort of individuality is another matter. Mr. Currier, whose work still comes from Munich, is of course an impressionist of the deepest dye, but one who has, most fortunately, a genuine impression to convey. He signed a dozen large drawings, most of them showing sunset or storm-cloud effects over wide stretches of moorland. His color was superb and his handling very clever, and there was an amount of action in his clouds and atmosphere that one rarely sees in paintings of any sort.

Mr. Robert Blum is more or less of an impressionist also, when he works with aquarelle, but his style is as delicate and as fragile, so to say, as Mr. Currier's is intense and fiery. He exhibited a number of views of Venice, cool and gray or softly blue in tone, airy yet spirited in handling; with all their tenuity very vigorous; with all their tenderness never soft, with all their daintiness the reverse of weak. Mr. Blum would excite interest did we know but a single work of his. But when we have seen a number, curiosity as to his future course is added to the interest. His facility is so great and his artistic sympathy apparently so wide that we cannot guess what he may next produce. Many blame him, saying that this sympathy goes out not only to varying aspects of nature, but to various methods of working characteristic of

other men. To me it does not appear that Mr. Blum imitates Fortuny or Martin Rico, but, rather, that he sees and feels for the moment as one or the other of them has seen and felt, which is a very different thing, — a thing that may produce original and spontaneous work along similar lines, but that will not degenerate into imitation. This I say merely in explanation of the strong reflected accent that some critics find in his undeniably beautiful handiwork. For myself I would say more — that he is usually as fresh and genuine as he is delightful. Besides his out-of-door effects in Venice, he showed here a large drawing, quite beautiful in color, called *Venetian Girls Stringing Beads*, which disclosed a distinct gift for expressive facial painting. This was the more noteworthy because our aquarellists are as yet very deficient in their treatment of the figure. Few of them even attempt to deal with it. In this exhibition there was little good home work of the sort, if we except some realistic and delightfully local bits of low-life from the brush of Mr. Kappes, a study by Mr. Eakins, and the accomplished but not very original work of Mr. Hovenden and Mr. C. S. Reinhart. A few lovely foreign pieces in the room, by Vibert and Tofano and Simoni and Heilbuth and Kaemmerer, served as a gauge by which to measure our own short-comings.

In closing this brief notice I should like to give more than mere mention and general praise to the out-door studies of Messrs. Foxcroft Cole and Freer and Muhrmann, to the fresh spring-like effects of Mr. Bruce Crane, and to the fine color of Mr. Harry Chase's coast views.

When we pass to the consideration of the two spring exhibitions of work in oil, we reach, of course, the main interest of our subject. They were opened simultaneously, but were inevitably compared by every visitor for more reasons than this of mere synchronism. Nothing could have been more opposed

than the respective principles which had guided the formation of the two collections; nothing more opposite than the appearance of the two when shown. On the one hand, at the National Academy, the principle had been one of extreme inclusion; on the other hand, with the Society of American Artists, it had been one of extreme exclusion. If the Academy, however, while accepting very bad work, had recognized it as such when hanging the few really good things admitted, there would have been no such outcry against the institution as has gone up this year. It has been universally accused of proving once more that it is almost ridiculously behind the times, almost childishly opposed to outside men and novel methods, almost destructively devoted to its own interests instead of to those of the public and of art. That it does not recruit its ranks as it should is shown by the fact that the associates recently promoted to be full Academicians are Mr. Louis Tiffany, which is well enough; Mr. B. C. Porter, which is not so well; and Mr. Yewell, which is quite inexcusable; and this although such names were on the list as those of Bridgman, May, Quartley, Sartain, George Smillie, and, above all, George Fuller.

There have been worse Academy exhibitions than this last one, but that was when the average of our art was infinitely lower. Judged by what it should have been, no exhibition has been so bad, so behind the times, so unrepresentative of the better aspects of our art. There are signs, however, that the limits of academic narrow-mindedness — usually, I believe, honest and conscientious, though so mistaken — have been reached, that a broader policy will govern matters in the future, and that this year's complaints will not have to be repeated.

Turning to the other exhibition, we found, as I have said, an entirely different state of things. In place of seven hundred and fifty works at the Academy, following a descending scale down to

the utmost limits of deluded intention and incapable performance, we had a catalogue with but one hundred and sixty numbers; and this was not the result of meagre contributions, for it is understood that more than twice as many pictures were rejected. The committee on admissions voted secretly for each canvas, the artist's name being concealed so far as possible, and pictures by the most popular men shared the fate of exclusion with pictures by many members of the Society itself. It is very probable that there has been much dissatisfaction among disappointed artists, but the public has not complained, and even these artists cannot charge injustice; for while good work may have been rejected, it was not superseded on the walls by things of little value. It was the declared policy of the committee, backed by the Society as a whole, to admit nothing that was but fairly good, nothing that was but up to a standard of commonplace excellence, nothing, in a word, that had not an especial interest of some kind to distinguish it. It is needless to say that such a policy would be out of place with any public association, with any corporation intended to give a chance to all men. But a glance at these walls, and a mental comparison of them with the aspect of an average exhibition, convinced us that it was an excellent policy upon occasion. It was surely well to see for once a collection that was actually fine as such, that as a whole was a thing of which Americans might well be proud. It needs to be said, moreover, that while the standard of admission had been high, it had been sufficiently broad and flexible to include good work of very various kinds; that while the exhibition had been strictly managed, it had *not* been managed in the interests of a clique, or of one particular style of art. We saw Mr. Albert Ryder on the one hand, and Mr. Gilbert Gaul on the other, and more need not be said.

When the pictures were examined in detail they proved for the "new men," I think, all that I have claimed for their performance in the beginning of this article; and they proved one or two things more: as, for example, that many of them can get color as well as tone, that they love beauty as well as singularity and effectiveness, and that they do not seem inclined to imitate one another, or to run in parallel ruts. In the case of one or two painters, moreover, of Mr. Alden Weir and Mr. William M. Chase especially, there was great variety to be found in the different creations of the same brush.

In the matter of mere workmanship — the first desideratum just at present, as I have said — there was much to give delight. The brush-work was excellent in almost every case; often individual, and sometimes quite masterly. Perhaps Mr. Alden Weir's *Still Life*, with flowers in a blue and white pot, was the most exquisite bit of pure painter's work in the room, perfect in composition, in color, in sentiment, in handling, — showing a felicitous conjunction that even the same brush may never give us in the future. This was faultless art of the perennial sort; art that could not be hurt by any possible proximity; art that would have seemed as good in the sixteenth century as it did in the nineteenth; art that will hold its own, no matter what the future may produce. Mr. Chase's *Studio Interior*, splendid in color, was a specimen of what has been called "bravura painting," pushed to its furthest limits, yet as unaffected and as right as the soberest work could be. Mr. Currier's *Boy in Red*, sent from Munich, was another piece of bold, fine workmanship and color. And while speaking of color Mr. Bunce must not be forgotten, with his Venetian sunsets and the wonderful skies in some of his smaller studies; nor Mr. Walter Palmer, who showed a fine landscape with golden grain.

When we passed from the painting as

such to the subject matter chosen, when we looked for traits of mind rather than powers of hand, we found again much to delight and much to encourage us. We noted in the many portraits, for example, a great advance in the way of getting, within the strictest artistic limits and with the most beautiful results, what may be called national in addition to individual characteristics. Mr. Wyatt Eaton's lovely girls, and those of Mr. Abbott Thayer, Mr. Eastman Johnson's child in the snow, and the elderly gentleman painted by Mr. Weir, might all have been shown as typical specimens of the genus American. We have had portraits for many years, of course, of which this might have been said, but they have too generally been abortions in point of art — one or two great names to the contrary — for their memory to lessen the fresh satisfaction we feel in thinking of these beautiful works. It was a disappointment that Mr. Chase showed this year none of his brilliant and characteristic masculine portraits, and that Mr. Sargent sent us nothing to rival the *Carolus Duran* of last season. Of all the portraits here shown, the best were perhaps those of Mr. Eaton. Nothing could have been more beautiful in treatment and tone and sentiment than the full-face head called in the catalogue *Miss M. G. R.* If an artist had been asked to pick out the two most complete pictures in the room, this would have been one, I think, and Mr. Weir's *Still Life* would have been the other.

Quite the strongest piece of local characterization, if I may so call it, was due, however, to the brush of Mr. Eakins, of Philadelphia. Of all American artists he is the most typically national, the most devoted to the actual life about him, the most given to recording it without gloss or alteration. That life is often ugly in its manifestations, no doubt; but this ugliness does not daunt Mr. Eakins, and his artistic skill is such that he can

bring good results from the most unpromising materials. In spite of a deficient power of coloring, his brush-work is so clever, his insight into character so deep and his rendering of it so clear, his drawing is so firm, and his management of light so noteworthy that he makes delightful pictures out of whatsoever he will, — even, as in this case, out of three homely figures with ugly clothes in an “undecorative” interior. This *Lady Singing a Pathetic Song* was so impressive because it was admirably painted, and because it was at the same time absolutely true to nature, — a perfect record of the life amid which the artist lives. The day will come, I believe, when Mr. Eakins will be rated, as he deserves, far above the painters of mere pretty effects, and a good way above even men of similar artistic skill who devote themselves to less characteristic and less vital themes. All possible renderings of Italian peasants and colonial damsels and pretty models cannot equal in importance to our growing art one such strong and real and artistic work as this one I have noted.

Mr. Twachtman approaches our outdoor scenes in a similar spirit, dealing with the most prosaic and local of themes — with the Suburbs of Cincinnati, for example, and the Dock, Foot of Tenth Street, — and proving that even such homely material may be wrought into satisfactory and, of course, quite original sorts of art. Mr. Lungren's *Rainy Night*, New York, was, again, a quite fresh theme, treated with immense dash and *brío*, — altogether one of the most interesting things of the year, though, so far as I know, the young artist's *début* in oils. Mr. Will H. Low's *Skipper Ireson Tarred and Feathered by the Women of Marblehead* was an ambitious and clever, though not altogether successful, attempt to deal with native matter in the way of historical *genre*. It promised very well for what Mr. Low may yet accomplish in the same line.

Turning to the strictly imaginative work in the exhibition we ceased, of course, our quest for local sentiment and subject matter; for there is no fatherland to which things of the spirit must swear allegiance. To no terrestrial kingdom belonged, for instance, Mr. Ryder's delicious bit of brown color with moonlight on the sea. No one has ever painted just like Mr. Ryder, and when we have once known his pictures we feel that we should have suffered grievous loss had he never been born to paint in just this manner. If we set him against Mr. Eakins, by the way, we shall see that the extremes of our capable art are already very far asunder, with room enough between them for every possible growth, realistic or imaginative.

Mr. Weir's *Muse of Music* was more remarkable, perhaps, for beautiful painter's work than for spiritual force, and Mr. Fuller was not here seen at his best, though nothing of his can lack for charm and interest. Mr. Blakelock's attractive work suggested, but did not equal Mr. Ryder's, and the lovely bit of landscape sent by Mr. La Farge had been painted long ago.

In the way of sculpture there was a little of the very best sort, due principally to Mr. St. Gaudens and to Mr. Olin Warner. Nothing could have been more lovely or more skillfully wrought than the latter's portrait bust of Miss Maud Morgan, which was well worthy to stand side by side with some exquisite antique. More valuable even than its beauty, however, was its loyalty to the aspect of our own time and people.

We may leave the Society's exhibition now with the pleasant thought that all the pictures — with but one or two exceptions, Mr. Currier's *Boy in Red* alone being of much importance among them — had been painted on this side of the water, and owed nothing whatever to foreign inspiration or assistance. This is not the place, of course, to speak of Bastien-Lepage's *Joan of Arc*, — the

only foreign picture in the room, but one of the most interesting ever sent across the water.

At the Academy also there were some good portraits, with the true and vital qualities we longed to find. Such were Mr. Maynard's portrait of Mr. Millet, Mr. Weir's portrait of Miss Cottier, — again a piece of perfect workmanship, — Mr. Lippincott's portrait of a little girl, and Mr. Vinton's most strong, genuine and characteristic portrait of a gentleman. Mr. B. C. Porter, of whom we once expected such good things, has fallen far below his former standard, and has become very hard in color and in handling. Mr. Millet's immense picture of Miss Kate Field showed some very excellent painting, of course, but was showy and striking rather than artistically right, — a fact that was owing to the pose as much as anything. Mr. Carroll Beckwith draws beautifully, and is very self-confident, but lacks taste and the sense for color. Mr. Hovenden's small portrait of a gentleman was quite admirable in every way; his genre picture of Vendean peasants preparing for war was a most thorough and conscientious piece of work; and his study of a negro in a cabin-interior was strong and genuine. Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt is always interesting and clever, and her half-length of a lady in brown was among the best things in the place. But, unfortunately, when she painted her large, prettily colored, and attractive portrait of a young lady she left the path of contemporary, characteristic rendering, and tried to transplant Gainsborough — attitude, color, sentiment, and all — into the midst of a quite alien world. So the canvas had an accent of unreality, of affectation almost, in spite of all its charm. Mr. Carl Marr's strongly handled portrait of an old lady had already been seen in Philadelphia. Mr. Shirlaw sent a child's portrait, beautifully painted, and a delicious little figure called *The Tomboy*. Mr. Dielman, Mr.

Kappes, and Mr. Burns were to be commended for capable treatment of local themes, though the last was crude in color. Miss Emmet and Miss Wheeler, pupils of Mr. Chase, sent promising portrait-work. Miss Emmet's bore an air of distinction always to be desired, in feminine portraiture, especially. But her painting of flesh is not yet as good as her very clever treatment of accessories. Miss Wheeler's picture was especially good in character. Mr. Dowdall is another promising young workman.

Mr. Eastman Johnson's large canvas called *The Funding Bill* showed the life-size figures of two gentlemen conversing in an elaborate interior. Its ambitious character needs no further demonstration, and it deserved high praise for its intensely local spirit. (I cannot use the adjective "local" too often, I think, to express a most important quality.) The handling was more broad and rapid than we are used to seeing from Mr. Johnson's brush; very good indeed in parts, though not quite uniform all through the canvas. If a man of Mr. Eastman Johnson's age can make such a new departure and such a stride in advance as he has made this year, — not only in this canvas, but in his more complete though not so interesting portrait in the other exhibition, — we need surely not doubt of the flexibility or the latent energy of American art.

One of the most perfect of the year's pictures was Mr. Douglas Volk's *Puritan Girl*, standing in the snow and dreaming of her absent lover. One hardly knew which to admire the more in this lovely picture, the rendering proper or the delicate sentiment, which seemed not at all hackneyed or "sentimental." Especially remarkable was the treatment of the wide white landscape, — the painting of the horizon, and the way in which the bluish tones of the snow-shadows had been preserved without making the canvas cold in color. Mr. Eakins was again at the front with his

most interesting, though only partially successful, *Four-in-Hand*, and with a little study of a girl, beautifully treated for effects of light. Many good academic figure paintings had already been seen in Philadelphia.

It is needless to say that our landscape art, in the hands of the younger men and of the elder ones who are akin to them in aim and spirit, has broken away completely from its former hard handling and minute detail and panoramic composition. Mr. Inness was at his very best this year, and every one knows what he then can do. Mr. Harry Chase's coast views were as good as those he had painted in aquarelle. Mr. Bruce Crane's spring landscapes were very cleverly handled, and very fresh and charming in color. Mr. Bunce was about as usual. Mr. Enneking's important canvas called *November* was so badly hung that we had to depend upon our memory of his previous works adequately to appreciate it. Mr. Albert Ryder sent an exquisite dream of nature wonderfully put on canvas. Mr. F. S. Church's *Seashore in a Fog* was clever, and the work of Messrs. Sartain, Smillie, Swain Gifford, Clement Swift, Foxcroft Cole, Miller, Bolton Jones, Macy, McEntee, Wyant, and Quartley was as good as usual. Mr. Blum made his first attempt in oils, I believe, with a Venetian scene showing gondolas and fishing-boats on a glassy blue sea under a glassy blue sky, and with a hint of the city low down in the distance. As yet Mr. Blum's management of oil is not quite so dexterous as his management of water-color, but it is wholesomely different in character. There was no "impressionism" here; distinct yet broad handling was joined to a skillful treatment of the difficult scheme of color.

Finally, going back to the figure-painting, I may note as not only the most beautiful picture at the Academy, but the most beautiful of the year, Mr. Fuller's *Winifred Dysart*, original and per-

fect in conception, in sentiment, in color, in handling, — in every possible way; a glory to our art, and a priceless contribution to the art of the world at large.

Of course much good work, and more that was instinct with promise, has been passed over in this brief survey. The landscape work at the Society of American Artists, for example, has been quite neglected. Though very good, it was less important than the figure-painting there to be seen, and this is an assertion that by itself speaks volumes for the change that has come over our performance. There were, it must be, some pictures, especially at the Academy, which proved that certain young men from whom we once expected much do not now seem likely to fulfill their promise. It is curious, in view of the general belief that our men do better abroad than at home, that these men are most of them still resident in Europe.

Among the special exhibitions there have been many of much interest. The posthumous collection of Mr. Sanford Gifford's pictures proved him to have possessed a strong and interesting artistic temperament. Mr. Gifford and Mr. Kensett will always be named as the ablest representatives of the landscape art of their generation. Mr. Tilton belongs to the same school. A collection of his paintings exhibited this winter showed work by no means devoid of excellence and charm, though work somewhat alien to the tastes and needs of to-day. Mr. Bridgman's pictures and studies — more than three hundred in number — attracted great attention, professional as well as popular. Especially to be praised were his magnificent and varied out-door sketches. Some, too, among his latest studio-pictures showed a growing sense of color and quality and an increasing breadth of touch. It is to be regretted that Mr. Bridgman feels it best that he should continue to live in Paris. His influence over our advancing art will thus be *null*, and while we

shall share in the world's enjoyment of a good cosmopolitan painter we shall lose one who might have been an admirable interpreter of the more picturesque aspects of our civilization. I can but think that Mr. Bridgman himself will lose something, too, by turning his back upon a career which might produce more original and distinctive art than that which he now creates.

The Artists' Fund collection showed two quite noteworthy canvases this year, — a delicious bit of color and sentiment from the brush of Mr. Homer Martin, and a vital and characteristic, though somewhat prosaic, portrait of a young girl by Professor John F. Weir.

Though it was one of the most important collections of the year, the Exhibition of Works in Black and White has been crowded from my page. I can only say now in a general way that this is perhaps the branch of our art of which we have most reason to be proud; in which we are most enterprising, most original, most inclined to think our own thoughts and to go our own road, after having learned from others how to start upon the way. If any one doubted last winter whether we had good draughtsmen among us, men capable of originating manners and styles and of conceiving ideas to be expressed thereby, a walk past the crowded walls of this exhibition might have been of service to him. And if any one questions whether direct effort and patronage can improve an art or not, let him study our current work in black and white, and remember in what way most of it has been called forth and encouraged. The clever and poetic figures which Mr. Dewing sent to this exhibition should at least be named, for his work in colors has not been of sufficient importance this year to secure for him the notice which on general grounds he merits. No space is left me for further comment on this collection, or for a reference, even, to the decorative work of the season, which in the fittings of some

private houses, and of the Union League Club especially, has been creditable as a whole, and now and then quite admirable.

May I not claim now, in conclusion, that the interesting and successful things I have noted in this paper, backed as they were by a great deal of fairly competent work, were enough to outweigh the mass of inefficiency that accompanied them, and to warrant us in the most hopeful looking toward a future near at hand? In the Loan Exhibition recently opened at the Metropolitan Museum, moreover, we can now see a number of native works, almost all painted within the last five years, and may note how well they stand their close contact with the finest of imported pictures. If only the public would appreciate this fact and fully do its part! If only the people who now patronize American art were not as a general thing those who care least of all for good painter's work as such! The time was when Americans preferred home work, right or wrong, simply because it *was* home work. Unfortunately it was then usually wrong. This fact was recognized by some cultivated patrons who have since not cared to see that we are rising to a higher level of achievement. Following in their wake are many purchasers who believe on general principles that all European work must be good, and that all American work must be second-rate. It is needless to explain who are left to encourage our own artists, — only the mass who buy for "subject," and the very, very few who have courage enough to buy for intrinsic value, and not for nationality or name. The best of our painters have, of course, a small but enthusiastic *clientèle*. Yet I do not fear contradiction when I say that, while as a people we profess deep admiration for the finest foreign handiwork, the home efforts which most readily sell are those that least resemble that handiwork in either aim or manner.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

ON THE ACTING OF IAGO.

THE civil war which ended by placing the Puritans in power, and making Oliver Cromwell king of England under the name of Lord Protector, had for one of its consequences a solution of dramatic continuity which is of great importance in the history of the English theatre. The glories of the Elizabethan drama, indeed, had faded away rapidly during the reign of Charles I., having begun to wane in the later years of his father. It was in the traditions of the stage that the break was so sudden and so complete.

In 1642 the Elizabethan school of acting came to an end with the compulsory closing of the theatres; and although only eighteen years elapsed before they were reopened, in that time not only had all the old school of actors passed away, but with them had disappeared the taste which they had formed. At the return of Charles II. the theatres were reopened; but the old English drama was not revived. Shakespeare's plays, Beaumont and Fletcher's, Jonson's, were not performed. A new drama appeared in England, that known as the drama of the Restoration,—a base thing, witty but flimsy, and as devoid of real humor as of serious strength; and with it came a new school of acting. Consequently, when, after many years of smut and smirk, Shakespeare's plays began to be performed again, the actors were thrown wholly upon their own resources; they were without any guide to the conception of his characters. Their predecessors before the Commonwealth had the benefit of traditions which came, during an interval of little more than twenty-five years, directly down from Shakespeare himself, and which, but for that great political and social upturning of England, would have remained unbroken to the present day. The new

school of actors were obliged, in theatrical phrase, to "create" the Shakespearean characters anew, without the guidance of the dramatist, who in all cases, it need hardly be said, has a formative influence upon the first presentation of his personages to the public.

Hence there was a great loss to the world; for the traditions of the stage are among the most enduring of immaterial things. How enduring they are, even as to minute points, is shown by evidence which is clear and unmistakable in regard to a trifling piece of stage "business" in *Hamlet*. In the scene of that tragedy in which the second appearance of the Ghost interrupts the interview between Hamlet and his mother, it was the modern custom, until very lately, for the prince to spring from his seat with such violence as to throw down the chair on which he was sitting. Now in 1709, Nicolas Rowe published the first edited collection of Shakespeare's plays; and each play had a frontispiece illustrating one of its most conspicuous scenes. The frontispiece to *Hamlet* illustrates the scene in question, and shows us Hamlet in an enormous flowing wig, startled out of his propriety, and his chair flung down in the foreground. We thus see that even this little trick was handed down from actor to actor, and held its place upon the stage for more than a hundred and fifty years. In all plays that have kept the stage for a long time there are traditional points not only like this, but of a more subtle and more important sort in regard both to character and action, which, without affecting the individuality of the principal actors, perpetuate certain traits and outlines of the visible play, and which we may be sure had more or less the approval of the author, many of them, doubtless, being of his

suggestion. It is thus that Molière's and Corneille's and Racine's dramas are performed at the Théâtre Français. And but for the interruption caused by the civil war, and the success of the Puritans, we may be sure that we should have had Shakespeare's own notions of his personages handed down to us from actor to actor. For he was not only the author of his plays (although some folk will have it that they were written for him by Bacon), but an actor in them: he was on the stage, ready to give direction and suggestion to his brother actors who assumed the principal parts. The loss of these traditions is irreparable and deplorable.

Among the personages of his dramas who have suffered by this loss, and who are presented as he did not conceive them, is Jaques in *As You Like It*, who, as we see him on the stage, is as unlike the Jaques of the comedy as one man can be unlike another. The Jaques of the stage is a sentimental young man, who wanders about the Forest of Arden, mooning and maundering in a soft and almost silly way; a sweet-voiced young fellow, with dark eyes and dark curls, who is pitiful of wounded stags, and given to moods of tender melancholy; a moralizing dandy, whom the real Jaques would have made the butt of his ridicule. Shakespeare's Jaques is an elderly man of the world, a selfish, captious, crusty, clever cynic. In person he should be represented as a portly man of some sixty years of age, with gray in his beard, a head partly bald, and a constant sneer upon his lips. He had been a high liver and a hard liver; so much so that the Duke sharply rebukes him for his censure of others when he himself was open to severest censure for his past life. The misconception of his character is the consequence chiefly of a misapprehension of the meaning of the word melancholy as applied to him, — "the melancholy Jaques." But Jaques's melancholy was

a sort of ill-nature, a morose feeling towards his fellow-men. Briefly, it was cynicism; and this he shows not only in his act and speech, but in the description of it which he gives, Act IV. Scene i.: "I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and *indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels*, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness." This view of his character was set forth in Shakespeare's *Scholar*, but although it has since then been generally accepted by critics of Shakespeare, no actor has had the hardihood to displace the traditional young sentimentalist of the stage, and give us the elderly cynic that Shakespeare conceived and wrought out with his finest skill. The modern stage tradition as to Jaques had its origin at a time — more than a hundred years after Shakespeare's death — when *As You Like It* began to come upon the stage again, and when the word melancholy had changed its significance. We may be sure that but for the civil war and the Puritans, tradition would have given us a Jaques of a very different character.

A much greater — we cannot say grander or nobler — conception of Shakespeare's has suffered in like manner from the interruption of the traditions of the Elizabethan stage. I mean Iago. It cannot be that the Iago of the modern stage is, either in external appearance or in his characteristic traits, the man who deceived and betrayed Desdemona, Cassio, and Othello. Iago, as Shakespeare presents him to any careful and thoughtful student of the tragedy, is entirely unlike the coarse

although crafty villain who has held possession of the stage from the time of the revival of the Shakespearean drama until the present day. The latter is a creature of conventional and theatrical traits of person and of action, whom Shakespeare would not have allowed to occupy the stage for a single scene. Most of the Iagos that I have had the opportunity of observing—I cannot say of studying, for they were of such rude making, were such mere animated human formulas, that they neither required nor admitted study—would not have deceived a school-girl. Desdemona would have been far beyond their shallow scheming, and Othello would have brushed them out of the way with a back blow of his mailed hand. Even the best of them, Junius Brutus Booth and his gifted and accomplished son Edwin, failed entirely to apprehend Shakespeare's ideal of this master villain of the world's literature. The worst of them was he who played Iago to the greatest of Othellos, Salvini, on his first visit to the United States, some eight years ago. Upon this Iago Othello would have set his heel in their first interview, and crushed him out of existence like a noisome venomous reptile,—an insect; for he had not the dignity of a vertebrate animal. And yet this act or merely presented in a very complete and much elaborated way the common stage conception of the evil genius of the great tragedy. That conception is a subtle, fawning, crawling hypocrite, who, for some not very apparent reason, wishes to do as much harm as he can, and who accomplishes his ends by unscrupulous lying of more or less ingenuity. The character of this personage rests upon the foundations of malice and hypocrisy; and the object of those who represent him is to present an embodiment of malice and hypocrisy, pure and simple. The result is a very exaggerated form of a very commonplace scoundrel. Salvini's ancient was quite

perfect of his kind, and therefore attained the eminence of being the most insufferable and aggressively offensive Iago that ever trod the stage. He managed in dress and in carriage, as well as in face, so to advertise his malice, and above all his hypocrisy, that he was in very deed the most loathsome creature, morally and physically, that I ever looked upon. Such a caitiff Iago was in fact, but not in seeming.

Before going on to consider the various passages of the tragedy which indicate Shakespeare's conception of this personage—hardly inferior to any of his creations in its union of complexity and strength, and perhaps the most widely known of all of them as a type—it may be well to describe the real Iago, who, so far as my knowledge goes, has never been presented on the modern stage.

Iago was a young man, only twenty-eight years old,—the youngest of all the men who figure in the tragedy, excepting, possibly, Roderigo. He says of himself that he has looked upon the world for four times seven years. Brave, and a good soldier, he was also of that order of ability which lifts a man speedily above his fellows. His manners and his guise were of a dashing military sort; and his manner had a corresponding bluntness, tempered, at times, by tact to a warm-hearted effusiveness,—by the very tact which prompted the bluntness. For that, although not exactly assumed, was consciously adopted. Nevertheless, he had little malice in his composition; and unless for some good reason he would rather serve than injure those around him. He made himself liked by all, and was regarded not only as a man of great ability in his profession and of sagacity in affairs, but as a warm-hearted, "whole-souled" man, and the very prince of good fellows. Being all this, and being genial and sympathetic, he was eminently popular. He was, moreover, a heartless, selfish, cold-

blooded, unprincipled, and utterly unscrupulous scoundrel.

It was because he was this manner of man that he was able to work that woful ruin in which the love of Othello and Desdemona ends,—a ruin which in its extremity, however, he did not plan, and did not at first desire. In fact, he had no inclination to do harm to any one; he would not have gone out of his way to tread upon a worm, if it had kept out of *his* way, and been no barrier to his success in life.

It is needless to say that no such Iago has been seen upon the stage for the last two hundred years; there is no memory or record of him. The elder Booth's Iago was an admirable performance, almost wonderful in its force and keeping. I saw it in my boyhood just as this great actor was staggering off the stage; and nothing equal to it have I ever seen except Rachel's performances. But it was the simple, strong representation of a hardened, crafty villain, a monster of hate and of cruelty. The climax of the whole performance was in the Parthian look which Iago, as he was borne off wounded and in bonds, gave Othello,—a Gorgon stare, in which hate seemed both petrified and petrifying. It was frightful. Edwin Booth's conception of the character, although not so clear and strong, is finer, more delicate, and more complex. His Iago is not externally a mere hardened villain, but a super-subtle Venetian, who works out his fiendish plans with a dexterous lightness of touch and smooth sinuosity of movement that suggest the transmigration of a serpent into human form. And in his visage, and above all in his eye, burn the venom of his soul, which makes his face at times look snake-like, as we say,—erroneously, however; for the eyes of a snake do not burn and flash; on the contrary, they have their hideous look because of a dull and stony malignancy of expression. But even Edwin Booth's Iago,

although much finer and more nearly consistent with itself and with the facts of the tragedy than any other that is known to the annals of the stage, is not the Iago that Shakespeare drew, and whose lineaments, moral and physical, have just been set before the reader. The chief cause of the general failure to present this character truly is the disposition and habit of the stage—a disposition and habit not unknown to real life—to divide men into classes, and to regard them individually as the embodiment of some one passion, or motive, or type of character. Iago is a crafty hypocrite; and therefore the stage has sought to set before us his hypocrisy and his craft in such a manner that they in combination are Iago. The best Iago of the modern stage is hypocrisy and craft embodied, and he is nothing else. Now the truth is that the embodiment of such a simple combination of moral baseness and mental subtlety was not in Shakespeare's mind, and is a quite impossible agent and element of the confusion and disaster of the tragedy.

The most strongly marked external traits of Shakespeare's Iago, the Iago who was known in Venice and rose rapidly in general favor there, were honesty and a warm heart: honesty of the kind which is notably outspoken and trustworthy; warmth of heart which seems to have sympathy for all men, not only in all their hopes and sorrows, but in all their little likings and small personal vanities. Is there any wonder that such a man was popular and got on in the world,—that he was in favor with the best and greatest? For he was not a mere flatterer, however skillful. The most marked trait in this bold soldier's character (to all eyes but one) was his good faith. As if with a premonition of the coming misconception and misrepresentation of his creature, and to put his seeming character beyond misapprehension, Shakespeare applies the epithet

"honest" to him no less than sixteen times in the course of the tragedy. Such a description — we may almost say such a labeling — of another of his personages is not to be found in all the multitude that throng through his thirty-seven dramas. And this is the more worthy of note because in the Italian story out of which the play was made there is no hint of this trait of Iago's character, nor indeed of any of his complex moral and mental constitution. He is absolutely and exclusively Shakespeare's conception. His trustworthiness, because of his truthful nature and his warm and friendly heart, is the attractive trait of his character to those around him up to, and even past, the catastrophe which his cruelly indifferent selfishness brings about. Othello, after he has killed Desdemona, pauses in his agony to call his tormentor and destroyer "*my friend, honest, honest Iago.*" All the principal personages of the tragedy, Desdemona and Cassio included, thus regard him; although Cassio, himself a soldier, is most impressed by Iago's personal bravery and military ability. In speaking of him, he not being present, the lieutenant calls him "the bold Iago," and in his presence says to Desdemona that she "may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar." But Othello was chiefly attracted by his honesty and kindly nature. He speaks of him to the Senate as a man "of honesty and trust," calls him "most honest," says he is of "*exceeding honesty,*" and indeed shows in all his conversation with him his absolute unquestioning reliance upon his good faith, — a good faith which is not mere uncontaminated purity from deceit, but an active, benevolent honesty which seeks the best good of others.

For loving kindness was hardly less than honesty an attractive feature of Iago's character. Othello constantly speaks of the love that he finds in his "ancient." His sympathies are always

ready, always manifest. When Cassio is involved in the brawl, Othello, in the first outburst of his wrath, says, —

"*Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving, Speak, who began this? On thy love, I charge thee.*"

The man deceived even his wife; for she, speaking the next day to Desdemona of Cassio's disgrace, says, —

"I warrant it grieves my husband
As if the case were his."

Now it is plain that Iago had no particular reason or occasion to deceive his wife on this point. He merely showed to her what he showed to everybody, a readiness to sympathize with the joys and sorrows and wishes of those around him. Emilia, a woman of the world, a woman of experiences, who knew her husband better than many wives know theirs, is yet imposed upon by this surface warmth and skin-deep glow of his character. It is not until the climax of the tragedy that even she is undeceived.

In the eyes of his friends and acquaintances Iago was not merely an honest man and a good-natured one, after the semblance of ordinary honesty and good nature. These traits were salient in him; they distinguished him from other men. And they were his noted peculiarities of character among his acquaintances *long before he had any temptation to reveal his real and inner nature*, which, until the temptation came, was possibly but half known to himself. That temptation was the elevation of Cassio to the lieutenantancy, — this lieutenantancy being a place second in rank to that of a general officer.

For this honest, warm-hearted, effusively sympathetic man was a soldier of such approved valor and capacity, and so highly regarded, that when the lieutenant-generalship was vacant, notable men of Venice concerned themselves to have the young officer promoted to the place; for which they made personal suit to Othello, — an incident which in itself shows not only Iago's military distinc-

tion, but his success in attaching others to his interests. And Shakespeare, as if to put the full complement of Iago's personal gifts beyond a question (he gives to Iago's character a particularity of description as rare as that which he gives to Imogen's beauty), makes Othello say of him that he "knows all qualities, with a learned spirit of human dealings." Indeed, there is hardly a man of Shakespeare's making, except Hamlet, who is set before us as possessing the manifold personal gifts, accomplishments, and attractions which won for Iago such distinction and such favor in the highest society of Venice.

As to the make of him, and what he really was, Iago by a very evident special design of the dramatist reveals himself fully in the first scene. After setting forth the promotion of Cassio as the cause of his ill-will to Othello, and expressing his contempt for such honest knaves (that is, merely such honest serving-men) as do their duty for duty's sake, he says, —

"Others there are
Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and when they have lin'd
their coats
Do themselves homage. These fellows have some
soul;
And such a one I do profess myself."

And again, in his soliloquy at the end of the first act, he shows us the same selfish, unscrupulous nature, but no disposition to malice, or even to needless mischief, — only a cruel heartlessness. Even the Roderigos of the world would have remained unharmed by him, unless he could have gained something by their injury. The very man who "makes a corner" in stocks or in provisions, by which he ruins the acquaintance with whom he dined yesterday, and brings unknown widows and children to want, is not freer from personal malice towards his victims than Iago was from ill-will towards his. He would much rather have attained his ends by doing

them a service. But let a worm or a friend bar his way, and he would rack and rend the one just as quickly and coolly as he would crush the other.

Some other traits of Iago's character, which are manifested incidentally, notably a certain coarseness, and a lack of any tenderness or sentiment towards women, or any faith even in the best of them, I pass by with mere allusion; although those which I have particularly mentioned are made by Shakespeare, with a great master's subtleness and truth, marked elements in the composition of such a man.

In the creation of Iago the author of Othello had, as I have already remarked, no help or hint from the story out of which he made his tragedy, nor from any precedent play, so far as we know, — a rare isolation and originality in Shakespeare's personages. The Iago of the Italian story is a coarse, commonplace villain, who differs from Shakespeare's Iago in this very point that he *is* a morose, malicious creature. His soul is full of hatred; he *has* the innate spontaneous malignity which some critics have found in Iago, and have attributed to the creative powers of Shakespeare, but which Shakespeare's creation is entirely and notably without.

It was no mere villain, however black, no mere embodiment of cruelty, however fiendish, that Shakespeare saw in his idea of Iago. In that conception and in its working out he had a much more instructing, if not instructive, purpose. Such a purpose he seldom seems to have; nor does his own feeling toward his evil creatures manifest itself except on very rare occasions, and then slightly and by implication. But upon Iago he manifestly looked with loathing and with horror, although he spent upon him the utmost powers of his creative art. In Iago Shakespeare has presented a character that could not have escaped his observation; for it is of not uncommon occurrence except in one of

its elements, — utter unscrupulousness. But for this, Iago would be a representative type, — representative of the gifted, scheming, plausible, and pushing man, who gets on by the social art known as making friends. This man is often met with in society. Sometimes he is an adventurer, like Iago, but most commonly he is not; and that he should be so is not necessary to the perfection of his character. The difference in their social conduct between him and a genuine man is that this one is simply himself, and forms friendships (not too many) with those whom he likes and those who, taking him as they find him, like him; while the other lays himself out to make friends, doing so not always with the direct and specific purpose of establishing a social connection, but because it is his nature to, as the sea monster which preys upon its own kind throws out its alluring bait which is part of itself, whether there are fellow-fish in sight or not. This is not only his way of getting on, but his way of going through life. He accomplishes his purpose somewhat by flattery, of course, but less by direct flattery than by an ever-springing sympathy, and a readiness to help others in the little affairs in which their vanity or their pleasure is concerned. Sympathy in purposes and tastes is the finest, subtlest, most insidious flattery; the lack of it repels shallow souls and thoughtless minds as surely as a rock will turn aside a shallow brook, — and how many men are there who are not shallow, and who do think? As to helpfulness, you may be ready to watch with men when they are sick, to fight for them when they are in peril, to relieve them when they are in trouble; but if you are careless about their little vanities and their little pleasures, you will be set down by most of them as ill-natured, selfish, and cold-hearted. The opportunities of doing real service are rare; the union of opportunity and ability is still rarer; but every day brings occasion to gratify the

prurience of your neighbor's vanity by the tickling of direct flattery, or to soothe it with the soft caress of seeming sympathy. The men who become popular, the women who achieve social success (except by the brute force of sheer money), are not those who are ready to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, or who have in their hearts that charity which seeketh not its own, which thinketh no evil, but which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; they are rather they who do seek their own, and who think much evil, but who are ready to minister to the vanity and to serve the interests of those around them. And chiefly they are the former; for not only are opportunities of service, even in small matters, comparatively rare, but the memory of service, substantial although it be, is not fed upon daily, like the words and sympathetic acts that are so hungrily swallowed into the bottomless maw of human vanity. He who once promoted his friend's interest in a serious matter is less sure of being remembered with pleasure and gratitude than he who daily burns sweet-smelling incense before his nostrils. Therefore, if you would get on, if you would make to yourself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, — as, if you are provident, you will, — if you would become popular, flatter; flatter in every way, by word and deed; flatter everybody, without discrimination. For although this ought to make your praise actually worthless, even as flattery, the number of those who will remember anything else than this sign of your good-will to them and their pleasure while they were in the company of such a warm-hearted and truly appreciative person as you are will be so small that in reckoning the social forces which you have to manœuvre they need not be counted. Nor let your flattery stop with words. Be ready to further all the little projects of your acquaintances in which their personal van-

ity is involved. Help your stupid, pompous, ambitious friend to a place on a committee that will bring his name into print in a desirable connection. Do all you can to make the receptions of his awkward, vulgar, overdressed wife brilliant, and — yet more important — do all that you can to make her believe that they are brilliant. If to such charming social qualities you can add a reputation for candor and good faith, — which you can do by your art, if you are worthy of the highest social honors, and in which you will be aided by the readiness of people to believe in the candor of such an appreciative and sympathetic person as you are, — you will attain the height of popularity, and find all around you ready to promote your interests and rejoice in your good fortune. You will have made everybody your friend.

This sort of friend-maker is, as I have said, common enough; but he rarely attains perfection, because he is rarely able to prevent his own personal likings and dislikings from influencing his conduct in some degree, and dulling the flavor of his flattery, or checking the effusiveness of his sympathy. He has, however, one quality in which he is complete: he is thoroughly selfish, — to the bottom of his soul. Amid all his good-fellowship, his conviviality, with all his heartiness of manner, his cheering speeches, and his ready sympathy, he has a sharp outlook for his own interest. The one constant thought of his life is to get on. This man who falls in with your humor, who slaps you (morally, if not physically) on the back, who makes you feel so well satisfied with yourself, and who is so ready to help you, if not to that which you really need, to that which you vainly fancy, — if not to the favor of Desdemona, to that of Bianca, has a single eye to his own advantage and his own profit. Watch him, and see how he prospers. See how, although he makes friends of all, he attaches himself to the powerful, the rich, the successful;

but chiefly see how he uses all, rich and poor, great and small, for his own advancement. Watch him closely enough, and you will discover that this genial fellow, who radiates loving-kindness, is at heart stonily indifferent to anything but self.

It was this kind of man that Shakespeare chose as the type of supremest villainy. His Iago is first and chiefly the most popular young man in Venice. He has assiduously made himself so, because he knows that all his ability (which he does not in the least overrate) will not help him on so much as popularity will; and that popularity brings not only success in the long run, but immediate opportunities of gain. He makes friends everywhere, — with the great ones of the state, but no less with the Roderigos. He wins everybody to trust him, in matters good and bad indifferently, that their confidence may be his profit.

Thus far Iago's character is one not rare in any society nor at any time. Yet it has been misapprehended; and the cause of its misapprehension is the one element in which it is peculiar. Iago is troubled with no scruples, absolutely none. He has intellectual perceptions of right and wrong, but he is utterly without the moral sense. He has but one guide of conduct, — self-interest. It is often said of men that their ruling motive is self-interest, and that they are unscrupulous. But, fortunately for the world, men who are wholly without scruples, and who know no other guide of conduct than self-interest, are so very rare that few of us have the opportunity of observing such a man. Very selfish and very unscrupulous men we may all see. We may suffer from them ourselves, and if we do not we may loathe them for their cruel disregard of the interests and the happiness of others, when these clash with their interests or their pleasures. But almost all such men have a limit, if not to

their selfishness, at least to their moral unscrupulousness. They will be very bold and very disregardful of right and wrong up to a certain point, and that may be near the vanishing point of moral sense. But there is a degree of moral recklessness at which they stop; and the consequence frequently is failure and sometimes ruin, — failure and ruin which might have been turned into success by pushing past the scruple, and disregarding everything, everything but the selfish end in view. Well for the world's peace that it is so. For if to ability a man unites thorough unscrupulousness, there is no limit to the evil he may do; absolutely none, except the limit which is put by the end of *him*.

Now to his ability, his popular manners, his reputation for honesty and courage, and his supreme selfishness Iago added the great accomplishment of complete villainy, an absolute indifference to right and wrong. It was mere indifference. He had no special preference for wrong doing. If by doing right he could have prospered as well as by doing wrong, he would have done right, because right doing is more respectable and popular and less troublesome than wrong doing. But for right and wrong in themselves he had neither like nor dislike, and there was no limit to the degree of wrong that he was ready to do to attain his ends, — this fellow of exceeding honesty, who knew all qualities with a discerning spirit, and whose daily life was an expression of love and sympathy. And his capacity of evil was passive as well as active. He did not quite like it (for some unexplained reason) that there was reason to suspect his wife with Othello; but yet he had borne the scandal prudently, lest resentment might interfere with his promotion. But when Cassio was made his general's lieutenant the disappointed man coolly reckoned the fact as one of the motives of his action. His main purpose, however, indeed his only real

purpose, was to ruin Cassio and get his place. As the readiest way and the most thorough way of ruining Cassio was to ruin Desdemona with him, well, Desdemona must be ruined, and there an end; no more words about the matter. But her ruin in this way must surely involve her death at Othello's hands. Well, then she must be murdered by her husband; that's all. But this would torture Othello. No matter. All the better, perhaps, — serve him right for preferring that theorizing military dandy to the place which belonged to a better soldier.

Iago, however, had no thought of driving Othello to suicide. Far from it. Had he supposed the train he laid would have exploded in that catastrophe, he would at least have sought his end by other means. For Othello was necessary to him. He wanted the lieutenantancy, and he was willing to ruin a regiment of Cassios, and to cause all the senators' daughters in Venice to be smothered, if that were necessary to his end. But otherwise he would not have stepped out of his path to do them the slightest injury; nay, rather would have done them some little service, said some pretty thing, shown some attaching sympathy, that would have been an item in the sum of his popularity. There is no mistaking Shakespeare's intention in the delineation of this character. He meant him for a most attractive, popular, good-natured, selfish, cold-blooded, utterly unscrupulous scoundrel. The fact that pains are taken to show us that his very wife up to the last had confidence not only in the goodness of his heart, but, notwithstanding his suspicions of her (which she well knew), in his good faith to Othello, can have but one meaning and one purpose.

As to the presentation of Iago on the stage, the indications are that it should be somewhat in this wise: His make-up and costume should be that of a dashing young military officer. In the

first act he should wear velvet and lace. In the second, when he lands from the ship, he should be in armor, — breast-plate and back-piece, cuirasses, vambres, and gorget, which he should retain throughout this act; nor afterwards should he be without a marked military exterior. His manner and bearing should be remarkable for ease, frankness, and an overflowing kindness; and in particular he should be gay in a soldierly and slightly blunt fashion. He should seem to carry the lightest heart of all the personages of the drama, and should be the last one of them whom a spectator uninformed as to the nature and story of the play would suppose to have an evil design or a selfish purpose, but, on the contrary, the one whom such a person would pick out as the warmest hearted, the most trustworthy, and the merriest of them all. His manner towards Othello should be that of a subordinate to a heroic superior whom he loves and almost worships. To Desdemona he should bear himself with a mixture of deference, admiration, and coarse masculine cynicism. To Cassio he should behave like a brother in arms, with perhaps an occasional slight excess of deference to his superior officer, indicative of the jealousy that rankles in his bosom. To Emilia he should carry himself with a blunt and overtopping marital good-nature. And he should avoid all side glances of spite and hate and suspicion; and except when he is quite alone, and communing with himself, no one either off the stage or on it should see the slightest reason to suspect that he is a villain, or to doubt the genuineness of his gayety and good-nature. It is worthy of remark that in the carousal scene, in the beginning of the second act, he is the gayest of all. He alone sings a drinking-song; and soon again he sings a jolly ballad. His is the only singing voice heard in the course of the drama, except poor Des-

demon's. His distinguishing external traits are sincerity, warmth of heart, and a light-hearted, soldierly gayety. His utter baseness and cold cruelty of soul should appear in the heartiness and simplicity of his manner in the scenes in which he tempts and tortures Othello, and in the quick alternation between his friendly and sympathetic interviews with Roderigo and Cassio and his killing the one and wounding the other. Both these murders (murders in intent) were, however, merely to remove in the quickest and surest way obstacles to his purpose. His only exhibition of personal malice is in the killing his wife, who is the chief cause of the final failure of his schemes. He does not slay her with any purpose of avenging her imputed dishonor of him with the Moor; there is no such likeness between even the savage sides of their natures. He rather had submitted to that wrong in politic silence, willing to accept it as one of the steps in his promotion.

This is the Iago that Shakespeare drew, — a man whom he had seen, and whom we all have often seen, moving through society and making friends on every side, and who yet at bottom is utterly selfish, stony-hearted, and grasping. The dramatist added to the traits of this common type only the element of absolute unscrupulousness, which, although rare, is possibly not so rare as the course of events might lead us to suppose. The moral of Iago's part in the tragedy is: Distrust the man whose peculiar faculty, or chief desire, is to make friends. He is likely to be selfish; and if selfish he needs only temptation and opportunity to be a scoundrel.

There is but one difficulty about this presentation of Iago. I am inclined to think that the average modern theatre-goer would regard it as a tame and spiritless performance; and the business of the actor is to please the average theatre goer.

Richard Grant White.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XXXIX.

ISABEL had not seen much of Madame Merle since her marriage, this lady having indulged in frequent absences from Rome. At one time she had spent six months in England; at another she had passed a portion of a winter in Paris. She had made numerous visits to distant friends, and gave countenance to the idea that for the future she should be a less inveterate Roman than in the past. As she had been inveterate in the past only in the sense of constantly having an apartment in one of the sunniest gaps of the Pincian, — an apartment which often stood empty, — this suggested a prospect of almost constant absence, a danger which Isabel at one period had been much inclined to deplore. Familiarity had modified in some degree her first impression of Madame Merle, but it had not essentially altered it; there was still a kind of wonder of admiration in it. Madame Merle was armed at all points; it was a pleasure to see a person so completely equipped for the social battle. She carried her flag discreetly, but her weapons were polished steel, and she used them with a skill which struck Isabel as more and more that of a veteran. She was never weary, never overcome with disgust; she never appeared to need rest or consolation. She had her own ideas; she had of old exposed a great many of them to Isabel, who knew also that under an appearance of extreme self-control her highly-cultivated friend concealed a rich sensibility. But her will was mistress of her life; there was something brilliant in the way she kept going. It was as if she had learned the secret of it, — as if the art of life were some clever trick that she had guessed. Isabel, as she herself grew older, became acquainted

with revulsions, with disgust; there were days when the world looked black, and she asked herself with some peremptoriness what it was that she was pretending to live for. Her old habit had been to live by enthusiasm, to fall in love with suddenly-perceived possibilities, with the idea of a new attempt. As a young girl, she used to proceed from one little exaltation to the other; there were scarcely any dull places between. But Madame Merle had suppressed enthusiasm; she fell in love nowadays with nothing; she lived entirely by reason, by wisdom. There were hours when Isabel would have given anything for lessons in this art; if Madame Merle had been near, she would have made an appeal to her. She had become aware, more than before, of the advantage of being like that, — of having made one's self a firm surface, a sort of corselet of silver. But, as I say, it was not till the winter, during which we lately renewed acquaintance with our heroine, that Madame Merle made a continuous stay in Rome. Isabel now saw more of her than she had done since her marriage; but by this time Isabel's needs and inclinations had considerably changed. It was not at present to Madame Merle that she would have applied for instruction; she had lost the desire to know this lady's clever trick. If she had troubles she must keep them to herself, and if life was difficult it would not make it easier to confess herself beaten. Madame Merle was doubtless of great use to herself, and an ornament to any circle; but was she, would she be, of use to others in periods of refined embarrassment? The best way to profit by Madame Merle — this, indeed, Isabel had always thought — was to imitate her, to be as firm and bright as she. She recognized no embarrassments, and Isabel, consid-

ering this fact, determined, for the fiftieth time, to brush aside her own. It seemed to her, too, on the renewal of an intercourse which had virtually been interrupted, that Madame Merle was changed; that she pushed to the extreme a certain rather artificial fear of being indiscreet. Ralph Touchett, we know, had been of the opinion that she was prone to exaggeration, to forcing the note; was apt, in the vulgar phrase, to overdo it. Isabel had never admitted this charge, — had never, indeed, quite understood it; Madame Merle's conduct, to her perception, always bore the stamp of good taste, was always "quiet." But in this matter of not wishing to intrude upon the inner life of the Osmond family, it at last occurred to our heroine that Madame Merle overdid it a little. That, of course, was not the best taste; that was rather violent. She remembered too much that Isabel was married; that she had now other interests; that though she, Madame Merle, had known Gilbert Osmond and his little Pansy very well, better, almost, than any one, she was after all not one of them. She was on her guard; she never spoke of their affairs till she was asked, even pressed, — as when her opinion was wanted; she had a dread of seeming to meddle. Madame Merle was as candid as we know, and one day she candidly expressed this dread to Isabel.

"I must be on my guard," she said; "I might so easily, without suspecting it, offend you. You would be right to be offended, even if my intention should have been of the purest. I must not forget that I knew your husband long before you did; I must not let that betray me. If you were a silly woman, you might be jealous. You are not a silly woman; I know that perfectly. But neither am I; therefore I am determined not to get into trouble. A little harm is very soon done; a mistake is made before one knows it. Of course, if I had wished to make love to your

husband, I had ten years to do it in, and nothing to prevent; so it is n't likely I shall begin to-day, when I am so much less attractive than I was. But if I were to annoy you by seeming to take a place that does n't belong to me, you would n't make that reflection; you would simply say that I was forgetting certain differences. I am determined not to forget them. Of course a good friend is n't always thinking of that; one does n't suspect one's friends of injustice. I don't suspect you, my dear, in the least; but I suspect human nature. Don't think I make myself uncomfortable; I am not always watching myself. I think I sufficiently prove it in talking to you as I do now. All I wish to say is, however, that if you were to be jealous — that is the form it would take — I should be sure to think it was a little my fault. It certainly would n't be your husband's."

Isabel had had three years to think over Mrs. Touchett's theory, that Madame Merle had made Gilbert Osmond's marriage. We know how she had at first received it. Madame Merle might have made Gilbert Osmond's marriage, but she certainly had not made Isabel Archer's. That was the work of — Isabel scarcely knew what: of nature, of Providence, of fortune, of the eternal mystery of things. It was true that her aunt's complaint had been not so much of Madame Merle's activity as of her duplicity; she had brought about the marriage, and then she had denied her guilt. Such guilt would not have been great, to Isabel's mind; she could n't make a crime of Madame Merle's having been the cause of the most fertile friendship she had ever formed. That occurred to her just before her marriage, after her little discussion with her aunt. If Madame Merle had desired the event, she could only say it had been a very happy thought. With her, moreover, she had been perfectly straightforward; she had never concealed her high opinion of Gilbert Osmond. After her mar-

riage Isabel discovered that her husband took a less comfortable view of the matter; he seldom spoke of Madame Merle, and when his wife alluded to her he usually let the allusion drop.

"Don't you like her?" Isabel had once said to him. "She thinks a great deal of you."

"I will tell you once for all," Osmond had answered. "I liked her once better than I do to-day. I am tired of her, and I am rather ashamed of it. She is so good! I am glad she is not in Italy; it's a sort of rest. Don't talk of her too much; it seems to bring her back. She will come back in plenty of time."

Madame Merle, in fact, had come back before it was too late, — too late, I mean, to recover whatever advantage she might have lost. But meantime, if, as I have said, she was somewhat changed, Isabel's feelings were also altered. Her consciousness of the situation was as acute as of old, but it was much less satisfying. A dissatisfied mind, whatever else it lack, is rarely in want of reasons; they bloom as thick as buttercups in June. The fact of Madame Merle having had a hand in Gilbert Osmond's marriage ceased to be one of her titles to consideration; it seemed, after all, that there was not so much to thank her for. As time went on there was less and less; and Isabel once said to herself that perhaps without her these things would not have been. This reflection, however, was instantly stifled; Isabel felt a sort of horror at having made it. "Whatever happens to me, let me not be unjust," she said; "let me bear my burdens myself, and not shift them upon others!" This disposition was tested, eventually, by that ingenious apology for her present conduct which Madame Merle saw fit to make, and of which I have given a sketch; for there was something irritating — there was almost an air of mockery — in her neat discriminations and clear convictions. In Isabel's mind to-day there was nothing

clear; there was a confusion of regrets, a complication of fears. She felt helpless as she turned away from her brilliant friend, who had just made the statements I have quoted. Madame Merle knew so little what she was thinking of! Moreover, she herself was so unable to explain. Jealous of her, — jealous of her with Gilbert? The idea just then suggested no near reality. She almost wished that jealousy had been possible; it would be a kind of refreshment. Jealousy, after all, was in a sense one of the symptoms of happiness. Madame Merle, however, was wise; it would seem that she knew Isabel better than Isabel knew herself. This young woman had always been fertile in resolutions, many of them of an elevated character; but at no period had they flourished (in the privacy of her heart) more richly than to-day. It is true that they all had a family likeness; they might have been summed up in the determination that if she was to be unhappy it should not be by a fault of her own. The poor girl had always had a great desire to do her best, and she had not as yet been seriously discouraged. She wished, therefore, to hold fast to justice, — not to pay herself by petty revenges. To associate Madame Merle with her disappointment would be a petty revenge, especially as the pleasure she might derive from it would be perfectly insincere. It might feed her sense of bitterness, but it would not loosen her bonds. It was impossible to pretend that she had not acted with her eyes open; if ever a girl was a free agent, she had been. A girl in love was doubtless not a free agent; but the sole source of her mistake had been within herself. There had been no plot, no snare; she had looked, and considered, and chosen. When a woman had made such a mistake, there was only one way to repair it, — to accept it. One folly was enough, especially when it was to last forever; a second one would not much set it off. In this vow of reticence

there was a certain nobleness which kept Isabel going; but Madame Merle had been right, for all that, in taking her precautions.

One day, about a month after Ralph Touchett's arrival in Rome, Isabel came back from a walk with Pansy. It was not only a part of her general determination to be just that she was at present very thankful for Pansy. It was a part of her tenderness for things that were pure and weak. Pansy was dear to her, and there was nothing in her life so much as it should be as the young girl's attachment and the pleasantness of feeling it. It was like a soft presence, — like a small hand in her own; on Pansy's part it was more than an affection, — it was a kind of faith. On her own side her sense of Pansy's dependence was more than a pleasure; it operated as a command, as a definite reason when motives threatened to fail her. She had said to herself that we must take our duty where we find it, and that we must look for it as much as possible. Pansy's sympathy was a kind of admonition; it seemed to say that here was an opportunity. An opportunity for what Isabel could hardly have said; in general, to be more for the child than the child was able to be for herself. Isabel could have smiled, in these days, to remember that her little companion had once been ambiguous; for she now perceived that Pansy's ambiguities were simply her own grossness of vision. She had been unable to believe that any one could care so much, so extraordinarily much, to please. But since then she had seen this delicate faculty in operation, and she knew what to think of it. It was the whole creature, — it was a sort of genius. Pansy had no pride to interfere with it, and though she was constantly extending her conquests she took no credit for them. The two were constantly together; Mrs. Osmond was rarely seen without her step-daughter. Isabel liked her company; it had the

effect of one's carrying a nosegay composed all of the same flower. And then not to neglect Pansy, not under any provocation to neglect her, — this she had made an article of religion. The young girl had every appearance of being happier in Isabel's society than in that of any one save her father, whom she admired with an intensity justified by the fact that, as paternity was an exquisite pleasure to Gilbert Osmond, he had always been elaborately soft. Isabel knew that Pansy liked immensely to be with her and studied the means of pleasing her. She had decided that the best way of pleasing her was negative, and consisted in not giving her trouble, — a conviction which certainly could not have had any reference to trouble already existing. She was therefore ingeniously passive and almost imaginatively docile; she was careful even to moderate the eagerness with which she assented to Isabel's propositions, and which might have implied that she thought otherwise. She never interrupted, never asked social questions, and though she delighted in approbation, to the point of turning pale when it came to her, never held out her hand for it. She only looked toward it wistfully, — an attitude which, as she grew older, made her eyes the prettiest in the world. When, during the second winter at the Palazzo Roccanera, she began to go to parties, to dances, she always, at a reasonable hour, lest Mrs. Osmond should be tired, was the first to propose departure. Isabel appreciated the sacrifice of the late dances, for she knew that Pansy had a passionate pleasure in this exercise, taking her steps to the music like a conscientious fairy. Society, moreover, had no drawbacks for her; she liked even the tiresome parts, — the heat of ball-rooms, the dullness of dinners, the crush at the door, the awkward waiting for the carriage. During the day, in this vehicle, beside Isabel, she sat in a little fixed appreciative posture,

bending forward and faintly smiling, as if she had been taken to drive for the first time.

On the day I speak of they had been driven out of one of the gates of the city, and at the end of half an hour had left the carriage to await them by the roadside, while they walked away over the short grass of the Campagna, which even in the winter months is sprinkled with delicate flowers. This was almost a daily habit with Isabel, who was fond of a walk, and stepped quickly, though not so quickly as when she first came to Europe. It was not the form of exercise that Pansy loved best, but she liked it, because she liked everything; and she moved with a shorter undulation beside her step-mother, who afterwards, on their return to Rome, paid a tribute to Pansy's preferences by making the circuit of the Pincian or the Villa Borghese. Pansy had gathered a handful of flowers in a sunny hollow, far from the walls of Rome, and on reaching the Palazzo Roccanera she went straight to her room, to put them into water. Isabel passed into the drawing-room, the one she herself usually occupied, the second in order from the large ante-chamber which was entered from the staircase, and in which even Gilbert Osmond's rich devices had not been able to correct a look of rather grand nudity. Just beyond the threshold of the drawing-room she stopped short, the reason for her doing so being that she had received an impression. The impression had, in strictness, nothing unprecedented; but she felt it as something new, and the soundlessness of her step gave her time to take in the scene before she interrupted it. Madame Merle stood there in her bonnet, and Gilbert Osmond was talking to her; for a minute they were unaware that she had come in. Isabel had often seen that before, certainly; but what she had not seen, or at least had not noticed, was that their dialogue had for the moment converted

itself into a sort of familiar silence, from which she instantly perceived that her entrance would startle them. Madame Merle was standing on the rug, a little way from the fire; Osmond was in a deep chair, leaning back and looking at her. Her head was erect, as usual, but her eyes were bent upon his. What struck Isabel first was that he was sitting, while Madame Merle stood; there was an anomaly in this that arrested her. Then she perceived that they had arrived at a desultory pause in their exchange of ideas, and were musing, face to face, with the freedom of old friends who sometimes exchange ideas without uttering them. There was nothing shocking in this; they were old friends in fact. But the thing made an image, lasting only a moment, like a sudden flicker of light. Their relative position, their absorbed mutual gaze, struck her as something detected. But it was all over by the time she had fairly seen it. Madame Merle had seen her, and had welcomed her without moving; Gilbert Osmond, on the other hand, had instantly jumped up. He presently murmured something about wanting a walk, and after having asked Madame Merle to excuse him he left the room.

"I came to see you, thinking you would have come in; and as you had not, I waited for you," Madame Merle said.

"Did n't he ask you to sit down?" asked Isabel, smiling.

Madame Merle looked about her.

"Ah, it's very true; I was going away."

"You must stay now."

"Certainly. I came for a reason; I have something on my mind."

"I have told you that before," Isabel said, — "that it takes something extraordinary to bring you to this house."

"And you know what I have told you, — that whether I come or whether I stay away I have always the same motive, the affection I bear you."

"Yes, you have told me that."

"You look just now as if you did n't believe me," said Madame Merle.

"Ah," Isabel answered, "the profundity of your motives, — that is the last thing I doubt."

"You doubt sooner of the sincerity of my words."

Isabel shook her head gravely. "I know you have always been kind to me."

"As often as you would let me. You don't always take it; then one has to let you alone. It's not to do you a kindness, however, that I have come to-day; it's quite another affair. I have come to get rid of a trouble of my own, — to make it over to you. I have been talking to your husband about it."

"I am surprised at that; he does n't like troubles."

"Especially other people's; I know that. But neither do you, I suppose. At any rate, whether you do or not, you must help me. It's about poor Mr. Rosier."

"Ah," said Isabel, reflectively, "it's his trouble, then, not yours."

"He has succeeded in saddling me with it. He comes to see me ten times a week, to talk about Pansy."

"Yes, he wants to marry her. I know all about it."

Madame Merle hesitated a moment. "I gathered from your husband that perhaps you did n't."

"How should he know what I know? He has never spoken to me of the matter."

"It is probably because he does n't know how to speak of it."

"It's nevertheless a sort of question in which he is rarely at fault."

"Yes, because as a general thing he knows perfectly well what to think. To-day he does n't."

"Have n't you been telling him?" Isabel asked.

Madame Merle gave a bright, voluntary smile. "Do you know you're a little dry?"

"Yes; I can't help it. Mr. Rosier has also talked to me."

"In that there is some reason. You are so near the child."

"Ah," said Isabel, "for all the comfort I have given him! If you think me dry, I wonder what he thinks."

"I believe he thinks you can do more than you have done."

"I can do nothing."

"You can do more, at least, than I. I don't know what mysterious connection he may have discovered between me and Pansy; but he came to me from the first, as if I held his fortune in my hand. Now he keeps coming back, to spur me up, to know what hope there is, to pour out his feelings."

"He is very much in love," said Isabel.

"Very much, — for him."

"Very much for Pansy, you might say as well."

Madame Merle dropped her eyes a moment. "Don't you think she's attractive?"

"She is the dearest little person possible; but she is very limited."

"She ought to be all the easier for Mr. Rosier to love. Mr. Rosier is not unlimited."

"No," said Isabel; "he has about the extent of one's pocket handkerchief, — the small ones, with lace." Her humor had lately turned a good deal to sarcasm, but in a moment she was ashamed of exercising it on so innocent an object as Pansy's suitor. "He is very kind, very honest," she presently added; "and he is not such a fool as he seems."

"He assures me that she delights in him," said Madame Merle.

"I don't know; I have not asked her."

"You have never sounded her a little?"

"It's not my place; it's her father's."

"Ah, you're too literal!" said Madame Merle.

"I must judge for myself."

Madame Merle gave her smile again. "It is n't easy to help you."

"To help me?" said Isabel, very seriously. "What do you mean?"

"It's easy to displease you. Don't you see how wise I am to be careful? I notify you, at any rate, as I notified Osmond, that I wash my hands of the love affairs of Miss Pansy and Mr. Edward Rosier. Je n'y peux rien, moi! I can't talk to Pansy about him. Especially," added Madame Merle, "as I don't think him a paragon of husbands."

Isabel reflected a little; after which, with a smile, "You don't wash your hands, then!" she said. Then she added, in another tone, "You can't; you are too much interested."

Madame Merle slowly rose; she had given Isabel a look as rapid as the intimation that had gleamed before our heroine a few moments before. Only, this time Isabel saw nothing. "Ask him the next time, and you will see."

"I can't ask him; he has ceased to come to the house. Gilbert has let him know that he is not welcome."

"Ah, yes," said Madame Merle, "I forgot that, though it's the burden of his lamentation. He says Osmond has insulted him. All the same," she went on, "Osmond does n't dislike him as much as he thinks." She had got up, as if to close the conversation, but she lingered, looking about her, and had evidently more to say. Isabel perceived this, and even saw the point she had in view; but Isabel also had her own reasons for not opening the way.

"That must have pleased him, if you have told him," she answered, smiling.

"Certainly I have told him; as far as that goes, I have encouraged him. I have preached patience; have said that his case is not desperate, if he will only hold his tongue and be quiet. Unfortunately he has taken it into his head to be jealous."

"Jealous?"

"Jealous of Lord Warburton, who, he says, is always here."

Isabel, who was tired, had remained sitting; but at this she also rose. "Ah!" she exclaimed simply, moving slowly to the fire-place. Madame Merle observed her as she passed, and as she stood a moment before the mantel-glass, pushing into its place a wandering tress of hair.

"Poor Mr. Rosier keeps saying that there is nothing impossible in Lord Warburton falling in love with Pansy," Madame Merle went on.

Isabel was silent a little; she turned away from the glass. "It is true, — there is nothing impossible," she rejoined at last, gravely and more gently.

"So I have had to admit to Mr. Rosier. So, too, your husband thinks."

"That I don't know."

"Ask him, and you will see."

"I shall not ask him," said Isabel.

"Excuse me; I forgot that you had pointed that out. Of course," Madame Merle added, "you have had infinitely more observation of Lord Warburton's behavior than I."

"I see no reason why I should n't tell you that he likes my step-daughter very much."

Madame Merle gave one of her quick looks again. "Likes her, you mean — as Mr. Rosier means?"

"I don't know how Mr. Rosier means, but Lord Warburton has let me know that he is charmed with Pansy."

"And you have never told Osmond?" This observation was immediate, precipitate; it almost burst from Madame Merle's lips.

Isabel smiled a little. "I suppose he will know in time; Lord Warburton has a tongue, and knows how to express himself."

Madame Merle instantly became conscious that she had spoken more quickly than usual, and the reflection brought the color to her cheek. She gave the treacherous impulse time to subside, and

then she said, as if she had been thinking it over a little: "That would be better than marrying poor Mr. Rosier."

"Much better, I think."

"It would be very delightful; it would be a great marriage. It is really very kind of him."

"Very kind of him?"

"To drop his eyes on a simple little girl."

"I don't see that."

"It's very good of you. But after all, Pansy Osmond" —

"After all, Pansy Osmond is the most attractive person he has ever known!" Isabel exclaimed.

Madame Merle stared, and indeed she was justly bewildered. "Ah, a moment ago, I thought you seemed rather to disparage her."

"I said she was limited. And so she is. And so is Lord Warburton."

"So are we all, if you come to that. If it's no more than Pansy deserves, all the better. But if she fixes her affections on Mr. Rosier, I won't admit that she deserves it. That will be too perverse."

"Mr. Rosier's a nuisance!" cried Isabel, abruptly.

"I quite agree with you, and I am delighted to know that I am not expected to feed his flame. For the future, when he calls on me, my door shall be closed to him." And gathering her mantle together, Madame Merle prepared to depart. She was checked, however, on her progress to the door, by an inconsequent request from Isabel.

"All the same, you know, be kind to him."

She lifted her shoulders and eyebrows, and stood looking at her friend. "I don't understand your contradictions! Decidedly, I shall not be kind to him, for it will be a false kindness. I wish to see her married to Lord Warburton."

"You had better wait till he asks her."

"If what you say is true, he will ask her. Especially," said Madame Merle in a moment, "if you make him."

"If I make him?"

"It's quite in your power. You have great influence with him."

Isabel frowned a little. "Where did you learn that?"

"Mrs. Touchett told me. Not you, — never!" said Madame Merle, smiling.

"I certainly never told you that."

"You might have done so when we were by way of being confidential with each other. But you really told me very little; I have often thought so since."

Isabel had thought so too, sometimes with a certain satisfaction. But she did not admit it now, perhaps because she did not wish to appear to exult in it. "You seem to have had an excellent informant in my aunt," she simply said.

"She let me know that you had declined an offer of marriage from Lord Warburton, because she was greatly vexed, and was full of the subject. Of course I think you have done better in doing as you did. But if you would n't marry Lord Warburton yourself, make him the reparation of helping him to marry some one else."

Isabel listened to this with a countenance which persisted in not reflecting the bright expressiveness of Madame Merle's. But in a moment she said, reasonably and gently enough, "I should be very glad indeed if, as regards Pansy, it could be arranged." Upon which her companion, who seemed to regard this as a speech of good omen, embraced her more tenderly than might have been expected, and took her departure.

XL.

Osmond touched on this matter that evening for the first time, coming very late into the drawing-room, where she

was sitting alone. They had spent the evening at home, and Pansy had gone to bed; he himself had been sitting since dinner in a small apartment in which he had arranged his books and which he called his study. At ten o'clock Lord Warburton had come in, as he always did when he knew from Isabel that she was to be at home; he was going somewhere else, and he sat for half an hour. Isabel, after asking him for news of Ralph, said very little to him, on purpose; she wished him to talk with the young girl. She pretended to read; she even went after a little to the piano; she asked herself whether she might not leave the room. She had come little by little to think well of the idea of Pansy's becoming the wife of the master of beautiful Lookleigh, though at first it had not presented itself in a manner to excite her enthusiasm. Madame Merle, that afternoon, had applied the match to an accumulation of inflammable material. When Isabel was unhappy, she always looked about her — partly from impulse and partly by theory — for some form of exertion. She could never rid herself of the conviction that unhappiness was a state of disease; it was suffering as opposed to action. To act, to do something, — it hardly mattered what, — would therefore be an escape, perhaps in some degree a remedy. Besides, she wished to convince herself that she had done everything possible to content her husband; she was determined not to be haunted by images of a flat want of zeal. It would please him greatly to see Pansy married to an English nobleman, and justly please him, since this nobleman was such a fine fellow. It seemed to Isabel that if she could make it her duty to bring about such an event she should play the part of a good wife. She wanted to be that; she wanted to be able to believe, sincerely, that she had been that. Then, such an undertaking had other recommendations. It would

occupy her, and she desired occupation. It would even amuse her, and if she could really amuse herself she perhaps might be saved. Lastly, it would be a service to Lord Warburton, who evidently pleased himself greatly with the young girl. It was a little odd that he should, being what he was; but there was no accounting for such impressions. Pansy might captivate any one, — any one, at least, but Lord Warburton. Isabel would have thought her too small, too slight, perhaps even too artificial, for that. There was always a little of the doll about her, and that was not what Lord Warburton had been looking for. Still, who could say what men looked for? They looked for what they found; they knew what pleased them only when they saw it. No theory was valid in such matters, and nothing was more unaccountable or more natural than anything else. If he had cared for *her*, it might seem odd that he cared for Pansy, who was so different; but he had not cared for her so much as he supposed; or, if he had, he had completely got over it, and it was natural that, as that affair had failed, he should think that something of quite another sort might succeed. Enthusiasm, as I say, had not come at first to Isabel, but it came to-day, and made her feel almost happy. It was astonishing what happiness she could still find in the idea of procuring a pleasure for her husband. It was a pity, however, that Edward Rosier had crossed their path!

At this reflection the light that had suddenly gleamed upon that path lost something of its brightness. Isabel was unfortunately as sure that Pansy thought Mr. Rosier the nicest of all the young men, — as sure as if she had held an interview with her on the subject. It was very tiresome that she should be so sure, when she had carefully abstained from informing herself; almost as tiresome as that poor Mr. Rosier should have taken it into his own head.

He was certainly very inferior to Lord Warburton. It was not the difference in fortune so much as the difference in the men; the young American was really so very flimsy. He was much more of the type of the useless fine gentleman than the English nobleman. It was true that there was no particular reason why Pansy should marry a statesman; still, if a statesman admired her, that was his affair, and she would make a very picturesque little peeress.

It may seem to the reader that Isabel had suddenly grown strangely cynical; for she ended by saying to herself that this difficulty could probably be arranged. Somehow, an impediment that was embodied in poor Rosier could not present itself as a dangerous one; there were always means of leveling secondary obstacles. Isabel was perfectly aware that she had not taken the measure of Pansy's tenacity, which might prove to be inconveniently great; but she inclined to think the young girl would not be tenacious, for she had the faculty of assent developed in a very much higher degree than that of resistance. She would cling, — yes, she would cling; but it really mattered to her very little what she clung to. Lord Warburton would do as well as Mr. Rosier, especially as she seemed quite to like him. She had expressed this sentiment to Isabel without a single reservation; she said she thought his conversation most interesting, — he had told her all about India. His manner to Pansy had been of the happiest; Isabel noticed that for herself, as she also observed that he talked to her not in the least in a patronizing way, reminding himself of her youth and simplicity, but quite as if she could understand everything. He was careful only to be kind; he was as kind as he had been to Isabel herself at Gardencourt. A girl might well be touched by that; she remembered how she herself had been touched, and said to herself that if she had been as simple as

Pansy the impression would have been deeper still. She had not been simple when she refused him; that operation had been as complicated as, later, her acceptance of Osmond. Pansy, however, in spite of her simplicity, really did understand, and was glad that Lord Warburton should talk to her, not about her partners and bouquets, but about the state of Italy, the condition of the peasantry, the famous grist tax, the *pel-lagra*, his impressions of Roman society. She looked at him, as she drew her needle through her tapestry, with sweet, attentive eyes; and when she lowered them she gave little quiet oblique glances at his person, his hands, his feet, his clothes, as if she were considering him. Even his person, Isabel might have reminded her, was better than Mr. Rosier's. But Isabel contented herself at such moments with wondering where this gentleman was; he came no more at all to the Palazzo Roccanera. It was surprising, as I say, the hold it had taken of her, — the idea of assisting her husband to be pleased.

It was surprising for a variety of reasons, which I shall presently touch upon. On the evening I speak of, while Lord Warburton sat there, she had been on the point of taking the great step of going out of the room and leaving her companions alone. I say the great step, because it was in this light that Gilbert Osmond would have regarded it, and Isabel was trying as much as possible to take her husband's view. She succeeded after a fashion, but she did not succeed in coming to the point I mention. After all, she could n't; something held her, and made it impossible. It was not exactly that it would be base, insidious; for women as a general thing practice such manœuvres with a perfect good conscience, and Isabel had all the qualities of her sex. It was a vague doubt that interposed, — a sense that she was not quite sure. So she remained in the drawing-room, and after a while Lord

Warburton went off to his party, of which he promised to give Pansy a full account on the morrow. After he had gone, Isabel asked herself whether she had prevented something which would have happened if she had absented herself for a quarter of an hour; and then she exclaimed — always mentally — that when Lord Warburton wished her to go away he would easily find means to let her know it. Pansy said nothing whatever about him after he had gone, and Isabel said nothing, as she had taken a vow of reserve until after he should have declared himself. He was a little longer in coming to this than might seem to accord with the description he had given Isabel of his feelings. Pansy went to bed, and Isabel had to admit that she could not now guess what her step-daughter was thinking of. Her transparent little companion was for the moment rather opaque.

Isabel remained alone, looking at the fire, until, at the end of half an hour, her husband came in. He moved about a while in silence, and then sat down, looking at the fire, like herself. But Isabel now had transferred her eyes from the flickering flame in the chimney to Osmond's face, and she watched him while he sat silent. Covert observation had become a habit with her; an instinct, of which it is not an exaggeration to say that it was allied to that of self-defense, had made it habitual. She wished as much as possible to know his thoughts, — to know what he would say, beforehand, so that she might prepare her answer. Preparing answers had not been her strong point of old; she had rarely in this respect got further than thinking afterwards of clever things she might have said. But she had learned caution, — learned it in a measure from her husband's very countenance. It was the same face she had looked into with eyes equally earnest, perhaps, but less penetrating, on the terrace of a Florentine villa, except that Osmond had

grown a little stouter since his marriage. He still, however, looked very distinguished.

"Has Lord Warburton been here?" he presently asked.

"Yes; he stayed for half an hour."

"Did he see Pansy?"

"Yes; he sat on the sofa beside her."

"Did he talk with her much?"

"He talked almost only to her."

"It seems to me he's attentive. Isn't that what you call it?"

"I don't call it anything," said Isabel; "I have waited for you to give it a name."

"That's a consideration you don't always show," Osmond answered, after a moment.

"I have determined, this time, to try and act as you would like. I have so often failed in that."

Osmond turned his head slowly, looking at her.

"Are you trying to quarrel with me?"

"No, I am trying to live at peace."

"Nothing is more easy; you know I don't quarrel myself."

"What do you call it when you try to make me angry?" Isabel asked.

"I don't try; if I have done so, it has been the most naturally in the world. Moreover, I am not in the least trying now."

Isabel smiled. "It does n't matter. I have determined never to be angry again."

"That's an excellent resolve. Your temper is n't good."

"No, it's not good." She pushed away the book she had been reading, and took up the band of tapestry that Pansy had left on the table.

"That's partly why I have not spoken to you about this business of my daughter's," Osmond said, designating Pansy in the manner that was most frequent with him. "I was afraid I should encounter opposition, — that you too would

have views on the subject. I have sent little Rosier about his business."

"You were afraid that I would plead for Mr. Rosier? Have n't you noticed that I have never spoken to you of him?"

"I have never given you a chance. We have so little conversation in these days. I know he was an old friend of yours."

"Yes, he's an old friend of mine." Isabel cared little more for him than for the tapestry that she held in her hand; but it was true that he was an old friend, and with her husband she felt a desire not to extenuate such ties. He had a way of expressing contempt for them which fortified her loyalty to them, even when, as in the present case, they were in themselves insignificant. She sometimes felt a sort of passion of tenderness for memories which had no other merit than that they belonged to her unmarried life. "But as regards Pansy," she added in a moment, "I have given him no encouragement."

"That's fortunate," Osmond observed.

"Fortunate for me, I suppose you mean. For him it matters little."

"There is no use talking of him," Osmond said. "As I tell you, I have turned him out."

"Yes; but a lover outside is always a lover. He is sometimes even more of one. Mr. Rosier still has hope."

"He's welcome to the comfort of it! My daughter has only to sit still, to become Lady Warburton."

"Should you like that?" Isabel asked, with a simplicity which was not so affected as it may appear. She was resolved to assume nothing, for Osmond had a way of unexpectedly turning her assumptions against her. The intensity with which he would like his daughter to become Lady Warburton had been the very basis of her own recent reflections. But that was for herself; she would recognize nothing until Osmond

should have put it into words; she would not take for granted with him that he thought Lord Warburton a prize worth an amount of effort that was unusual among the Osmonds. It was Gilbert's constant intimation that, for him, nothing was a prize; that he treated as from equal to equal with the most distinguished people in the world; and that his daughter had only to look about her to pick out a prince. It cost him, therefore, a lapse from consistency to say explicitly that he yearned for Lord Warburton, that if this nobleman should escape his equivalent might not be found; and it was another of his customary implications that he was never inconsistent. He would have liked his wife to glide over the point. But strangely enough, now that she was face to face with him, though an hour before she had almost invented a scheme for pleasing him, Isabel was not accommodating, would not glide. And yet she knew exactly the effect on his mind of her question: it would operate as a humiliation. Never mind; he was terribly capable of humiliating her, — all the more so that he was also capable of waiting for great opportunities, and of showing, sometimes, an almost unaccountable indifference to small ones. Isabel perhaps took a small opportunity because she would not have availed herself of a great one.

Osmond at present acquitted himself very honorably. "I should like it extremely; it would be a great marriage. And then Lord Warburton has another advantage: he is an old friend of yours. It would be pleasant for him to come into the family. It is very singular that Pansy's admirers should all be your old friends."

"It is natural that they should come to see me. In coming to see me, they see Pansy. Seeing her, it is natural that they should fall in love with her."

"So I think. But you are not bound to do so."

"If she should marry Lord Warbur-

ton, I should be very glad," Isabel went on, frankly. "He's an excellent man. You say, however, that she has only to sit still. Perhaps she won't sit still; if she loses Mr. Rosier, she may jump up!"

Osmond appeared to give no heed to this; he sat gazing at the fire. "Pansy would like to be a great lady," he remarked in a moment, with a certain tenderness of tone. "She wishes, above all, to please," he added.

"To please Mr. Rosier, perhaps."

"No, to please me."

"Me too, a little, I think," said Isabel.

"Yes, she has a great opinion of you. But she will do what I like."

"If you are sure of that, it's very well," Isabel said.

"Meantime," said Osmond, "I should like our distinguished visitor to speak."

"He has spoken, — to me. He has told me that it would be a great pleasure to him to believe she could care for him."

Osmond turned his head quickly; but at first he said nothing. Then, "Why didn't you tell me that?" he asked, quickly.

"There was no opportunity. You know how we live. I have taken the first chance that has offered."

"Did you speak to him of Rosier?"

"Oh, yes, a little."

"That was hardly necessary."

"I thought it best he should know, so that, so that" — And Isabel paused.

"So that what?"

"So that he should act accordingly."

"So that he should back out, do you mean?"

"No; so that he should advance while there is yet time."

"That is not the effect it seems to have had."

"You should have patience," said Isabel. "You know Englishmen are shy."

"This one is not. He was not when he made love to you."

She had been afraid Osmond would speak of that; it was disagreeable to her. "I beg your pardon; he was extremely so," she said, simply.

He answered nothing for some time; he took up a book and turned over the pages, while Isabel sat silent, occupying herself with Pansy's tapestry. "You must have a great deal of influence with him," Osmond went on, at last. "The moment you really wish it, you can bring him to the point."

This was more disagreeable still; but Isabel felt it to be natural that her husband should say it, and it was after all something very much of the same sort that she had said to herself. "Why should I have influence?" she asked. "What have I ever done to put him under an obligation to me?"

"You refused to marry him," said Osmond, with his eyes on his book.

"I mustn't presume too much on that," Isabel answered, gently.

He threw down the book presently, and got up, standing before the fire with his hands behind him. "Well," he said, "I hold that it lies in your hands. I shall leave it there. With a little good will you may manage it. Think that over, and remember that I count upon you."

He waited a little, to give her time to answer; but she answered nothing, and he presently strolled out of the room.

XLI.

She answered nothing, because his words had put the situation before her, and she was absorbed in looking at it. There was something in them that suddenly opened the door to agitation, so that she was afraid to trust herself to speak. After Osmond had gone, she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes; and for a long time, far into the night, and still further, she sat in the silent drawing-room, given up to her

meditation. A servant came in to attend to the fire, and she bade him bring fresh candles and then go to bed. Osmond had told her to think of what he had said; and she did so indeed, and of many other things. The suggestion, from another, that she had a peculiar influence on Lord Warburton had given her the start that accompanies unexpected recognition. Was it true that there was something still between them that might be a handle to make him declare himself to Pansy,—a susceptibility, on his part, to approval, a desire to do what would please her? Isabel had hitherto not asked herself the question, because she had not been forced; but now that it was directly presented to her, she saw the answer, and the answer frightened her. Yes, there was something,—something on Lord Warburton's part. When he first came to Rome she believed that the link which united them had completely snapped; but little by little she had been reminded that it still had a palpable existence. It was as thin as a hair, but there were moments when she seemed to hear it vibrate. For herself, nothing was changed; what she once thought of Lord Warburton she still thought. It was needless that feeling should change; on the contrary, it seemed to her a better feeling than ever. But he,—had he still the idea that she might be more to him than other women? Had he the wish to profit by the memory of the few moments of intimacy through which they had once passed? Isabel knew that she had read some of the signs of such a disposition. But what were his hopes, his pretensions, and in what strange way were they mingled with his evidently very sincere appreciation of poor Pansy? Was he in love with Gilbert Osmond's wife, and if so what comfort did he expect to derive from it? If he was in love with Pansy, he was not in love with her step-mother; and if he was in love with her step-mother, he was not in love with Pansy.

Was she to cultivate the advantage she possessed, in order to make him commit himself to Pansy, knowing that he would do so for her sake, and not for the young girl's,—was this the service her husband had asked of her? This, at any rate, was the duty with which Isabel found herself confronted from the moment that she admitted to herself that Lord Warburton had still an uneradicated predilection for her society. It was not an agreeable task; it was, in fact, a repulsive one. She asked herself with dismay whether Lord Warburton was pretending to be in love with Pansy in order to cultivate another satisfaction? Of this refinement of duplicity she presently acquitted him; she preferred to believe that he was in good faith. But if his admiration for Pansy was a delusion, this was scarcely better than its being an affectation. Isabel wandered among these ugly possibilities until she completely lost her way; some of them, as she suddenly encountered them, seemed ugly enough. Then she broke out of the labyrinth, rubbing her eyes, and declared that her imagination surely did her little honor, and that her husband's did him even less. Lord Warburton was as disinterested as he need be, and she was no more to him than she need wish. She would rest upon this until the contrary should be proved,—proved more effectually than by a cynical intimation of Osmond's.

Such a resolution, however, brought her this evening but little peace, for her soul was haunted with terrors which crowded to the foreground of thought as quickly as a place was made for them. What had suddenly set them into livelier motion she hardly knew, unless it were the strange impression she had received in the afternoon of her husband and Madame Merle being in more direct communication than she suspected. This impression came back to her from time to time, and now she wondered that it had never come before. Besides this,

her short interview with Osmond, half an hour before, was a striking example of his faculty for making everything wither that he touched, spoiling everything for her that he looked at. It was very well to undertake to give him a proof of loyalty; the real fact was that the knowledge of his expecting a thing raised a presumption against it. It was as if he had had the evil eye; as if his presence were a blight and his favor a misfortune. Was the fault in himself, or only in the deep mistrust she had conceived for him? This mistrust was the clearest result of their short married life; a gulf had opened between them, over which they looked at each other with eyes that were on either side a declaration of the deception suffered. It was a strange opposition, of the like of which she had never dreamed, an opposition in which the vital principle of the one was a thing of contempt to the other. It was not her fault, — she had practiced no deception; she had only admired and believed. She had taken all the first steps in the purest confidence, and then she had suddenly found the infinite vista of a multiplied life to be a dark, narrow alley, with a dead wall at the end. Instead of leading to the high places of happiness, from which the world would seem to lie below one, so that one could look down with a sense of exaltation and advantage, and judge and choose and pity, it led rather downward and earthward, into realms of restriction and depression, where the sound of other lives, easier and freer, was heard as from above, and served to deepen the feeling of failure. It was her deep distrust of her husband, — this was what darkened the world. That is a sentiment easily indicated, but not so easily explained, and so composite in its character that much time and still more suffering had been needed to bring it to its actual perfection. Suffering, with Isabel, was an active condition; it was not a chill, a stupor, a despair; it was

a passion of thought, of speculation, of response to every pressure. She flattered herself, however, that she had kept her mistrust to herself, — that no one suspected it but Osmond. Oh, he knew it, and there were times when she thought that he enjoyed it. It had come gradually; it was not till the first year of her marriage had closed that she had taken the alarm. Then the shadows began to gather; it was as if Osmond deliberately, almost malignantly, had put the lights out one by one. The dusk at first was vague and thin, and she could still see her way in it. But it steadily increased, and if here and there it had occasionally lifted there were certain corners of her life that were impenetrably black. These shadows were not an emanation from her own mind, — she was very sure of that; she had done her best to be just and temperate, to see only the truth. They were a part of her husband's very presence. They were not his misdeeds, his turpitudes; she accused him of nothing, — that is, of but one thing, which was not a crime. She knew of no wrong that he had done; he was not violent, he was not cruel; she simply believed that he hated her. That was all she accused him of; and the miserable part of it was precisely that it was not a crime, for against a crime she might have found redress. He had discovered that she was so different; that she was not what he had believed she would prove to be. He had thought at first he could change her, and she had done her best to be what he would like. But she was, after all, herself, — she could n't help that; and now there was no use pretending, playing a part, for he knew her, and he had made up his mind. She was not afraid of him; she had no apprehension that he would hurt her, for the ill-will he bore her was not of that sort. He would, if possible, never give her a pretext, never put himself in the wrong. Isabel, scanning the future with

dry, fixed eyes, saw that he would have the better of her there. She would give him many pretexts; she would often put herself in the wrong. There were times when she almost pitied him; for if she had not deceived him in intention, she understood how completely she must have done so in fact. She had effaced herself, when he first knew her; she had made herself small, pretending there was less of her than there really was. It was because she had been under the extraordinary charm that he, on his side, had taken pains to put forth. He was not changed; he had not disguised himself, during the year of his courtship, any more than she. But she had seen only half his nature then, as one saw the disk of the moon when it was partly masked by the shadow of the earth. She saw the full moon now, — she saw the whole man. She had kept still, as it were, so that he should have a free field, and yet in spite of this she had mistaken a part for the whole.

Ah, she had him immensely under the charm! It had not passed away; it was there still; she still knew perfectly what it was that made Osmond delightful when he chose to be. He had wished to be when he made love to her, and as she had wished to be charmed it was not wonderful that he succeeded. He succeeded because he was sincere; it never occurred to her to deny him that. He admired her, — he had told her why: because she was the most imaginative woman he had known. It might very well have been true; for during those months she had imagined a world of things that had no substance. She had a vision of him; she had not read him right. A certain combination of features had touched her, and in them she had seen the most striking of portraits. That he was poor and lonely, and yet that somehow he was noble, — that was what interested her and seemed to give her her opportunity. There was an indefinable beauty about him, — in his sit-

uation, in his mind, in his face. She had felt at the same time that he was helpless and ineffectual, but the feeling had taken the form of a tenderness, which was the very flower of respect. He was like a skeptical voyager, strolling on the beach while he waited for the tide; looking seaward, yet not putting to sea. It was in all this that she found her occasion. She would launch his boat for him; she would be his providence; it would be a good thing to love him. And she loved him, — a good deal for what she found in him, but a good deal, also, for what she brought him. As she looked back at the passion of those weeks, she perceived in it a kind of maternal strain, — the happiness of a woman who felt that she was a contributor, that she came with full hands. But for her money, as she saw to-day, she would n't have done it. And then her mind wandered off to poor Mr. Touchett, sleeping under English turf, the beneficent author of infinite woe! For this was a fact. At bottom, her money had been a burden, — had been on her mind, which was filled with the desire to transfer the weight of it to some other conscience. What would lighten her own conscience more effectually than to make it over to the man who had the best taste in the world? Unless she should give it to a hospital, there was nothing better she could do with it; and there was no charitable institution in which she was as much interested as in Gilbert Osmond. He would use her fortune in a way that would make her think better of it, and rub off a certain grossness which attached to the good luck of an unexpected inheritance. There had been nothing very delicate in inheriting seventy thousand pounds; the delicacy had been all in Mr. Touchett's leaving them to her. But to marry Gilbert Osmond and bring him such a portion, — in that there would be delicacy for her as well. There would be less for him, — that was true; but that was

his affair, and if he loved her he would not object to her being rich. Had he not had the courage to say he was glad she was rich?

Isabel's cheek tingled when she asked herself if she had really married on a factitious theory, in order to do something finely appreciable with her money. But she was able to answer quickly enough that this was only half the story. It was because a certain feeling took possession of her, — a sense of the earnestness of his affection and a delight in his personal qualities. He was better than any one else. This supreme conviction had filled her life for months, and enough of it still remained to prove to her that she could not have done otherwise. The finest individual she had ever known was hers; the simple knowledge was a sort of act of devotion. She had not been mistaken about the beauty of his mind; she knew that organ perfectly now. She had lived with it, she had lived in it, almost; it appeared to have become her habitation. If she had been captured, it had taken a firm hand to do it; that reflection, perhaps, had some worth. A mind more ingenious, more subtle, more cultivated, more trained to admirable exercises, she had not encountered; and it was this exquisite instrument that she had now to reckon with. She lost herself in infinite dismay when she thought of the magnitude of *his* deception. It was a wonder, perhaps, in view of this, that he did not hate her more. She remembered perfectly the first sign he had given of it; it had been like the bell that was to ring up the curtain upon the real drama of their life. He said to her one day that she had too many ideas, and that she must get rid of them. He had told her that already, before their marriage; but then she had not noticed it; it came back to her only afterwards. This time she might well notice it, because he had really meant it. The words were nothing, superficially; but when, in the light of

deepening experience, she looked into them, they appeared portentous. He really meant it; he would have liked her to have nothing of her own but her pretty appearance. She knew she had too many ideas; she had more even than she supposed, many more than she had expressed to him when he asked her to marry him. Yes, she *had* been hypocritical; she liked him so much. She had too many ideas for herself; but that was just what one married for, to share them with some one else. One could not pluck them up by the roots, though of course one might suppress them, be careful not to utter them. It was not that, however, — his objecting to her opinions; that was nothing. She had no opinions, none that she would not have been eager to sacrifice in the satisfaction of feeling herself loved for it. What he meant was the whole thing, — her character, the way she felt, the way she judged. This was what she had kept in reserve; this was what he had not known until he found himself, with the door closed behind, as it were, set down face to face with it. She had a certain way of looking at life, which he took as a personal offense. Heaven knew that now, at least, it was a very humble, accommodating way! The strange thing was that she should not have suspected from the first that his own was so different. She had thought it so large, so enlightened, so perfectly that of an honest man, and a gentleman. Had not he assured her that he had no superstitions, no dull limitations, no prejudices that had lost their freshness? Had not he all the appearance of a man living in the open air of the world, indifferent to small considerations, caring only for truth and knowledge, and believing that two intelligent people ought to look for them together, and whether they found them or not to find at least some happiness in the search? He had told her that he loved the conventional; but there was a sense in which this seemed a noble declaration.

In that sense, the love of harmony and order and decency and all the stately offices of life, she went with him freely, and his warning had contained nothing ominous. But when, as the months elapsed, she followed him further, and he led her into the mansion of his own habitation, then,—then she had seen where she really was. She could live it over again, the incredulous terror with which she had taken the measure of her dwelling. Between those four walls she had lived ever since; they were to surround her for the rest of her life. It was the house of darkness, the house of dumbness, the house of suffocation. Osmond's beautiful mind gave it neither light nor air; Osmond's beautiful mind, indeed, seemed to peep down from a small high window, and mock at her. Of course, it was not physical suffering; but for physical suffering there might have been a remedy. She could come and go; she had her liberty; her husband was perfectly polite. He took himself so seriously; it was something appalling. Under all his culture, his cleverness, his amenity, under his good-nature, his facility, his knowledge of life, his egotism lay hidden, like a serpent in a bank of flowers. She had taken him seriously, but she had not taken him so seriously as that. How could she, especially when she knew him better? She was to think of him as he thought of himself,—as the first gentleman in Europe. So it was that she had thought of him at first, and that, indeed, was the reason she had married him. But when she began to see what it implied, she drew back; there was more in the bond than she had meant to put her name to. It implied a sovereign contempt for every one but some three or four very exalted people whom he envied, and for everything in the world but half a dozen ideas of his own. That was very well; she would have gone with him even there, a long distance; for he pointed out to her so much of the baseness and shabbiness of life, opened

her eyes so wide to the stupidity, the depravity, the ignorance, of mankind, that she had been properly impressed with the infinite vulgarity of things, and of the virtue of keeping one's self unspotted by it. But this base, ignoble world, it appeared, was after all what one was to live for; one was to keep it forever in one's eye, in order, not to enlighten, or convert, or redeem it, but to extract from it some recognition of one's own superiority. On the one hand it was despicable, but on the other it afforded a standard. Osmond had talked to Isabel about his renunciation, his indifference, the ease with which he dispensed with the usual aids to success; and all this had seemed to her admirable. She had thought it a noble indifference, an exquisite independence. But indifference was really the last of his qualities; she had never seen any one who thought so much of others. For herself, the world had always interested her, and the study of her fellow-creatures was her constant passion. She would have been willing, however, to renounce all her curiosities and sympathies for the sake of a personal life, if the person concerned had only been able to make her believe it was a gain! This, at least, was her present conviction; and the thing certainly would have been easier than to care for society as Osmond cared for it.

He was unable to live without it, and she saw that he had never really done so; he had looked at it out of his window, even when he appeared to be most detached from it. He had his ideal, just as she had tried to have hers; only it was strange that people should seek for justice in such different quarters. His ideal was a conception of high prosperity and propriety, of the aristocratic life, which she now saw that Osmond deemed himself always, in essence at least, to have led. He had never lapsed from it for an hour; he would never have recovered from the shame of doing so.

That, again, was very well ; here, too, she would have agreed ; but they attached such different ideas, such different associations and desires, to the same formulas. Her notion of the aristocratic life was simply the union of great culture with great liberty ; the culture would give one a sense of duty, and the liberty a sense of enjoyment. But for Osmond it was altogether a thing of forms, a conscious, calculated attitude. He was fond of the old, the consecrated, and transmitted ; so was she, but she pretended to do what she chose with it. He had an immense esteem for tradition ; he had told her once that the best thing in the world was to have it, but that if one was so unfortunate as not to have it one must immediately proceed to make it. She knew that he meant by this that she had n't it, but that he was better off ; though where he had got his traditions she never learned. He had a very large collection of them, however, that was very certain ; after a little she began to see. The great thing was to act in accordance with them, — the great thing not only for him but for her. Isabel had an undefined conviction that traditions must be of a thoroughly superior kind, to serve for another person than their proprietor ; but she nevertheless assented to this intimation that she too must march to the stately music that floated down from unknown periods in her husband's past, — she, who of old had been so free of step, so desultory, so devious, so much the reverse of processional. There were certain things they must do, a certain posture they must take, certain people they must know and not know. When Isabel saw this rigid system closing about her, draped though it was in pictured tapestries, that sense of darkness and suffocation of which I have spoken took possession of her ; she seemed to be shut up with an odor of mould and decay. She had resisted, of course : at first very humorously, ironically, tenderly ; then, as the situation grew more serious, eagerly,

passionately, pleadingly. She had pleaded the cause of freedom, of doing as they chose, of not caring for the aspect and denomination of their life, — the cause of other instincts and longings, of quite another ideal. Then it was that her husband's personality, touched as it never had been, stepped forth and stood erect. The things that she had said were answered only by his scorn, and she could see that he was ineffably ashamed of her. What did he think of her ? That she was base, vulgar, ignoble ? He at least knew now that she had no traditions ! It had not been in his prevision of things that she should reveal such flatness ; her sentiments were worthy of a radical newspaper, or of a Unitarian preacher. The real offense, as she ultimately perceived, was her having a mind of her own at all. Her mind was to be his, — attached to his own like a small garden plot to a deer-park. He would rake the soil gently, and water the flowers ; he would weed the beds and gather an occasional nosegay. It would be a pretty piece of property for a proprietor already far-reaching. He did n't wish her to be stupid. On the contrary, it was because she was clever that she had pleased him. But he expected her intelligence to operate altogether in his favor, and so far from desiring her mind to be a blank he had flattered himself that it would be richly receptive. He had expected his wife to feel with him and for him, to enter into his opinions, his ambitions, his preferences ; and Isabel was obliged to confess that this was no very unwarrantable demand on the part of a husband. But there were certain things she could never take in. To begin with, they were hideously unclean. She was not a daughter of the Puritans, but for all that she believed in such a thing as purity. It would appear that Osmond did n't ; some of his traditions made her push back her skirts. Did all women have lovers ? Did they all lie, and even the best have their

price? Were there only three or four that didn't deceive their husbands? When Isabel heard such things, she felt a greater scorn for them than for the gossip of a village parlor, — a scorn that kept its freshness in a very tainted air. There was the taint of her sister-in-law; did her husband judge only by the Countess Gemini? This lady very often lied, and she had practiced deceptions which were not simply verbal. It was enough to find these facts assumed among Osmond's traditions, without giving them such a general extension. It was her scorn of his assumptions, — it was that that made him draw himself up. He had plenty of contempt, and it was proper that his wife should be as well furnished; but that she should turn the hot light of her disdain upon his own conception of things, — this was a danger he had not allowed for. He believed he should have regulated her emotions before she came to that; and Isabel could easily imagine how his ears scorched when he discovered that he had been too confident. When one had a wife who gave one that sensation, there was nothing left but to hate her!

She was morally certain, now, that this feeling of hatred, which at first had been a refuge and a refreshment, had become the occupation and comfort of Osmond's life. The feeling was deep, because it was sincere; he had had a revelation that, after all, she could dispense with him. If to herself the idea was startling, if it presented itself at first as a kind of infidelity, a capacity for pollution, what infinite effect might it not be expected to have had upon him? It was very simple, — he despised her; she had no traditions and the moral horizon of a Unitarian minister. Poor Isabel, who had never been able to understand Unitarianism! This was the conviction that she had been living with now for a time that she had ceased to measure. What was coming, what was before them? That was her constant

question. What would he do, what ought she do? When a man hated his wife, what did it lead to? She did n't hate him, that she was sure of, for every little while she felt a passionate wish to give him a pleasant surprise. Very often, however, she felt afraid, and it used to come over her, as I have intimated, that she had deceived him at the very first. They were strangely married, at all events, and it was an awful life. Until that morning he had scarcely spoken to her for a week; his manner was as dry as a burned-out fire. She knew there was a special reason: he was displeased at Ralph Touchett's staying on in Rome. He thought she saw too much of her cousin; he had told her a week before that it was indecent she should go to him at his hotel. He would have said more than this if Ralph's invalid state had not appeared to make it brutal to denounce him; but having to contain himself only deepened Osmond's disgust. Isabel read all this as she would have read the hour on the clock-face; she was as perfectly aware that the sight of her interest in her cousin stirred her husband's rage as if Osmond had locked her into her bedroom, — which she was sure he wanted to do. It was her honest belief that on the whole she was not defiant, but she certainly could not pretend to be indifferent to Ralph. She believed he was dying, at last, and that she should never see him again, and this gave her a tenderness for him that she had never known before. Nothing was a pleasure to her now; how could anything be a pleasure to a woman who knew that she had thrown away her life? There was an everlasting weight upon her heart; there was a livid light upon everything. But Ralph's little visit was a lamp in the darkness; for the hour that she sat with him her spirit rose. She felt to-day as if he had been her brother. She had never had a brother, but if she had, and she were in trouble, and he were dying, he would be dear to her as Ralph

was. Ah, yes, if Gilbert was jealous of her, there was perhaps some reason ; it did n't make Gilbert look better to sit for half an hour with Ralph. It was not that they talked of him ; it was not that she complained. His name was never uttered between them. It was simply that Ralph was generous, and that her husband was not. There was something in Ralph's talk, in his smile, in the mere fact of his being in Rome, that made the blasted circle round which she walked more spacious. He made her feel the good of the world ; he made her feel what might have been. He was, after all, as intelligent as Osmond, quite apart from his being better. And thus it seemed to her an act of devotion to conceal her misery from him. She concealed it elaborately ; in their talk she was perpetually hanging out curtains and arranging screens. It lived before her again, — it had never had time to die, — that morning in the garden at Florence, when he warned her against Osmond. She had only to close her eyes to see the place, to hear his voice, to feel the warm, sweet air. How could he have known ? What a mystery, what a wonder of wisdom ! As intelligent as Gilbert ! He was much more intelligent, to arrive at such a judgment as that. Gilbert had never been so deep, so just. She had told him then that from her at least he should never know if he were right ; and this was what she was taking care of now. It gave her plenty to do ; there was passion, exaltation, religion, in it. Women find their religion sometimes in strange exercises, and Isabel, at present, in playing a part before her cousin, had an idea that she was doing him a kindness. It would have been a kindness, perhaps, if he had been for a single instant a dupe. As it was, the kindness consisted mainly in trying to make him believe that he had once wounded her greatly, and that the event had put him to shame ; but that, as she was very generous and he was so ill,

she bore him no grudge, and even considerably forbore to flaunt her happiness in his face. Ralph smiled to himself, as he lay on his sofa, at this extraordinary form of consideration ; but he forgave her for having forgiven him. She did n't wish him to have the pain of knowing she was unhappy ; that was the great thing, and it did n't matter that such knowledge would rather have righted him.

For herself, she lingered in the soundless drawing-room long after the fire had gone out. There was no danger of her feeling the cold ; she was in a fever. She heard the small hours strike, and then the great ones, but her vigil took no heed of time. Her mind, assailed by visions, was in a state of extraordinary activity, and her visions might as well come to her there, where she sat up to meet them, as on her pillow to make a mockery of rest. As I have said, she believed she was not defiant, and what could be a better proof of it than that she should linger there half the night, trying to persuade herself that there was no reason why Pansy should n't be married as you would put a letter in the post-office ? When the clock struck four she got up ; she was going to bed at last, for the lamp had long since gone out, and the candles had burned down to their sockets. But even then she stopped again in the middle of the room, and stood there gazing at a remembered vision, — that of her husband and Madame Merle grouped unconsciously and familiarly.

XLII.

Three nights after this she took Pansy to a great party, to which Osmond, who never went to dances, did not accompany them. Pansy was as ready for a dance as ever ; she was not of a generalizing turn, and she had not extended to other pleasures the interdict that she had seen placed on those of

love. If she was biding her time or hoping to circumvent her father, she must have had a prevision of success. Isabel thought that this was not likely; it was much more likely that Pansy had simply determined to be a good girl. She had never had such a chance, and she had a proper esteem for chances. She carried herself no less attentively than usual, and kept no less anxious an eye upon her vaporous skirts; she held her bouquet very tight, and counted over the flowers for the twentieth time. She made Isabel feel old; it seemed so long since she had been in a flutter about a ball. Pansy, who was greatly admired, was never in want of partners, and very soon after their arrival she gave Isabel, who was not dancing, her bouquet to hold. Isabel had rendered this service for some minutes when she became aware that Edward Rosier was standing before her. He had lost his affable smile, and wore a look of almost military resolution. The change in his appearance would have made Isabel smile, if she had not felt that at bottom his case was a hard one; he had always smelt so much more of heliotrope than of gunpowder. He looked at her a moment somewhat fiercely, as if to notify her that he was dangerous, and then he dropped his eyes on her bouquet. After he had inspected it his glance softened, and he said quickly, —

“It’s all pansies; it must be hers!”

Isabel smiled kindly. “Yes, it’s hers; she gave it to me to hold.”

“May I hold it a little, Mrs. Osmond?” the poor young man asked.

“No, I can’t trust you; I am afraid you would n’t give it back.”

“I am not sure that I should; I should leave the house with it instantly. But may I not at least have a single flower?”

Isabel hesitated a moment, and then, smiling still, held out the bouquet.

“Choose one yourself. It’s frightful what I am doing for you.”

“Ah, if you do no more than this, Mrs. Osmond!” Rosier exclaimed, with his glass in one eye, carefully choosing his flower.

“Don’t put it into your button-hole,” she said. “Don’t, for the world!”

“I should like her to see it. She has refused to dance with me, but I wish to show her that I believe in her still.”

“It’s very well to show it to her, but it’s out of place to show it to others. Her father has told her not to dance with you.”

“And is that all *you* can do for me? I expected more from you, Mrs. Osmond,” said the young man, in a tone of fine general reference. “You know that our acquaintance goes back very far, quite into the days of our innocent childhood.”

“Don’t make me out too old,” Isabel answered, smiling. “You come back to that very often, and I have never denied it. But I must tell you that, old friends as we are, if you had done me the honor to ask me to marry you I should have refused you.”

“Ah, you don’t esteem me, then. Say at once that you think I’m a trifle!”

“I esteem you very much, but I’m not in love with you. What I mean by that, of course, is that I am not in love with you for Pansy.”

“Very good, I see; you pity me, that’s all.”

And Edward Rosier looked all round, inconsequently, with his single glass. It was a revelation to him that people should n’t be more pleased; but he was at least too proud to show that the movement struck him as general.

Isabel for a moment said nothing. His manner and appearance had not the dignity of the deepest tragedy; his little glass, among other things, was against that. But she suddenly felt touched; her own unhappiness, after all, had something in common with his, and it came over her, more than before, that

here, in recognizable form, if not in romantic cast, was the most affecting thing in the world, — young love struggling with adversity.

"Would you really be very kind to her?" she said in a low tone.

He dropped his eyes, devoutly, and raised the little flower which he held in his fingers to his lips. Then he looked at her. "You pity me; but don't you pity her a little?"

"I don't know; I am not sure. She will always enjoy life."

"It will depend on what you call life!" Rosier exclaimed. "She won't enjoy being tortured."

"There will be nothing of that."

"I am glad to hear it. She knows what she is about. You will see."

"I think she does, and she will never disobey her father. But she is coming back to me," Isabel added, "and I must beg you to go away."

Rosier lingered a moment, till Pansy came in sight, on the arm of her cavalier; he stood just long enough to look her in the face. Then he walked away, holding up his head; and the manner in which he achieved this sacrifice to expediency convinced Isabel that he was very much in love.

Pansy, who seldom got disarranged in dancing, and looked perfectly fresh and cool after this exercise, waited a moment, and then took back her bouquet. Isabel watched her, and saw that she was counting the flowers; whereupon she said to herself that, decidedly, there were deeper forces at play than she had recognized. Pansy had seen Rosier turn away, but she said nothing to Isabel about him: she talked only of her partner, after he had made his bow and retired; of the music, the floor, the rare misfortune of having already torn her dress. Isabel was sure, however, that she perceived that her lover had abstracted a flower; though this knowledge was not needed to account for the dutiful grace with which she responded to

the appeal of her next partner. That perfect amenity under acute constraint was part of a larger system. She was again led forth by a flushed young man, this time carrying her bouquet; and she had not been absent many minutes when Isabel saw Lord Warburton advancing through the crowd. He presently drew near, and bade her good-evening; she had not seen him since the day before. He looked about him, and then, "Where is the little maid?" he asked. It was in this manner that he formed the harmless habit of alluding to Miss Osmond.

"She is dancing," said Isabel; "you will see her somewhere."

He looked among the dancers, and at last caught Pansy's eye. "She sees me, but she won't notice me," he then remarked. "Are you not dancing?"

"As you see, I'm a wall-flower."

"Won't you dance with me?"

"Thank you; I would rather you should dance with my little maid."

"One need n't prevent the other; especially as she is engaged."

"She is not engaged for everything, and you can reserve yourself. She dances very hard, and you will be the fresher."

"She dances beautifully," said Lord Warburton, following her with his eyes. "Ah, at last," he added, "she has given me a smile." He stood there with his handsome, easy, important physiognomy; and as Isabel observed him it came over her, as it had done before, that it was strange a man of his importance should take an interest in a little maid. It struck her as a great incongruity; neither Pansy's small fascinations, nor his own kindness, his good-nature, not even his need for amusement, which was extreme and constant, were sufficient to account for it. "I shall like to dance with you," he went on in a moment, turning back to Isabel; "but I think I like even better to talk with you."

"Yes, it's better, and it's more

worthy of your dignity. Great statesmen ought n't to waltz."

"Don't be cruel. Why did you recommend me, then, to dance with Miss Osmond?"

"Ah, that's different. If you dance with her, it would look simply like a piece of kindness, — as if you were doing it for her amusement. If you dance with me you would look as if you were doing it for your own."

"And pray, haven't I a right to amuse myself?"

"No, not with the affairs of the British Empire on your hands."

"The British Empire be hanged! You are always laughing at it."

"Amuse yourself with talking to me," said Isabel.

"I am not sure that is a recreation. You are too pointed; I have always to be defending myself. And you strike me as more than usually dangerous to-night. Won't you really dance?"

"I can't leave my place. Pansy must find me here."

He was silent a moment. "You are wonderfully good to her," he said suddenly.

Isabel stared a little, and smiled. "Can you imagine one's not being?"

"No, indeed. I know how I feel myself. But you must have done a great deal for her."

"I have taken her out with me," said Isabel, smiling still. "And I have seen that she has proper clothes."

"Your society must have been a great benefit to her. You have talked to her, advised her, helped her to develop."

"Ah, yes, if she is n't the rose, she has lived near it."

Isabel laughed, and her companion smiled; but there was a certain visible preoccupation in his face which interfered with complete hilarity. "We all try to live as near it as we can," he said, after a moment's hesitation.

Isabel turned away; Pansy was about to be restored to her, and she

welcomed the diversion. We know how much she liked Lord Warburton; she thought him delightful. There was something in his friendship which appeared a kind of resource in case of indefinite need; it was like having a large balance at the bank. She felt happier when he was in the room; there was something reassuring in his approach; the sound of his voice reminded her of the beneficence of nature. Yet for all that it did not please her that he should be too near to her, that he should take too much of her good-will for granted. She was afraid of that; she averted herself from it; she wished he would n't. She felt that if he should come too near, as it were, it was in her to flash out and bid him keep his distance. Pansy came back to Isabel with another rent in her skirt, which was the inevitable consequence of the first, and which she displayed to Isabel with serious eyes. There were too many gentlemen in uniform; they wore those dreadful spurs, which were fatal to the dresses of young girls. It hereupon became apparent that the resources of women are innumerable. Isabel devoted herself to Pansy's desecrated drapery; she fumbled for a pin and repaired the injury; she smiled and listened to her account of her adventures. Her attention, her sympathy, were most active; and they were in direct proportion to a sentiment with which they were in no way connected, a lively conjecture as to whether Lord Warburton was trying to make love to her. It was not simply his words just then; it was others as well; it was the reference and the continuity. This was what she thought about while she pinned up Pansy's dress. If it were so, as she feared, he was of course unconscious; he himself had not taken account of his intention. But this made it none the more auspicious, made the situation none the less unacceptable. The sooner Lord Warburton should come to self-consciousness the better.

He immediately began to talk to Pansy, on whom it was certainly mystifying to see that he dropped a smile of chastened devotion. Pansy replied as usual, with a little air of conscientious aspiration; he had to bend toward her a good deal in conversation, and her eyes, as usual, wandered up and down his robust person, as if he had offered it to her for exhibition. She always seemed a little frightened; yet her fright was not of the painful character that suggests dislike; on the contrary, she looked as if she knew that he knew that she liked him. Isabel left them together a little, and wandered toward a friend whom she saw near, and with whom she talked, till the music of the following dance began, for which she knew that Pansy was also engaged. The young girl joined her presently, with a little fluttered look, and Isabel, who scrupulously took Osmond's view of his daughter's complete dependence, consigned her, as a precious and momentary loan, to her appointed partner. About all this matter she had her own imaginations, her own reserves; there were moments when Pansy's extreme adhesiveness made each of them, to her sense, look foolish. But Osmond had given her a sort of tableau of her position as his daughter's duenna, which consisted of gracious alternation of concession and contraction; and there were directions of his which she liked to think that she obeyed to the letter. Perhaps, as regards some of them, it was because her doing so appeared to reduce them to the absurd.

After Pansy had been led away, Isabel found Lord Warburton drawing near her again. She rested her eyes on him, steadily; she wished she could sound his thoughts. But he had no appearance of confusion.

"She has promised to dance with me later," he said.

"I am glad of that. I suppose you have engaged her for the cotillon."

At this he looked a little awkward.

"No, I did n't ask her for that. It's a quadrille."

"Ah, you are not clever!" said Isabel, almost angrily. "I told her to keep the cotillon, in case you should ask for it."

"Poor little maid, fancy that!" And Lord Warburton laughed frankly. "Of course I will, if you like."

"If I like? Oh, if you dance with her only because I like it!"

"I am afraid I bore her. She seems to have a lot of young fellows on her book."

Isabel dropped her eyes, reflecting rapidly; Lord Warburton stood there looking at her, and she felt his eyes on her face. She felt much inclined to ask him to remove them. She did not do so, however; she only said to him, after a minute, looking up, "Please to let me understand."

"Understand what?"

"You told me ten days ago that you should like to marry my step-daughter. You have not forgotten it?"

"Forgotten it? I wrote to Mr. Osmond about it this morning."

"Ah," said Isabel, "he did n't mention to me that he had heard from you."

Lord Warburton stammered a little.

"I—I did n't send my letter."

"Perhaps you forgot that."

"No, I was n't satisfied with it. It's an awkward sort of letter to write, you know. But I shall send it to-night."

"At three o'clock in the morning?"

"I mean later, in the course of the day."

"Very good. You still wish, then, to marry her."

"Very much indeed."

"Are n't you afraid that you will bore her?" And as her companion stared at this inquiry, Isabel added, "If she can't dance with you for half an hour, how will she be able to dance with you for life?"

"Ah," said Lord Warburton, readily, "I will let her dance with other people!

About the cotillon, the fact is I thought that you — that you” —

“That I would dance with you? I told you I would dance nothing.”

“Exactly; so that while it is going on I might find some quiet corner where we might sit down and talk.”

“Oh,” said Isabel gravely, “you are much too considerate of me.”

When the cotillon came, Pansy was found to have engaged herself, thinking, in perfect humility, that Lord Warburton had no intentions. Isabel recommended him to seek another partner, but he assured her that he would dance with no one but herself. As, however, she had, in spite of the remonstrances of her hostess, declined other invitations, on the ground that she was not dancing at all, it was not possible for her to make an exception in Lord Warburton’s favor.

“After all, I don’t care to dance,” he said; “it’s a barbarous amusement. I would much rather talk.” And he intimated that he had discovered exactly the corner he had been looking for, — a quiet nook in one of the smaller rooms, where the music would come to them faintly, and not interfere with conversation. Isabel had decided to let him carry out his idea; she wished to be satisfied. She wandered away from the ball-room with him, though she knew that her husband desired she should not lose sight of his daughter. It was with his daughter’s *prétendant*, however; that would make it right for Osmond. On her way out of the ball-room she came upon Edward Rosier, who was standing in a door-way, with folded arms, looking at the dance, in the attitude of a young man without illusions. She stopped a moment, and asked him if he were not dancing.

“Certainly not, if I can’t dance with her!” he answered.

“You had better go away, then,” said Isabel, with the manner of good counsel.

“I shall not go till she does!” And he let Lord Warburton pass, without giving him a look.

This nobleman, however, had noticed the melancholy youth, and he asked Isabel who her dismal friend was, remarking that he had seen him somewhere before.

“It’s the young man I have told you about, who is in love with Pansy,” said Isabel.

“Ah, yes, I remember. He looks rather bad.”

“He has reason. My husband won’t listen to him.”

“What’s the matter with him?” Lord Warburton inquired. “He seems very harmless.”

“He has n’t money enough, and he is n’t very clever.”

Lord Warburton listened with interest; he seemed struck with this account of Edward Rosier.

“Dear me; he looked a gentleman-like young fellow.”

“So he is, but my husband is very particular.”

“Oh, I see.” And Lord Warburton paused a moment. “How much money has he got?” he then ventured to ask.

“Some forty thousand francs a year.”

“Sixteen hundred pounds? Ah, but that’s very good, you know.”

“So I think. But my husband has larger ideas.”

“Yes; I have noticed that your husband has very large ideas. Is he really an idiot, the young man?”

“An idiot? Not in the least; he’s charming. When he was twelve years old I myself was in love with him.”

“He does n’t look much more than twelve to-day,” Lord Warburton rejoined, vaguely, looking about him. Then, with more point, “Don’t you think we might sit here?” he asked.

“Wherever you please.” The room was a sort of boudoir, pervaded by a subdued, rose-colored light; a lady and

gentleman moved out of it as our friends came in. "It's very kind of you to take such an interest in Mr. Rosier," Isabel said.

"He seems to me rather ill treated. He had a face a yard long; I wondered what ailed him."

"You are a just man," said Isabel. "You have a kind thought even for a rival."

Lord Warburton turned, suddenly, with a stare. "A rival? Do you call him my rival?"

"Surely, if you both wish to marry the same person."

"Yes; but since he has no chance!"

"All the same, I like you for putting yourself in his place. It shows imagination."

"You like me for it?" And Lord Warburton looked at her with an uncertain eye. "I think you mean that you are laughing at me for it."

"Yes, I am laughing at you, a little. But I like you, 'oo."

"Ah well, then, let me enter into his situation a little more. What do you suppose one could do for him?"

"Since I have been praising your imagination, I will leave you to imagine that yourself," Isabel said. "Pansy, too, would like you for that."

"Miss Osmond? Ah, she, I flatter myself, likes me already."

"Very much, I think."

He hesitated a little; he was still questioning her face. "Well, then, I don't understand you. You don't mean that she cares for him?"

"Surely, I have told you that I thought she did."

A sudden blush sprang to his face. "You told me that she would have no wish apart from her father's, and as I have gathered that he would favor me" — He paused a little, and then he added, "Don't you see?" suggestively, through his blush.

"Yes, I told you that she had an immense wish to please her father, and

that it would probably take her very far."

"That seems to me a very proper feeling," said Lord Warburton.

"Certainly; it's a very proper feeling." Isabel remained silent for some moments. The room continued to be empty; the sound of the music reached them, with its richness softened by the interposing apartments. Then at last she said, "But it hardly strikes me as the sort of feeling to which a man would wish to be indebted for a wife."

"I don't know; if the wife is a good one, and he thinks she does well!"

"Yes, of course you must think that."

"I do; I can't help it. You call that very British, of course."

"No, I don't. I think Pansy would do wonderfully well to marry you, and I don't know who should know it better than you. But you are not in love."

"Ah, yes, I am, Mrs. Osmond!"

Isabel shook her head. "You like to think you are, while you sit here with me. But that's not how you strike me."

"I'm not like the young man in the door-way; I admit that. But what makes it so unnatural? Could anything in the world be more charming than Miss Osmond?"

"Nothing, possibly. But love has nothing to do with good reasons."

"I don't agree with you. I am delighted to have good reasons."

"Of course you are. If you were really in love you wouldn't care a straw for them."

"Ah, really in love, — really in love!" Lord Warburton exclaimed, folding his arms, leaning back his head, and stretching himself a little. "You must remember that I am forty years old. I won't pretend that I am as I once was."

"Well, if you are sure," said Isabel, "it's all right."

He answered nothing; he sat there,

with his head back, looking before him. Abruptly, however, he changed his position; he turned quickly to his companion. "Why are you so unwilling, so skeptical?"

She met his eye, and for a moment they looked straight at each other. If she wished to be satisfied, she saw something that satisfied her; she saw in his eye the gleam of an idea that she was uneasy on her own account, — that she was perhaps even frightened. It expressed a suspicion, not a hope, but such as it was it told her what she wished to know. Not for an instant should he suspect that she detected in his wish to marry her step-daughter an implication of increased nearness to herself, or that, if she did detect it, she thought it alarming or compromising. In that brief, extremely personal gaze, however, deeper meanings passed between them than they were conscious of at the moment.

"My dear Lord Warburton," she said, smiling, "you may do, as far as I am concerned, whatever comes into your head."

And with this she got up, and wandered into the adjoining room, where she encountered several acquaintances. While she talked with them she found herself regretting that she had moved; it looked a little like running away, — all the more as Lord Warburton did not follow her. She was glad of this, how-

ever, and, at any rate, she was satisfied. She was so well satisfied that when, in passing back into the ball-room, she found Edward Rosier still planted in the door-way she stopped and spoke to him again.

"You did right not to go away. I have got some comfort for you."

"I need it," the young man murmured, "when I see you so awfully thick with *him*!"

"Don't speak of him. I will do what I can for you. I am afraid it won't be much, but what I can I will do."

He looked at her with gloomy obliqueness. "What has suddenly brought you round?"

"The sense that you are an inconvenience in the door-ways!" she answered, smiling, as she passed him. Half an hour later she took leave, with Pansy, and at the foot of the staircase the two ladies, with many other departing guests, waited a while for their carriage. Just as it approached, Lord Warburton came out of the house, and assisted them to reach their vehicle. He stood a moment at the door, asking Pansy if she had amused herself; and she, having answered him, fell back with a little air of fatigue. Then Isabel, at the window, detaining him by a movement of her finger, murmured gently, "Don't forget to send your letter to her father!"

Henry James, Jr.

SLEEP'S THRESHOLD.

WHAT footstep but has wandered free and far
 Amid that Castle of Sleep whose walls were planned
 By no terrestrial craft, no human hand,
 With towers that point to no recorded star?
 Here sorrows, memories, and remorse are,
 Roaming the long dim rooms or galleries grand;
 Here the lost friends our spirits yet demand
 Gleam through mysterious doorways, half ajar.

But of the uncounted throngs that ever win
 These halls where slumber's dusky witcheries rule,
 Who, after wakening, may reveal aright
 By what phantasmal means he entered in, —
 What porch of cloud, what vapory vestibule,
 What stairway quarried from the mines of night?
Edgar Fawcett.

THE INDOOR PAUPER : A STUDY.

II.

IN my former article¹ I have described the general character of the indoor pauper and the treatment accorded him in our houses for the poor. The subject is incompletely discussed without a description of the construction and general management of these houses. Let me return to the typical almshouse whence I started. This house, I have said, is a sample of the average American almshouses. It is as good as the majority of large rural almshouses in the Northern States which have no legal inspectors of their local charities; it is far better than the almshouses in most of the Southern States; but it is in every respect inferior to at least half of the almshouses in the States having Boards of Charities. In the Western and Southern States, however, most of the almshouses are much smaller than the Illinois house. The number of inmates varies from two or three decrepit old people and an idiot to twenty or thirty paupers of all ages. These small establishments have abuses of their own, but from their very smallness they have some merits. They are homes rather than institutions. The farmer in charge and his wife are practically despots, but like all despotisms theirs is tempered by some wholesome fears. The able-bodied paupers always can protect themselves, if they care to do so; and, away out of sight in the

country, the keeper has no outside assistance. Too often, in fact, the paupers, not the keepers, are the despots, and the whole ragged little community quakes before some hulking ruffian on the place. There is little order or cleanliness, but food, fuel, and tobacco are in plenty, and, during the winters, the cracks and holes in the old farmhouses supply a kind of compulsory ventilation. In warm weather the inmates work on the farm, and, on the whole, the life of the able-bodied pauper is quite as comfortable as that of the poorest class of farmers. It may be objected that the able-bodied pauper's comfort is not exactly the purpose of almshouse taxes, but rather the relief of the aged and helpless; the fact remains, however, that he (or she), the able-bodied pauper, is the one being who is decidedly comfortable in our almshouses. The sick, the infirm, the very old people, have little to brighten their dim lives. Yet often, after a rude fashion, the keepers treat them compassionately; and in warm weather, with the air and sunshine, they are not altogether unhappy. Winter in an almshouse is a frightful season; shut in by New England snow or the cold slime of Western mud, for weeks and months the inmates are virtually cut off from the world. They may sicken and die without aid, so long does it take to summon a doctor. "We get on tolerably in summer," said an almshouse keeper to the writer, last fall, "but," giving

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1881.

a comprehensive sweep of his eye over the desolate, treeless plain, where the withered mullein stalks were whistling and swaying in the wind, "my God, what a life in winter!"

The larger almshouses may be divided into three classes: those better than the Illinois almshouse described, those much like it, and those much worse. From all the evidence before me, I fear that most of the houses in the States entirely given over to the mercy of county supervisors belong to the latter class; and many even in the States with Boards of Charities cannot justly be placed in the first category. Structural defects are very common. Most almshouses in the West have not been built for their present purpose. In the East many are old and out of repair. This is the description of the *Massachusetts* almshouses given by the inspector of charities in that State:—

"In 1864-5 the present writer, then secretary of the Board of Charities, visited about a hundred of these establishments, and obtained information concerning more than a hundred others which there was not time to visit. At that period there were 218 town and city almshouses; now there are about the same number. Of these, 214 made reports, in 1864, of their age, size, number of acres in the farm attached, etc.; and among these 214 almshouses no less than 35 were built before 1800, and 61 between 1800 and 1830. . . . Of the . . . others only 21 had been built since 1854, when the state almshouses were opened. Many more, however, had been rebuilt since that time; and perhaps half those in the State had been considerably repaired since 1854. Probably about a quarter part of them were built of brick, and not more than that proportion have a good modern ventilation. . . . Among the brick or stone almshouses then visited were those in Boston, Cambridge, Salem, Gloucester, Lowell, New Bedford, Worcester, New-

buryport, Northampton, and Plymouth. The oldest of these was at Newburyport; it was partly built and used for an almshouse before 1800. No others had been in use so long, but several were from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years old, as, for example, those at Burlington and Carlisle. These were examples of a considerable class of the town almshouses; they were large wooden farmhouses, with huge chimneys and few windows, built in the style of such homesteads in 1740, and of course very far from answering our modern notions of comfort and convenience. It was very hard to warm them in winter, to ventilate them in summer, and to keep them clean at any season of the year. There was another class of wooden houses built at a later period, but scarcely more comfortable than the above named; such were those of Acton, Dracut, Tewksbury, Taunton, and Cohasset. Originally good houses, they had not been kept in thorough repair, and, though there might be great neatness on the part of their keepers, it was difficult to keep them in proper condition for the inmates. A large number of the houses were built between 1820 and 1830, and many of these were excellently adapted to their purpose, although little had been done to modify their structure since. Good examples of this class were the almshouses at Duxbury and Yarmouth. Of the more recently built houses, or those which had lately been rebuilt, there were many as convenient, and some even as elegant,¹ as could be desired for such uses. The substantial farmer would not need, or commonly have, a better house than these. But many of the wooden almshouses were then, and are still, much exposed to the danger of fire, and they burn down not unfrequently. The furniture is often good and sufficient, but also oftentimes old, rickety, and almost worthless. The almshouse farms . . .

¹ Query: Is "*elegance*" a requisite in an almshouse?

do not vary much in size or quality from year to year. These are known in the neighborhood as 'poor farms,' and usually this term is very appropriate. The land is sometimes good and well tilled, more frequently poor and well tilled, but generally it is good and neglected, or poor and scarcely tilled at all."¹

Besides these local almshouses, Massachusetts has the state almshouses at Tewksbury. They are built of wood, and accommodate five hundred inmates. They are well ventilated and warmed, with good bathing facilities, and are kept scrupulously clean. Their history is not devoid of painful episodes of carelessness, mismanagement, and cruelty; yet, on the whole, they have been conscientiously governed, and, considering their size, are as good almshouses as our present system will allow.

It will be seen that a large proportion of the town and city almshouses are poorly adapted to their purpose. Those acquainted with the pauper habits and character know how indispensable are thorough arrangements for bathing; but the ordinary farmhouse has no place for bath-tubs, and often only a scanty supply of water for any use. The construction of such houses, moreover, puts any classification of the inmates out of the question. The keeper locks up the men and women at night, puts the idiots and epileptics and the occasional crazy man into a strong room, and considers his duty done.

There is no provision made for labor beyond the needs of the farm and the house. It is unnecessary to say that the majority of the paupers thus supported remain permanent charges upon their townships. Nevertheless the Massachusetts almshouses are probably the best in the country. Could the able-bodied paupers, the children, the feeble-minded epileptics, and the insane be entirely removed from these places, with all

their defects they would furnish a safe, decent, and comfortable home for the old paupers.

Compare the Massachusetts almshouses with those of another old State which has a central inspecting board, — Pennsylvania. The State has sixty almshouses, which, according to the last report, had an average number of over 9000 inmates. One sixth of these were children. Of the adults forty-two per cent. were able bodied. Including those at the Bockley almshouse, 2737 were insane and idiotic, 178 were blind, and 61 were deaf and dumb. Dr. Luther, secretary of the Board of Charities, in the report for the year closing September, 1879, gives a full and minute description of what they call "the county homes." In this report, certainly, nothing seems to be set down in malice, while a good deal is extenuated. He mentions sixteen almshouses with commendation, as having convenient, clean, well-arranged buildings (though in some cases overcrowded) and excellent government. Some of these houses are very large, containing from a hundred to over three hundred paupers. Perhaps half of them have some kind of a system of labor: the inmates make their own clothes and their own coffins, — quite an item in almshouse inventories, — besides doing the ordinary work of the house, tilling the farm, building stone-walls, and laying out roads. The infirm and sick are gathered into hospitals; a school is provided for the children; there is a small library in two or three "homes." But in all these picked almshouses the presence of the insane and the children has evil results which the most judicious care cannot counteract. The best of them cannot give the insane sufficient attention and liberty, nor can they properly train the children. In none of them is there, nor under present conditions can there be, any effectual exclusion of the idle, vicious vagabond, quite able but quite unwilling to

¹ Supplement to Twelfth Annual Report, pages 23, 24.

work. The real stress of work comes in summer, and the crafty pauper leaves regularly with the coming of the birds, to return as regularly when they fly away in the late autumn.

Of the sixty almshouses in question, twenty-six are censured for unsuitable buildings, but commended for good government; fifteen have wretched buildings, wretchedly kept. These almshouses are for the most part structures of a former generation.

The Bockley almshouse may be said to belong to the first division of this class, the well-managed although badly arranged twenty-six. Until lately the almshouses at Philadelphia were altogether disgraceful. Dr. Luther assures the public that the "limited diet" of which the paupers complained has been changed; they now get enough to eat and almost enough to wear, and they have been given shoes, formerly rather an infrequent luxury. The floors, which were honey-combed with rat holes, "have in part been renewed and repainted," but the floors in the women's wards are still "much eaten by rats." The hospital of the insane department was found clean and in good order. A range of cheap "wooden sheds" adjoins the main building, built on account of its overcrowding. These sheds are likely to burn down at any time. On the whole, however, Dr. Luther regards the establishment as "creditable to the managers."¹

I rank the Mercer "County home" with the Bockley almshouse, because it is praised on the whole, "decayed old structure" as it is; but the Greene County almshouse I must class among the worst.

The crowding of men and women into the same rooms has never had but one effect on pauper morals, notwithstanding the care which, Dr. Luther says, is taken to select, "as far as possible, . . .

the nearest kindred, such as husband and wife, or brother and sister, when the necessity occurs to have the rooms thus occupied."

The institutions belonging to this last class are very like the almshouses already described. The ragged, uncleanly inmates wander listlessly through the squalid rooms; there is little drainage, less ventilation; in the cellars below, the dreaded lunatics howl and wail in the hot darkness; children and idiots mingle with the "loathly crowd;" and the aged paupers crawl feebly into the sunshine. Any one who doubts that as ugly sins thrive in the soil of Pennsylvania almshouses as in other States need only read the debates of the Pennsylvania almshouse keepers in their conventions, or Dr. Luther's testimony concerning the hundred children in Berks County almshouse.²

Others of the older States make a very similar showing. Illinois may be taken as a typical Western State. It has ninety-seven almshouses. The report of its Board of Charities in 1878 gives a description of them all. Nineteen counties are praised as having well-built and well-kept almshouses. Forty have buildings more or less poorly arranged, and thirty-five almshouses remind one of Dr. Chancellor's ghastly pictures of the Maryland houses.

The Moultrie County paupers "have to eat off their laps, for want of a dining room or table." At the Scott County almshouse, the inmates as well as the house "needed scrubbing," when Mr. Wines saw them; and the "diet was scanty." All the seventeen Union County paupers were ill of a malarial fever; there had been nineteen, but two of them had died the day before. The almshouse—an old double log house—stood on the edge of a stagnant pool. So the story goes on; there is no need of repeating the repulsive details.

¹ Report Pennsylvania Board of Charities, 1879, pages 119, 120.

² Report of Fifth Convention, page 48.

The largest almshouse in the State — that of Cook County, just outside the city of Chicago — makes the sorriest figure of all. Mr. Wines, with unusual vehemence, calls it “an old rookery, a disgrace to the county.” A visit made there last winter assures me that the epithet is deserved.¹ The insane department, a tall, ugly, rather imposing brick building, stands in the midst of the open prairie, and crouching at its feet is a huddle of cottages. These are the almshouses. One of the cottages is built of brick, the others are of wood; all are dingy and falling into ruin. Years must have passed since they were painted their rusty clay color. The glazier, as well as the painter and carpenter, has kept away, the gaping holes in the window being mended with paper or stuffed with rags. More rags flutter from a high fence on one side: they are the paupers’ clothes, drying. The ground has an artificial rolling character, given by ash heaps, and is profusely decorated with tin cans and potato parings.

We visited the insane department first, finding it much like a state institution out of repair, and stinted in soap and water. The resident physician does his best, and it is evident that he has won the affection and respect of his patients; but his power is limited, and, such as it is, he may lose it at any election. The almshouse proper we found in an infinitely worse condition than the insane department. It contains, probably, more rats, roaches, and other small freebooters than any almshouse in the North, except that on Ward’s Island, near New York city. The rooms we entered were untidy, crowded, and heated to suffocation. In the working-women’s ward some children were running about among the women. The women themselves had no visible occupation; their hair was rough, their faces unwashed, their gowns soiled and torn, and

their whole appearance was as forlornly dingy as their environment. One does not marvel, though, when he learns that, owing to the difficulty in getting water, they dispense with baths through the winter. The atmosphere and the sights of this room were so horrible that one of our party became faint, and had to go out in the open air, while we all cut our stay short from sheer inability to breathe without nausea. Indeed, it is impossible to describe the things which we saw, or to repeat the stories told us by the almshouse officials. The houses are, as Mr. Wines says, “barracks,” rather than cottages; and the inmates are “camped out, as it were, without privacy, without comforts.”

The classification does not extend beyond an imperfect separation of the sexes, — so imperfect, indeed, that there have been the usual deplorable scandals. During the winter months coffin-making is almost the only industry in which the paupers are employed. The drainage and the sanitary condition of the establishment are as bad as they are in the worst tenements in New York. Nor, with the present construction of the house, is it possible for any officers, however vigilant or determined they may be, to keep the house or the inmates clean, or to prevent gross abuses which do not need to be specified. The number of paupers at the time of our visit was a little under eight hundred; sometimes nine hundred creatures, of all conditions, are crowded into the cottages.

Such is the condition of the almshouse of the wealthiest county in Illinois. It may be said that perhaps one fifth of the almshouses in the State are exceptionally good; two fifths give humane treatment and have decent although inconvenient buildings; the remaining two fifths are utterly unfit for their purpose. In Pennsylvania there is a larger proportion of good almshouses, and in Massachusetts at least one half are comfortable structures built for their

¹ See Report Illinois Board of Charity (1878), pages 223-229.

present use, with facilities for cleanliness, classification, and some employment of the inmates. These three States, then, may be considered as fair samples of the States which have their local charities supervised by the commonwealth.

The three classes in these States represent our almshouse system as to construction and government. Take the best almshouses first. Their merits are plain; they give the poorest of the poor a clean and orderly home; to some extent, they employ their inmates, and thus lessen the expense to the State; and they assure benevolent taxpayers that no hapless fellow-beings need die of want. It is probable that any one walking through the rooms of the Tewksbury almshouse, the Allegheny City Home, the Henry County almshouse, or the Cleveland Infirmary would come away with a pleasant sensation that the public charities of his country were making many unfortunate people very comfortable. And the management of all these houses deserves his freely given praise.

Yet the best almshouses have vital defects, which none feel more keenly than the men at their head. First, the system sacrifices the most pitiful objects of our charity, the old, the feeble, the crippled, the blind, the whole class of sufferers who cannot provide for themselves, however eager they may be to do so, to keep in order the thriftless, unruly vagabonds who form from one third to one half of our almshouse population. These are the people who cause three fourths of the disorder, immorality, quarrels, and misery of the almshouse; and they do nine tenths of the grumbling, while their cunning shifts to avoid working are endless. "I can get more work out of those not able bodied" (old cripples whom some accident has sent to the poorhouse), said a Pennsylvania superintendent to the last convention of directors of the poor. "If a man won't work anywhere he

comes to the poorhouse, and he makes more trouble than a dozen old cripples." To keep this class in order it is often necessary to curtail the liberty of all the other inmates. However closely watched, the undeserving paupers are sure to be causing some mischief. Their imaginations are fertile in sly persecutions; they always get more than their share of the humble comforts of the almshouse; and in unnumbered small ways they oppress their feebler companions. It should be remembered that the most fully equipped houses have only the keeper and his wife, and perhaps half a dozen hired assistants, to govern several hundred paupers.

Secondly. All the States (partially excepting Massachusetts and New York) keep large numbers of children in their almshouses. The associations of the best almshouse will ruin the future of a child beyond chance of redemption.

Thirdly. All the States (partially excepting Massachusetts and New York) keep lunatics, epileptics, and idiots in their almshouses. Massachusetts and New York have some lunatics and idiotic persons in their houses and many epileptics. The intolerable hardships which such a course inflicts upon the victims themselves need no further portrayal; and it must be evident, also, that the presence of these miserable creatures causes the greatest discomfort to the other inmates. The secretary of the Ohio board, in his last report, sums up the whole matter. Referring to his analysis of the effects of keeping these classes in the almshouses, he says, "I do not think it proper to go over the entire ground again, and yet cannot forbear to repeat that so long as the insane, epileptic, and idiotic classes are distributed through the county infirmaries two facts must continue, and these I do repeat with emphasis: First, *the infirmaries, with these classes present, never can be made comfortable for dependent sick and poor.* Second, *these classes, neither*

*of them, can, without great expense to the counties, be properly provided for ; and so our entire system of care for the poor will be subject to the more or less frequent occurrence of those horrors of neglect and abuse which have so long disgraced our care of the poor, dependent, and helpless."*¹

Fourthly. Even the best almshouses make no provision for converting the pauper back again into the citizen. Our prisons do make an effort — whatever may be thought of its average success — to reestablish healthy relations between the discharged convict and society. Nothing of the kind is attempted in the pauper's case. The limits of his dependence are so vaguely defined that he is usually free to stay as long as he can stand the discomforts of his situation. Naturally, the better the almshouse the longer he is inclined to stay. Nor when he himself is desirous of again supporting himself is any help given him by the almshouse authorities.

The inspector of the Massachusetts charities told the following story in the writer's hearing : A colored woman injured her leg in such a way that it had to be amputated below the knee. She was taken to Tewksbury. She recovered from the operation, and was soon as well as ever, and anxious to leave the asylum. She asked the officials for a wooden leg. Could she have had one she would have been able to go out again and earn her own living. She asked in vain. One officer referred her to another. There appeared to be no one in the almshouse who had authority to relieve the State of Massachusetts of this woman's support, at the cost of a wooden leg. Greatly against her will, she remained in the almshouse for several years, continually begging for her wooden leg. At last she appealed to Mr. Sanborn, who inquired into the case, and, not without difficulty, got her the desired aid. By this time, however, the

¹ Ohio Report (1880), page 31.

State had spent enough money on her to have bought dozens of wooden legs.

Sometimes, even in the best almshouses, there are blind paupers, — paupers solely because they are blind, — who might work again in the light if a good oculist could treat their eyes. The one physician of the almshouse is not a specialist, and he is not encouraged to recommend expensive operations by outsiders. In the end, to be sure, the present course is by far the most expensive, but that is not his affair. Apparently, it is not any one's affair. The same thing may be said about cripples and many deformed people. There is, also, another side to the matter in question. It is not to be expected that paupers will insist upon supporting themselves in the teeth of the opposition of the almshouse officers. The persistent negro has few imitators. Most paupers after a first rebuff sink back into the fatal torpor of almshouse life.

The second class, the average almshouses, have been sufficiently indicated for the reader to perceive for himself some of their evils. In addition to the faults which they share with the better constructed and disciplined houses, they offer to their keepers very tough problems of their own. They are so built as to make good government very nearly a result of genius. Their steep and crooked stair-ways, their small windows, their warped wood-work, their uneven floors, their cracked ceilings with great patches of shaggy laths where the plaster has fallen, and their innumerable corners and crevices and holes to catch and grimly hold the dust make the keeper's wife despair of cleanliness. They give no facilities for employing the paupers, who spend most of their time gossiping and grumbling over their pipes. In these almshouses there are often no separate buildings for the men and women. Such houses defy the vigilance of the most untiring keepers. There is no need to dilate on the immorality of

our almshouses. Every vice which has scarred humanity hides its ugly head there beneath the shelter of the State. The fate of the children born and reared in such houses is like that of the viking of the legend in his cave of snakes. Only the almshouse snakes sting the soul to death, not the body.

Another danger, ghastly enough, but of a different kind, menaces the indoor paupers, because of the construction of their homes. The almshouses are commonly built of wood, or built very slightly when of brick. They are heated with stoves, and lighted with kerosene lamps. To cut off the last chance of escape from fire there is seldom any adequate supply of water. Of course fires are frequent. When they occur the building usually burns to the ground. If in the day-time, only two or three old cripples are burned alive; if at night, there is what the newspapers call a "holocaust." The recent tragedy near Dover, New Hampshire, is a good illustration of an almshouse fire. The officers stood helplessly by while the paupers perished. The firemen came from town, but there was no water, and they were as powerless as the others.

A still better illustration is given in the burning of the almshouse in Steuben County, New York. The whole story so vividly indicates the methods of local management of almshouses that I give it in full. In the spring of 1878, the Steuben County poorhouse was overcrowded in all its departments. At best the house was not fit to shelter human beings; the main building was likely to tumble on its inmates' heads, any day; there were huge fissures and holes in the walls; the ceilings were black with cobwebs; all over the house the plastering had given way; the grimy walls swarmed, in every crack, with the small tenants which infest such places, and were spattered with tokens of the paupers' hopeless warfare upon them; the stairways were steep and narrow, the

stairs worn into hollows; the doors were "shrunkened and misshapen through age;" there were no clothes-presses, and the rags of the paupers dangled against the dreadful walls. They warmed this ruin with stoves, and lighted it with tallow candles. The other buildings were in somewhat better repair, but none of them were clean, nor was there any provision for sewerage or ventilation. The keeper said that he did his best, but he had only "one hired man" to help him, and "only one third" of the hundred and twenty-five paupers "could be trusted to care for themselves." As for the moral atmosphere of the place, it matched the physical condition of the paupers. The keeper said that he could not help it; probably he spoke the truth.

The management of the house is in the hands of a board of superintendents of the poor, responsible to the board of supervisors. These gentlemen at the time of which I write were in the habit of visiting the poorhouse once a year. A few months before, they had made their annual visit. Their report runs in this wise: "The different departments of the poorhouse we find in good condition. The different apartments are clean and well kept, the food for the paupers appearing good and sufficient; the buildings in good repair and fences in good condition; and from all appearances the poorhouse is under good management." Considering that the superintendents had both eyes and noses, it seems hard to account for the report. The explanation, however, is simple; they were determined to manage the poorhouse cheaply. Repairs were costly, attendance was costly, nourishing food of good quality was costly: they dispensed with all; and, in consequence, they were able to report that the county paid only *ninety-seven cents a week* for the support of each pauper. One circumstance connected with this policy did, it is true, make a certain amount of rebuilding imperative: the stoves and

the candles together caused a number of fires. At intervals, parts of buildings or single houses would burn down; but usually the expense of rebuilding was offset by the diminished number of paupers left to the county to support, since more or less of them would be burned with their habitations. In 1839 a crazy man set fire to the house, and lost his life in the flames. Twenty years later there was a large fire, in which two old men, three lunatics, and an idiot woman perished. Then came several fires which did little damage. Two of these were in the same building, a two-story brick house, built originally for the insane. The windows were heavily barred, and the partition walls were of unplastered pitch pine; thus the house at once offered every facility to any accidental fire, and gave the inmates the very smallest chance of escape. This was the house which was burned in 1878. At the time of the accident it contained forty-three persons, eighteen men and twenty-five women and children. The men were on the first floor; the women and the children (eight in number) had the second floor.

Among the men was an insane epileptic, Ford by name, who had fits of frantic excitement; occurring about once in two months. At such times he was locked in a cell, and left there until he grew quiet again. His sole attendant was an old pauper, infirm and half blind, the keeper of the men's department, whose notion of attendance was simply to shove Ford's food, daily, through a hole in the door. On April 4th Ford became violent, and was promptly locked up in his cell, the old pauper keeping the key. No one ever again opened the door. Ford was allowed to carry matches, but he was not searched previous to being shut in his cell. For three days he was left alone, the aged pauper, as usual, pushing his food through the door. On the night of April 7th he was observed to be in a state of furious

frenzy, tearing his bed to pieces, and flinging the straw about the room. A few hours later, smoke pouring from his room filled the lower floor and awakened the paupers; he had set fire to the straw in his bed. The wooden floors and walls were dry as tinder, and the flames raced along them; there was no water at hand; and when the keeper reached the spot the fire was beyond control. The door of the men's department was not locked, and those who could rushed out. One hapless paralytic crawled forth on his hands and knees, his clothes blazing about him. But the door to the women's rooms was locked, and the women flung themselves against it in vain. The keeper had forgotten his keys, and stood scared and helpless, their shrieks ringing in his ears. To add to the horror of the moment Ford was seen at his window, his head thrust through the bars, jumping up and down in his agony, and screaming.

Then occurred an incident which shows how the mightiest human emotion may lend a touch of heroism to the lowest natures. One of these wretched women had a lover in another house,—the old, old miserable story. This man had run with the rest to the fire. Now, while the keeper and his man hung back, half stunned, he plunged into the smoke. With the desperate strength of fear he dashed in the panel of the door, and pulled the woman whom he sought through the opening. His example brought the keeper to his senses. He found a piece of timber, which he and his assistants made into a battering-ram; they broke down the door, and saved those of the women near by. But the smoke and flames drove the rescuers back. They retreated, and eight feeble old women and two children were left to die. Five men, crippled, insane, and paralytic, perished with them. The paralytic who crawled out of the house died the following day. In all, sixteen persons perished.

"And I find from the evidence produced," says the coroner's verdict, "that Edward Hudson, L. C. Ford, David Curtis," — here follow the names, — "came to their death through the gross negligence of the board of supervisors in not providing suitable buildings for the accommodation and protection of the paupers kept at the county poorhouse; and I find the board of supervisors and each member of that board guilty of manslaughter in the fourth degree."

It is only fair to add that the Steuben County poorhouse belongs rather to the third than the second class of houses.

Upon this last class I shall not dwell. Any one who cares to know what is the condition of the mass of almshouses in the South, and of at least a quarter of the houses in the North, is referred to Dr. Chancellor's description of the Talbot County almshouse in his last report,¹ or to the description of the Somerset County poorhouse in Dr. Luther's last report,² or to the reports upon the condition of the almshouse and hospital connected with the city of New York.³ Regarding all the houses of this order, it may be said in soberest earnest that they are worse than none. They destroy both the bodies and souls of their inmates. If we build almshouses from humanity, to give a comfortable home to the helpless poor, we have thrown away our money; these are noisome prisons, not homes. If we build almshouses from fear, to soften the sullen jealousy of the poor by showing the sympathy of the rich, and to convert the impoverished laborer rather into the pauper than into the criminal, we have thrown away our money; such charity is hateful to the poor; the impoverished laborer becomes a "tramp," not a pauper.

Look at them in any light we may,

¹ Report State Board of Health, Maryland (1880), page 83.

² Report Pennsylvania Board of Charities (1879), page 121.

a large proportion of the almshouses of the country are the ghastliest failures. The best houses do not win the poor from pauperism; the worst do not frighten them away. The idle and vicious pauper makes shift to indulge his vices, get his liquor and tobacco, and avoid work in the worst almshouses. The worthy poor starve quietly rather than enter them. The large body of paupers, not altogether depraved, although idle and thriftless, have every lingering impulse of manliness extinguished in the almshouse atmosphere. The insane are tortured in the majority of almshouses, and children are hopelessly corrupted in every almshouse which keeps them, the best as well as the worst. Under these circumstances, can we say that our present system of caring for the indoor pauper helps more than it harms the poor? We spend every year millions of money to support a system which persecutes the most worthy class of paupers, — a system which the poor themselves abhor. We educate the poor man to believe that the shelter of the almshouse is his right. "The world owes every man a living" is the appropriate motto for an almshouse door. The generality of people will grant that any belief in rights which carry no duties with them is fraught with ruinous consequences to the State; yet this is the belief our system of charity directly teaches. And at the same time that we thus by our laws, from our pulpits, in our daily journals, persuade the poor man that the alms we give belong to him by right we madden him by the harshness of our giving. What can be done to help matters, and who are to blame for the present state of things?

In the first place, it is evident that an almshouse is no place for children, for the insane, for epileptics, for idiots, or for able-bodied paupers. What shall be

³ Report New York Board of Charities (1878), pages 207-234. Report New York Board of Charities (1880), pages 137-169.

done with these classes (excepting the last) is the question. It will naturally suggest itself to most people that by building cottages instead of palaces for the insane the State may be able to care for a greater number. By using the labor of the insane it may care for them at less expense. As for the able-bodied paupers, there is no reason why they should be supported in idleness. Their sphere is the workhouse, not the almshouse.

In the second place, a thorough system of classification of inmates is demanded. The need for this has already been made plain. The inmates should be classified not only with regard to sex and age, but with regard to behavior.

In the third place, discipline can be more effectually maintained by the deprivation of privileges than by the infliction of penalties: it is better, for instance, to deprive worn-out old creatures of their tobacco than to beat them or lock them up in the dark.

In the fourth place, the labor of the paupers should be used. Although no able-bodied inmates are supposed to be allowed in the reformed almshouse, it by no means follows that the inmates shall not work; on the contrary, light occupation is good both for their minds and their health. By giving them a small proportion of their earnings their coöperation could readily be secured.

In the fifth place, buildings should be erected or repaired for these ends, and keepers should be chosen because of their fitness for the position, not to gratify political henchmen or to save a few hundred dollars of salary.

And in the sixth place, local government unmolested having proved a most disastrous failure, there should be rigorous inspection of almshouses by some central authority; and the entire management of charity should be taken out of politics. At present, in our large cities, the offices in almshouses are part of the spoils of a victorious party.

These suggestions make no claims to originality; they have come to most experienced almshouse keepers and directors, and their substance may be found in almost any report of the various Boards of Charities.

Nevertheless, the old system works on, undisturbed by hostile criticisms, in much the same old way. Who are to blame? Not the keepers; they, almost as much as the paupers, are victims of the system. Not the supervisors and directors, either, although their measure of responsibility is greater; they are men much like other men, good citizens, kind fathers and husbands, most of them. It is not their own money which they are trying to save,—I do not now speak of the boards of commissioners in our large cities, who eat up the poor as if they were bread, and make fortunes out of their wards' misery,—they are honestly eager to lighten the taxpayer's burden. Usually, the charge of the almshouse is one of the smallest of their duties. Once a year they visit the "poor-farm." The keeper has a very good notion of the time of their coming, and they find the house swept and garnished. Next morning appears the usual declaration in the papers that the board has "carefully inspected the almshouse, which they find in its customary satisfactory order. Neatness and comfort are everywhere visible; and the keeper and his estimable wife"—sometimes it is "his estimable lady"—"are evidently doing all in their power for the unfortunates intrusted to their care."

Should an inquisitive supervisor arise, who makes unexpected visits and sees for himself, that misguided man probably will want to spend money. He argues that a small present expenditure may prove a great future saving, forgetting that a present expenditure will be set down to the account of himself and his colleagues in office, while the future saving will all fall to the credit of their successors. The consequence for him

of such an oversight is that he is dropped at the next election, and a less extravagant man takes his place.

Directors of the larger almshouses have a slightly different experience, but the end is the same. Here the responsibility is so ingeniously subdivided that no one has any uncomfortable load to carry. However great the abuses, there is no one who is conspicuously to blame. The directors and commissioners and superintendents unite in a kind of round-robin, like mutinous sailors. The directors, also, being elected as representatives of parties, are fettered by the help which has won them their places. They are expected to appoint the brothers or cousins of friends of the "workers" to the positions at their disposal; for of course any one is fitted to be an attendant in an almshouse. They must give the provision and clothing contracts to friends of the workers, unless the contracts are very well worth having, in which case they have their own interests to consider.

Direct robbery of paupers is not uncommon; suspicion of such robbery is the commonest thing in the world. A system which exposes honest men to the basest insinuations, while it ties their hands should they make any motion towards cleaning the Augean stables of their office, cannot attract many honest

and able men. Moreover, the terms of these offices are usually so short that the occasional clear-headed, clean-handed man — elected in some deadlock of parties where a fair name was needed to attract the waverers — has barely learned the duties of his office and acquired the skill of habitude before he has to yield the place to another beginner.

What wonder that the directors under such a system are what they are! It is the system, not the men, which defies reform. And this will never be changed until the people themselves comprehend the atrocity of the wrongs done daily in their name. For behind lavish politicians and niggardly officials stand the real though most ignorant promoters of the oppression of the poor, the American people. They have, with the kindest intentions, permitted the firm establishment of a system which destroys men, ruins women, and corrupts children; a system which tortures helpless lunatics, and sends into an overcrowded world hundreds of children, doomed to the long horror of lives of hereditary vice, deformity, and madness; withal, a system as expensive as it is cruel. This system having been established, it rests entirely with the American people to decide how long they will permit the costly disgrace of its existence.

Octave Thanet.

TIDAL WAVES.

SUDDEN from out the vast bewildered sea,
 Fierce tidal waves, like unchained monsters, break:
 In cruel clutch the mightiest ships they take,
 Tossing them high in fiendish jubilee;
 Leaving them far inland, stranded hopelessly,
 Worse wrecks than sharpest rock or reef can make.
 At record of such wave, strange fancies wake,
 Half wake, within me, as if memory
 Recalled some life in other world.

There rolls
 A dangerous sea, unseen, on which are borne
 By fiercer tidal waves brave women's souls
 To barren inlands, where, too strong to die,
 Even of thirst and loneliness and scorn,
 Like ghastly stranded wrecks, long years they lie!

H. H.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES T. FIELDS.

It would be ridiculous for me to say that in giving my recollections of James T. Fields I should preserve the tone of impartial criticism. That tone would make me in sympathy with the French physiologist, who said, "I had a friend; I loved him; he died; and I dissected him." Certainly that is not the feeling with which I write of a friend of more than forty years, who was at once the most helpful of friends and the most fascinating of companions.

My acquaintance with Fields began at the Boston Mercantile Library Association when we were boys of eighteen or nineteen. It happened that both of us were inflamed by a passionate love of literature and by a cordial admiration of men of letters; that we had read — of course superficially — most of the leading poets and prose writers of Great Britain, and had a tolerably correct idea of their chronological succession; that both of us could write verse in various measures, and each then thought that the ten-syllabled couplet of Dryden and Pope was the perfection of poetic form; and that Fields had made his reputation a few days before our acquaintance began as the first anniversary poet of the association. Before a large audience he had read an original poem which commanded general applause.

It was my fortune, or misfortune, to follow Fields in his brilliantly successful anniversary poem. Of what I wrote I can hardly remember a line. The

whole thing has gone out of my memory as thoroughly as it has gone out of the memory of the public. But what I do remember is this, that Fields was anxious that I should succeed. Being under the age when a free American can vote, I naturally thought my couplets were quite bright. Fields did all he could to confirm me in my amiable illusion. He suggested new "points;" worked with me as though he desired that my performance should eclipse his own; and was the foremost among the lads who, after the agony of delivery was over, were pleased to congratulate me on what was called my "success." This disinterestedness made me at once a warm friend of Fields.

One of the most notable facts in the lives of clerks with literary tastes and moderate salaries is the mysterious way in which they contrive to collect books. Among the members of the Mercantile Library Association, Thomas R. Gould (now known as one of the most eminent of American sculptors), Fields, and myself had what we called "libraries" before we were twenty-one. Gould was a clerk in a dry-goods jobbing house, Fields in a book-store, I in a broker's office. Fields's collection much exceeded Gould's and mine, for he had in his room two or three hundred volumes, — the nucleus of a library which eventually became one of the choicest private collections of books, manuscripts, and autographs in the city. The puzzle of the

thing was that we could not decide how we had come into the possession of such treasures. We had begun to collect before we were in our teens, and as we had neither stolen nor begged we concluded that our "libraries" represented our sacrifices. In the evening, after the day's hard work was over, Gould and I drifted by instinct to Fields's boarding-house; and what glorious hilarity we always found in his room! He was never dull, never morose, never desponding. Full of cheer himself, he radiated cheer into us. On one occasion Gould and I introduced the question of our salaries, and somewhat gloomily resented the fact that there was no prospect of their being increased. "Look here, Tom and Ned," Fields broke out, "I have none of your fears in this matter. I was originally destined for Jupiter, but the earth caught hold of me, and hauled me in. Don't you see, by thus impertinently interfering, the earth is bound to give me a good living?" This joyousness of mood lasted through his life.

The conversation of Fields had, even in his boyhood, the two charms of friendliness and inventiveness. The audacities of his humor spared neither solemn respectabilities nor accredited reputations; yet in his intercourse with his friends his wildest freaks of satire never inflicted a wound. His sensitive regard for the feelings of those with whom he mingled was a marvel of that tact which is the offspring of good nature as well as of good sense. When he raised a laugh at the expense of one of his companions, the laugh was always heartily enjoyed and participated in by the object of his mirth; for, indulging to the top of his bent in every variety of witty mischief, he had not in his disposition the least alloy of witty malice. When seemingly delivered over to the most unrestrained ecstasies of his jubilant moods, when his arrows flew with lightning-like rapidity, hitting this person and that on the exact weak point

where their minds or characters were open to good-natured ridicule, there never was the least atom of poison on the shining edge of his shafts.

Those who knew Fields in his youth as well as in his manhood must have noted that he was two widely different persons, according as he talked with intimate friends or chance acquaintances. He never was his real self except in the company of the former, for with them he had to put no rein on his impulsive feeling or his quick intelligence; but the latter utterly failed to comprehend him as he was in himself. To them, indeed, he appeared as an eminently polite person, irreproachably dressed, irreproachably decorous, guarded in his conversation, pleasing in his manners, relying for his modest position in literature on what he had privately printed for distribution among his friends, and never presuming to be anything more than a publisher, who not only sympathized with literary genius, but had a singularly swift power to discern it. To us who were in his confidence he was ever the maddest of mad wits, of inexhaustible inventiveness and unconventional audacity; daily surprising us with novel freaks of his daring fancy, and satirizing, with delicious extravagances of humor, those who, viewing him from the outside, considered him as a very respectable young man, who was worthy to be brought under their august protection, and invited to their parties and dinner-tables. But nobody ever "condescended" to Fields, whether as boy or man, who did not suffer from his caricature of their self-importance. Gould and I were often convulsed with laughter, while listening to his impish descriptions of magnates who imagined they were gaining his eternal gratitude by honoring him with their notice. Sometimes his apparent innocence deceived even bright people into the idea that they had got the laugh on *him*. Again and again persons have come to me and declared that

they had convicted Fields of the grossest ignorance or the most preposterous vanity, when I knew that he had been all the while entrapping them into disclosures of character which would form the subject of our mutual mirth when we should meet. As I was in the secret of many of his pranks, our enjoyment of the self-delusion of his critics was naturally intense. The idea that we were fooling persons who thought they were fooling us was delightful beyond expression. It is always rash to affirm a universal proposition; but still I have never known a case in which Fields was not the real victor in any attempt to make him the victim of a practical joke. He could assume so many characters, and he had such a miraculous readiness of perception of the purpose of every man who pitted himself against him, that he was never caught at a disadvantage.

I cannot help lingering on these early days of our friendship, for his forth-rushing ebulliency of nature was never more delightful than at that period, though his capacity of self-command was even then as remarkable as his spontaneity. He was popular among his fellow-clerks in the Mercantile Library Association, but still there were some members who girded at him on account of the scrupulous nicety of his apparel. He was acknowledged to be the best dressed fellow in our whole body, and, in the opinion of some rough lads, was guilty of the inexpiable sin of imitating Lord Byron in the only sensible thing that Byron ever did, — that is, of wearing his collar turned down, and thus avoiding the semi-strangulation which notoriously afflicts all those who wear their collars turned up. "Tom" Allen never tired of rehearsing a conversation between two young gentlemen which he overheard in the pit of the Tremont Theatre. "Who is that fellar up there in the third box?" said one of the future "merchant princes" of Boston to his

acquaintance. "Oh, that 's Jim Fields! He 's a clerk in Jordan's periodical shop. Wears his collar turned down, like Lord Byron, and thinks a cursed deal of himself."

Nobody was more amused at this description than Fields himself. At last, on the occasion of one of the annual suppers of the association, after the election of officers for the ensuing year, a member celebrated for the savageness with which his strength of nature asserted itself, both in his dress and manners, undertook the task of bantering Fields for a certain effeminacy in his relations to the tailor and the washerwoman. His speech was a fair specimen of that good-natured but rather coarse-natured scurrility which rude lads are apt to indulge in when they meet at the "festive board." Fields listened with an impassive countenance, as if the speech were a mere interlude in the fast and furious fun which characterized the jollities of such meetings; but I saw that all the while he was cogitating a reply which would not only crush his immediate antagonist, but render the recurrence of a similar assault utterly impossible. He rose with perfect calmness from his seat, and then poured forth on his adversary such a torrent of ingenious and laughter-provoking abuse that his unlucky opponent, completely worsted in his own selected style of rhetoric, was stunned into a silence which left him no possibility of making any retort. Fields sat down with the reputation of being an exceedingly rough customer, when the elegance of his manners, the fit of his coat, and the cleanliness of his linen were made the subjects of sarcastic remark.

As years rolled on, and Fields became a partner in the house which he had served as a clerk, the proofs multiplied that he was, among American publishers, one of the most sagacious judges of the intrinsic and money value of works of literature. He had induced

Mr. Ticknor to reprint such books as De Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium Eater* long before he became a partner in the firm. He had early formed a complete scheme of publishing a class of books the characteristic of which was that they addressed tastes which clearly existed in his own mind, and which he supposed must exist in thousands of persons who had enjoyed opportunities of culture superior to his own. He very sagely argued that if he found a particular delight in works which primarily appealed to the æsthetic sense,—the sense of beauty and the sense of form,—there must somewhere be a public, hitherto imperfectly addressed by American publishers, which would cordially respond to an enterprise which had such a possible public directly in view. He began timidly, publishing at first nothing which would not pay the expense of printing and binding. By the terms of his copartnership with Mr. Ticknor, the amount which each should yearly withdraw from the firm for private expenses was reduced to the smallest sum which a rigid economy could dictate. My impression is that Fields restricted himself, for a considerable period, to six hundred dollars a year. The gains of the firm steadily increased year after year, and being used as so much additional capital the house passed through a succession of financial panics without having one of their notes go to protest. The gradual growth of their business may be illustrated by one striking fact: the present successors of Ticknor & Fields have issued, in an octavo volume, a mere catalogue of the works they publish, which occupies more pages, and is printed in a more expensive form, than any one of the early volumes on which Fields thought it safe to venture the credit and capital of the firm.

As I happened to witness the gradual growth of what became one of the leading publishing houses of the country, and as I know that its germinating root was

in the brain of Fields, I may be able to give some testimony as to its rise and progress. Fields from the start had deliberately formed in his mind an ideal of a publisher who might profit by men of letters, and at the same time make men of letters profit by him. He thoroughly understood both the business and literary side of his occupation. Some of the first publications of the house belonged to a light order of literature, but they still had in them that indefinable something which distinguishes the work of literary artists from the work of literary artisans. Then came the idea of domesticating a poet like Tennyson in this country, some time before Tennyson had won for himself an unquestioned position in his own land. Fields early detected that he was a man of genius, reprinted his poems, and paid him a royalty on them, in the days when a mere clever versifier, like Bulwer, could, in *The New Timon*, ridicule Tennyson as a puling sentimentalist, and do it with the assurance that the largest portion of the English-reading public would welcome his satire. The best poems of Browning, the other great British poet of our generation, were warmly appreciated here through the early reprints of Ticknor & Fields, some four or five years before the British reviews were alive to their merits. The number of less gifted English poets and men of letters whose writings, bearing the imprint of Ticknor & Fields, were circulated in the United States may be counted by scores. Indeed, it is not extravagant to affirm that many English reputations, now somewhat celebrated, were first made in this country. From a business point of view, the profits on these reprints were small, when compared with the gains of some other American publishers, who reprinted sensational books of a lower intellectual grade; but Fields succeeded in his main object, which was to give to the publications of his firm a certain character of literary distinction.

By persistently carrying out this plan, and by a judicious liberality in his dealings with authors, Fields gradually drew to his firm most of the prominent American writers of the time. Longfellow, Emerson and Hawthorne, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, and eventually even Bryant, recognized in the pleasant gentleman who presided at the "Old Corner Bookstore" not only a business man of the first class of ability, but a genuine admirer of genius, with the taste fully to appreciate the melody of a line or the felicity of an epithet. All these authors, and many more, became intimate friends of their publisher.

In his dealings with writers, Fields was always genial and full of hope for the success of their books, when they themselves might be despondent. At the time Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* was passing through the press I was permitted to read the proof sheets. The circumstances under which the work was published were very depressing to its author. He had been dismissed, as a democrat, from his position in the Salem custom-house after the election of General Taylor to the presidency. To a prominent whig politician Fields addressed an earnest remonstrance against the cruelty of the act, and adjured him to have Hawthorne replaced. "Why, the fact is, Mr. Fields," was the answer, "your literary man, that you make such a noise about, is, I understand, one of these 'ere visionists." Fields quoted the remark to me, and then laughingly proposed that we should run down to Salem to visit the "visionist." It was a characteristic of Hawthorne that when he had finished a work he was skeptical as to its success. He had failed so often in obtaining any large popular recognition of his peculiar powers that he believed *The Scarlet Letter* would share the fate of the *Twice-Told Tales*. It was therefore well that two young men, who were enthusiastic admirers of his genius, and whose minds were specially

stirred by its latest expression, should break in upon his solitude that summer afternoon, and rouse him from his despondency. Mrs. Hawthorne, the very impersonation of hope and cheer, — the Phoebe, as I always thought, of *The House of the Seven Gables*, — joined us heartily in the attempt to make the great romancer feel that he had produced a work which would not only make a deep and immediate impression on the public mind, but live as long as American literature existed. His grand face and brow gradually lighted up, as he caught a little of the contagion of our enthusiasm, and we left him somewhat cheered as to the prospects of his book. Of literary vanity he was entirely destitute. Indeed, he liked Anthony Trollope's novels better than his own. It has been said that Fields, with all his enthusiasm for *The Scarlet Letter*, published at first an edition of only three thousand copies. This statement overlooks the fact that an edition of three thousand copies was at that period equivalent to ten or fifteen thousand copies now. An edition of a thousand copies of the *Twice-Told Tales*, printed some years before, still sufficed to meet the public demand for the book.

One thing always puzzled me in reference to Fields, and that was how he contrived to get time to attend to his own affairs. His place of business always seemed thronged with visitors. Some dropped in to have a chat with him, and they dropped in every day; others had letters of introduction, and were to be received with particular attention; others were merciless bores, who severely tested his patience and good-nature. On some forenoons he could hardly have had half an hour to himself. Then he was continually doing kindly acts which required the expenditure of a good deal of time. In spite of all these distractions, he was a singularly orderly and methodical business man. He made up for the hours

he lost, or was robbed of, by accustoming himself to think swiftly and decide quickly on business matters. At any rate, there never was a time when he did not seem to have leisure enough for a little fun. Thus, I remember that a common acquaintance of ours, calling upon him one day at his office, was immediately accosted with the remark, "That was rather hard on Whipple, was n't it?" "What?" "Oh! I thought you must have heard of it. He was invited to Wellfleet to lecture, — down on Cape Cod, you know. He went in a fishing-smack, was tossed about in the bay four days in a snow-storm, horribly sea-sick all the voyage, but arrived in time to lecture. Wellfleet ordinarily pays its lecturers ten dollars; he was paid five — in a counterfeit bill." One morning I received a letter which purported to come from Edward Everett, and which was written in that style of plaintive dignity which it might be supposed that distinguished man would assume if he were soliciting contributions to a deserving charity. I learned from this epistle that Mr. Everett, understanding that I had once written an article on Mr. Macaulay, supposed that I might be interested in hearing of the condition of wretched poverty in which that eminent essayist was now placed. It seemed that Mr. Macaulay, though he still continued to write brilliant papers for the *Edinburgh Review*, was not paid for them a sum sufficient to support his suffering family, which consisted of a wife and six children. Mr. Everett proceeded to say that he had received letters from numerous friends in London to the effect that a subscription had been started in the United Kingdom to relieve Mr. Macaulay's most pressing necessities, but that it was insufficient to effect that desirable end; and an appeal was therefore to be made, through Mr. Everett, to the admirers of Mr. Macaulay in the United States. Money it was hardly expected that authors could give; but if

I had any old clothes to spare, they would be very acceptable, as Mrs. Macaulay had the reputation of being an expert with the needle, and could easily adapt the worn garments of grown men to the shivering limbs of her destitute children. In addressing a man of letters, Mr. Everett acknowledged he felt a certain delicacy in indicating the degree of age which it was not permissible to transcend in selecting articles from my wardrobe. He had found that writers, as a general thing, considered as new many articles of apparel which statesmen and diplomatists, accustomed to courts, would pronounce very old indeed. Still, if among my old clothes there were some which stopped this side of utter raggedness, he thought he had sufficient interest with his successor at the Court of St. James to have the parcels containing them franked by the American government to Mr. Macaulay without any expense. Mr. Everett concluded his interesting communication by assuring me that this was an occasion which offered a new opportunity to bind the two great branches of the English race together in a peaceful union, and show to Great Britain that the thinkers of America were proud of their descent from the countrymen of Milton, Newton, and Locke. There could of course be no doubt in my mind from whose pen this precious epistle came.

In his journeys abroad Fields made the acquaintance of most of the English writers of the time, and his correspondence and conversation regarding them showed a keen perception of their individual peculiarities. He met Walter Savage Landor in Italy; and in one of his letters he quoted a saying of Landor's, in which the barbaric element in his large nature burst forth in its bluntest expression. The conversation had turned on a London lady to whom Fields had been introduced. "She!" Landor savagely exclaimed. "Why, she's the worst woman I ever knew —

except my wife!" In London, more than twenty years ago, he met Carlyle at Procter's dinner-table, and sat next to him. "Ah," said Carlyle, "you are from the Great Country, I hear. Do you still believe there in George?" "If you mean Washington," replied Fields, "I can assure you we do." "That's your great blunder. He was a thin man, sir; nothing of the hero in him. George was a good surveyor, but he had no faith, no religion! A commonplace man, sir! You will never be a great nation as long as you look up to such a guide as that." "But, Mr. Carlyle," said Fields, who saw at once that the great man was chaffing him, "why don't you cross the water, and see the Great Country for yourself? You will find hundreds of admirers who will welcome you." "Yes, there it is. They will come down to the wharf, and cry, Lo, here! and Lo, there! The great prophet has come! And do you suppose, sir, that I am such a sham and humbug as to expose myself to such drivel as that?" "Still," retorted Fields, "you will find some Yankees there who have no great love for 'Britishers,' prophets or not. Did you ever hear of the experience of the Englishman who went to Cape Cod, the place where our revolutionary patriotism still burns at white heat?" "No. Tell me about him." "With pleasure. As soon as the leading inhabitants of the town learned that a full-blown Britisher was at the tavern, they went in force to give him a piece of their mind. The talking man of the place stepped forward from the crowd, and said, 'An Englishman, I understand.' 'Yes,' was the proud reply, 'I am an Englishman.' 'Well, naow, it's strange that you should own up so lively as that. You must know that yours is about the meanest country going. We always have licked you, and always will lick you. Why, when we were a small lot of only three millions we licked you all to pieces. There's

Sar-a-togue, and Ticonder-ogue, and Bunker Hill; to be sure, our powder gin out at Bunker Hill, or we'd licked you there, and you know it.' 'But,' exclaimed the Englishman, 'what do you say of White Plains, sir? White Plains, I repeat!' But my countryman's face expressed not the slightest surprise. 'White Plains?' he drawled out. 'It seems to me I do recollect something about that fight. The fact is, as far as I can understand it, our folks did n't seem to take no sort of interest in that battle.' The story is familiar enough on this side of the Atlantic, but Carlyle had never heard it before, and he passed from one roar of laughter into another, warmly protesting that the Cape Cod patriot was the most genuine man that America had produced, and outvalued scores of George Washingtons. "Stop, Procter! stop, Browning!" he bawled out once or twice during the evening, as the two poets were eagerly conversing. "Listen to what Mr. Fields has to tell you about that countryman of his who did n't take no sort of interest in the battle of White Plains!"

One might have predicted that such a story as this would touch Carlyle's sense of humor irresistibly; and as Fields vividly reproduced the scene, imitating the Yankee twang as happily as he imitated Carlyle's broad Scotch accent, those who listened could not fail to obtain a clear impression of what Carlyle was in his moments of uproarious merriment.

But these Recollections would be drawn out to an endless length if I should attempt to record all the illustrations of Fields's mind and character which crowd into my memory as I write. I have done small justice to my own conception of the brilliancy of his wit, the alertness of his intelligence, the variety of his information, and the kindness of his heart; and I shall have to take some other opportunity to speak of his numerous writings, and of his career as a lecturer on literature.

Edwin P. Whipple.

PARTON'S LIFE OF VOLTAIRE.

MR. PARTON has given us in these volumes¹ another of his interesting and instructive biographies. Not as interesting, indeed, as some others, — for example, as his life of Andrew Jackson; nor as instructive as his lives of Franklin and of Jefferson. The nature of the case made this impossible. The story of Jackson had never been told till Mr. Parton undertook it. It was a history of frontier life, of strange adventures, of desperate courage, of a force of character which conquered all obstacles and achieved extraordinary results. It was such a history as the gentle Desdemona might have willingly listened to, or the delicate Lucy Fountain have heard with attentive ears, so surely do opposites attract each other; a story

"Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe."

No such interest attaches to the Life of Voltaire. His most serious adventure was being shut up in the Bastille for a pasquinade, and being set free again on his solemn protestation, true or false, that he never wrote it. It is an old story, told a thousand times, with all its gloss, if it ever had any, quite worn off. The Life of Franklin, which, on the whole, we think the best of Parton's biographies, was full of interest and instruction of another kind. It was the life of a builder, — of one who gave his great powers to construction, to building up new institutions and new sciences, to the discovery of knowledge and the creation of national life. Voltaire was a diffuser of knowledge already found, but he had not the patience nor the devotion of a discoverer. His gift was not to construct good institutions, but to destroy

bad ones, a work the interest of which is necessarily ephemeral. No wonder, therefore, that Mr. Parton, with all his practiced skill as a biographer, has not been able to give to the story of Voltaire the thrilling interest which he imparted to that of Franklin and of Jackson. But of this more hereafter.

We gladly take the present opportunity to add our recognition of Mr. Parton's services to those which have come to him from other quarters. A writer of unequal merit, and one whose judgment is often biased by his prejudices, he nevertheless has done much to show how biography should be written. Of all forms of human writing there is none which ought to be at once so instructive and so interesting as this, but in the large majority of instances it is the most vapid and empty. The good biographies, in all languages, are so few that they can almost be counted on the fingers; but these are among the most precious books in the literature of mankind. The story of Ruth, the Odyssey of Homer, Plutarch's lives, the Memorabilia of Xenophon, the life of Agricola, the Confessions of Augustine, among the ancients; and in modern times Boswell's Johnson, the autobiographies of Alfieri, Benvenuto Cellini, Franklin, Goethe, Voltaire's Charles XII., and Southey's Life of Wesley are specimens of what may be accomplished in this direction. It has been thought that any man can write a biography, but it requires genius to understand genius. How much intelligence is necessary to collect with discrimination the significant facts of a human life; to penetrate to the law of which they are the expression; to give the picturesque proportions to every part, to arrange the foreground, the middle distance, and the background of the panorama; to bring out in proper light

¹ *Life of Voltaire.* By JAMES PARTON. In two vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

and shadow the features and deeds of the hero! Few biographers take this trouble. They content themselves with collecting the letters written by and to their subject; sweeping together the facts of his life, important or otherwise; arranging them in some kind of chronological order; and then having this printed and bound up in one or two heavy volumes.

To all this many writers of biography add another fault, which is almost a fatal one. They treat their subject *de haut en bas*, preferring to look down upon him rather than to look up to him. They occupy themselves in criticising his faults and pointing out his deficiencies, till they forget to mention what he has accomplished to make him worthy of having his life written at all. We lately saw a life of Pope treated in this style. One unacquainted with Pope, after reading it, would say, "If he was such a contemptible fellow, and his writings so insignificant, why should we have to read his biography?" Thomas Carlyle has the great merit of leading the way in the opposite direction, and of thus initiating a new style of biography. The old method was for the writer to regard himself as a judge on the bench, and the subject of his biography as a prisoner at the bar. Carlyle, in his Life of Schiller, showed himself a loving disciple, sitting at the feet of his master. We recollect that when this work first appeared there were only a few copies known to be in this country. One was in the possession of an eminent professor in Harvard College, of whom the present writer borrowed it. On returning it, he was asked what he thought of it, and replied that he considered it written with much enthusiasm. "Yes," responded the professor, "I myself thought it rather extravagant." Enthusiasm in a biographer was then considered to be the same as extravagance. But this hero-worship, which was the charm in Plu-

tarch, Xenophon, and Boswell, inspired a like interest in Carlyle's portraits of Schiller, Goethe, Richter, Burns, and the actors in the French Revolution. So true is his own warning: "Friend, if you wish me to take an interest in what you say, be so kind as to take some interest in it yourself" — a golden maxim, to be kept in mind by all historians, writers of travels, biographers, preachers, and teachers. A social success may sometimes be accomplished by assuming the *blasé* air of the Roman emperor who said, "*Omnia fui, nihil expedit;*" but this tone is ruinous for one who wishes the ear of the public.

Since the days of Carlyle, others have written in the same spirit, allowing themselves to take more or less interest in the man whose life they were relating. So Macaulay, in his sketches of Clive, Hastings, Chatham, Pym, and Hampden; so Lewes, in his Life of Goethe; and so Parton, in his various biographies. None of these authors have made themselves liable to the stinging satire of Moore's lines on the Reminiscences of Byron, by Leigh Hunt, which he compares to a supposed work on the lion in Exeter Change, written by the little dog who lived in his cage: —

"How that animal looks, how he eats, how he
drinks,
Is all duly described by this puppy so small;
And 't is plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog
thinks
That the lion was no such great thing, after all.

"Though he roared pretty well (this the puppy
allows),
It was all, he says, borrowed, — all second-hand
roar;
And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows
To the loftiest war-note the lion could pour."

In some respects Mr. Parton's biography reminds us of Macaulay's History. Both have been credited with the same qualities, both charged with the same defects. Both are indefatigable in collecting material from all quarters, — from other histories and biographies, memoirs, letters, newspapers, broadsides, and personal communications gathered

in many out-of-the-way localities. Both have the power of discarding insignificant details and retaining what is suggestive and picturesque. Both, therefore, have the same supreme merit of being interesting. Both have strong prejudices, take sides earnestly, forget that they are narrators, and begin to plead as attorneys and advocates. Both have been accused, rightly or wrongly, of grave inaccuracies. But their defects will not prevent them from holding their place as teachers of the English-speaking public. The English and American readers will long continue to think of Marlborough as Macaulay represents him; of Jackson and Jefferson as Parton describes them. Such Rembrandt-like portraits fix the attention by their strange chiaro-oscuro. They may not be like nature, but they take the place of nature. The most remarkable instance of this kind is the representation of Tiberius by Tacitus, which has caused mankind, until very recently, to consider him a monster of licentiousness and cruelty, in spite of the almost self-evident absurdity and self-contradiction of this assumption.¹ Limners with such a terrible power of portraiture should be very careful how they use it, and not abuse the faculty in the interest of their prejudices.

If Mr. Parton resembles Macaulay in some respects, in one point, at least, he is like Carlyle: that is that his last hero is the least interesting. From Schiller and Goethe to Frederic the Great was a fall; and so from Franklin to Voltaire. Carlyle tells us what a weary task he had with his Prussian king, and we think that Mr. Parton's labors over the patriarch of the eighteenth-century literature must have been equally distressing. At a distance, Voltaire is a striking phenomenon: the most brilliant wit of almost any period; the most prolific writer; a successful dramatist, historian,

biographer, story-teller, controversialist, lyrical poet, student of science. "Truly, a universal genius, a mighty power!" we say. But look more closely, and this genius turns into talent; this encyclopædic knowledge becomes only superficial half knowledge; this royalty is a sham royalty; it does not lead the world, but follows it. The work into which Voltaire put his heart was destruction — the destruction of falsehoods, bigotries, cruelties, and shams. It was an important duty, and some one had to do it. But it was temporary, and one of which the interest is soon over. If Luther and the other reformers had aimed only at destroying the Church of Rome, their influence would have speedily ceased. But they rebuilt, as they destroyed; the sword in one hand, and the trowel in the other. They destroyed in order to build; they took away the outgrown house, to put another in its place. Voltaire had not got as far as that; he wanted no new church in the place of the old one.

Voltaire and J. J. Rousseau are often spoken of as though they were fellow-workers, and are associated in many minds as sharing the same convictions. Nothing can be more untrue. They were radically opposite in the very structure of their minds, and their followers and admirers are equally different. If all men can be divided into Platonists and Aristotelians, they may be in like manner classified as those who prefer Voltaire to Rousseau, and *vice versa*. Both were indeed theists, and both opposed to the popular religion of their time. Both were brilliant writers, masters of the French language, listened to by the people, and with a vast popularity. Both were more or less persecuted for their religious heresies. So far they resemble each other. But these are only external resemblances; radically and inwardly they were polar opposites. What

¹ Voltaire himself, with his acute perception, seems to have been one of the first to discover the

absurdity of the representation of Tiberius by Tacitus.

attracted one repelled the other. Voltaire was a man of the world, fond of society and social pleasures; the child of his time, popular, a universal favorite. Rousseau shrank from society, hated its fashions, did not enjoy its pleasures, and belonged to another epoch than the eighteenth century. Rousseau believed in human nature, and thought that if we could return to our natural condition the miseries of life would cease. Voltaire despised human nature; he forever repeated that the majority of men were knaves and fools. Rousseau distrusted education and culture as commonly understood; but to Voltaire's mind they were the only matters of any value, — all that made life worth living. Rousseau was more like Pascal than like Voltaire; far below Pascal, no doubt, in fixed moral principles and ascetic virtue. Yet he resembled him in his devotion to ideas, his enthusiasm for some better day to come. Both were out of place in their own time; both were prophets crying in the wilderness. Put Voltaire between Pascal and Rousseau, and it would be something like the tableau of Goethe between Basedow and Lavater.

“Prophete rechts, Prophete links,
Das Weltkind in der Mitte.”

The difference between Voltaire and Rousseau was really that between a man of talent and a man of genius. Voltaire, brilliant, adroit, full of resource, quick as a flash, versatile, with immense powers of working, with a life full of literary successes, has not left behind him a single masterpiece. He comes in everywhere second best. As a tragedian he is inferior to Racine; as a wit and comic writer far below Molière; and he is quite surpassed as a historian and biographer by many modern French authors. No germinating ideas are to be found in his writings, no seed corn for future harvests. He thought himself a philosopher, and was so regarded by others; but neither had his philosophy any roots to

it. A sufficient proof of this is the fact that he shared the superficial optimism of the English deists, as expressed by Bolingbroke and Pope, until the Lisbon earthquake, by destroying thirty thousand people, changed his whole mental attitude. Till then he could say with Pope, “Whatever is, is right.” After that, most things which are appeared to him fatally and hopelessly wrong. That thirty thousand persons should perish in a few minutes, in great suffering, he thought inconsistent with the goodness of God. But take the whole world over, thirty thousand people are continually perishing, in the course of a few hours or days. What difference does it make, in a philosophical point of view, if they die all at once in a particular place, or at longer intervals in many places? Voltaire asks, “What crime had those infants committed who lie crushed on their mother's breasts?” What crime, we reply, have the infants committed who have been dying by millions, in suffering, since the world began? “Was Lisbon,” he asks, “more wicked than Paris?” But had Voltaire never noticed before that wicked people often live on in health and pleasure, while the good suffer and die? Voltaire did not see, what it requires very little philosophy to discover, that a Lisbon earthquake really presents no more difficulty to the reason than the suffering and death of a single child. In fact, if you can explain the pain inflicted by the sting of a wasp, you have solved the whole problem of evil.

Another fact which shows the shallow nature of Voltaire's way of thinking was his expectation of destroying Christianity by a combined attack upon it by all the wits and philosophers. Mr. Parton tells us that “l'Infâme,” which Voltaire expected to crush, “was not religion, nor the Christian religion, nor the Roman Catholic church. It was,” he says, “*religion claiming supernatural authority, and enforcing that claim by pains*

and penalties." No doubt it was the spirit of intolerance and persecution which excited his indignation. But the object of that indignation was not the abstraction which Mr. Parton presents to us. It was something far more concrete. There is no doubt that he confounded Christianity with the churches about him, and these with their abuses; and thus his object was to sweep away all positive religious institutions, and to leave in their place a philosophic deism. Else what meaning in his famous boast that "it required twelve men to found a belief, which it would need only one man to destroy"? What meaning, otherwise, in his astonishment that Locke, "having in one book so profoundly traced the development of the understanding, could so degrade his own understanding in another"? — referring, as Mr. Morley believes, to Locke's Reasonableness of Christianity. Voltaire saw around him Christianity represented by cruel bigots, ecclesiastics living in indolent luxury, narrow-minded and hard-hearted priests. That was all the Christianity he saw with his sharp perceptive faculty; and he had no power of penetrating into the deeper life of the soul which these corruptions misrepresented. We do not blame him for this; he was made so; but it was a fatal defect in a reformer. The first work of a reformer is to discover the truth and the good latent amid the abuses he wishes to reform, and for the sake of which men endure the evil. A Buddhist proverb says, "The human mind is like a leech: it never lets go with its tail till it has taken hold somewhere else with its head." Distinguish the good in a system from the evil; show how the good can be preserved, though the evil is abandoned, and then you may hope to effect a truly radical reform. Radicalism means going to the roots of anything. Voltaire was incapable of becoming a radical reformer of the Christian church, because he had in himself no

faculty by which he could appreciate the central forces of Christianity. Mr. Morley says that Voltaire "has said no word, nor even shown an indirect appreciation of any word said by another, which stirs and expands that indefinite exaltation known as the love of God," "or of the larger word holiness." "Through the affronts which his reason received from certain pretensions, both in the writers and in some of those whose actions they commemorated, this sublime trait in the Bible, in both portions of it, was unhappily lost to Voltaire. He had no ear for the finer vibrations of the spiritual voice." And so also speaks Carlyle: "It is a much more serious ground of offense that he intermeddled in religion without being himself, in any measure, religious; that he entered the temple and continued there with a levity which, in any temple where men worship, can beseech no brother man; that, in a word, he ardently, and with long-continued effort, warred against Christianity, without understanding beyond the mere superficialities of what Christianity was." In fact, in the organization of Voltaire, the organ of reverence, "the crown of the whole moral nature," seems to have been at its minimum. A sense of justice was there, an ardent sympathy with the oppressed, a generous hatred of the oppressor, a ready devotion of time, thought, wealth, to the relief of the down-trodden victim. Therefore, with such qualities, Voltaire, by the additional help of his indefatigable energy, often succeeded in plucking the prey from the jaws of the lion. He was able to defeat the combined powers of church and state in his advocacy of some individual sufferer, in his battle against some single wrong. But his long war against the Catholic church in France left it just where it was when that war began. Its power to-day in France is greater than it was then, because it is a purer and better institution than it was then. That Sphinx still

sits by the roadside propounding its riddle. Voltaire was not the *Œdipus* who could solve it, and so the life of that mystery remains untouched until now.

The *Henriade* has often been considered the great epic poem of France. This merely means that France has never had a great epic poem. The *Henriade* is artificial, prosaic, and has no particle of the glow, the fire, the prolonged enthusiasm, which alone can give an epic poem to mankind. In this sentence all competent critics are agreed.

Voltaire was busy with literature during his whole life. He not only wrote continually himself, but he was a critic of the writings of others. His mind was essentially critical, — formed to analyze, discriminate sharply, compare, and judge by some universal standard of taste. Here, if anywhere, he ought to be at his best; here, if in any department, he should stand at the head of the world's board of literary censors. But here, again, he is not even second-rate; here, more than elsewhere, he shows how superficial are his judgments. He tests every writer by the French standard in the eighteenth century. Every word which Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, have said of other writers is full of value and interest to-day. But who would go to Voltaire for light on any book or author? We have an instinctive but certain conviction that all his views are limited by his immediate environment, perverted by his personal prejudices. Thus, he prefers Ariosto to the *Odyssey*, and Tasso's *Jerusalem* to the *Iliad*.¹ His inability to comprehend, or even to suspect, the greatness of Shakespeare is well known. He is filled with indignation because a French critic had called Shakespeare "the god of the stage." "The blood boils in my old veins," says he; "and what is frightful to think of, it was I myself who first showed to Frenchmen the few pearls to

be found in the dunghill."² Chesterfield's Letters to his Son he considers "the best book upon education ever written."³ This is the book in which a father teaches his son the art of polite falsehood, of which Dr. Johnson says that "it shows how grace can be united with wickedness," — the book whose author is called by De Vere the philosopher of flattery and dissimulation. He admitted that there were some good things in Milton, but speaks of his conceptions as "odd and extravagant."⁴ He thought Condorcet much superior to Pascal. The verses of Helvetius he believed better than any but those of Racine. The era was what Villemain calls "the golden age of mediocre writers;" and Voltaire habitually praised them all. But these writers mostly belonged to a mutual admiration society. The anatomist Tissot, in one of his physiological works, says that the genius of Diderot came to show to mankind how every variety of talent could be brought to perfection in one man. Diderot, in his turn, went into frantic delight over the novels of Richardson. "Since I have read these works," he says, "I make them my touch-stone; those who do not admire them are self-condemned. O my friends, what majestic dramas are these three, *Clarissa*, *Sir Charles Grandison*, and *Pamela*!" Such was the eighteenth century; and Voltaire belonged to it with all the intensity of his ardent nature. He may be said never to have seen or foreseen anything better. Living on the very verge of a great social revolution, he does not appear to have suspected what its nature would be, even if he suspected its approach. The cruelties of the church exasperated him, but the political condition of society, the misery of the peasants, the luxury of the nobles, the despotism of the king, left him unmoved. He was singularly deficient in any conception of the value

¹ *Essai sur les Mœurs*, chapter cxxi.

² Parton, ii. 549.

³ *Ibid.*, ii. 551.

⁴ *Ibid.*, i. 232.

of political liberty or of free institutions. If he had lived to see the coming of the Revolution, it would have utterly astounded him. His sympathies were with an enlightened aristocracy, not with the people. In this, too, he was the man of his time, and belonged to the middle of his century, not the end of it. He saw and lamented the evils of bad government. He pointed out the miseries produced by war. He abhorred and denounced the military spirit. He called on the clergy, in the name of their religion, to join him in his righteous appeals against this great curse of mankind. "Where," he asks, "in the five or six thousand sermons of Massillon, are there two in which anything is said against the scourge of war?" He rebukes the philosophers and moralists, also, for their delinquency in this matter, and replies forcibly to Montesquieu's argument that self-defense sometimes makes it necessary to begin the attack on a neighboring nation. But he does not go back to trace the evil to its root in the absence of self-government. In a letter to the King of Prussia he says, "When I asked you to become the deliverer of Greece, I did not mean to have you restore the democracy. I do not love the rule of the rabble" (*gouvernement de la canaille*). Again, writing to the same, in January, 1757, he says, "Your majesty will confer a great benefit by destroying this infamous superstition [Christianity]; I do not say among the *canaille*, who do not deserve to be enlightened, and who ought to be kept down under all yokes, but among honest people, people who think. Give white bread to the children, but only black bread to the dogs." In 1762, writing to the Marquis d'Argens, he says, "The Turks say that their Koran has sometimes the face of an angel, sometimes the face of a beast. This description suits our time. There are a few philosophers, — they have the face of an angel; all else much resembles

that of a beast." Again, he says to Helvetius, "Consider no man your neighbor but the man who thinks; look on all other men as wolves, foxes, and deer." "We shall soon see," he writes to D'Alembert, "new heavens and a new earth, — I mean for honest people; for as to the *canaille*, the stupidest heaven and earth is all they are fit for." The real government of nations, according to him, should be administered by absolute kings, in the interest of free-thinkers.

It is true that after Rousseau had published his trumpet-call in behalf of democratic rights, Voltaire began to waver. It has been remarked that "at the very time when he expressed an increasing ill-will against the person of the author of *Emile*, he was irresistibly attracted to the principal doctrines of Rousseau. He entered, as if in spite of himself, into paths toward which his feet were never before directed. As if to revenge himself for coming under this salutary influence, he pursued Rousseau with blind anger."¹ He harshly attacked the Social Contract, but accepted the sovereignty of the people; saying that "civil government is the will of all, executed by a single one, or by several, in virtue of the laws which all have enacted." He, however, speedily restricted this democratic principle by confining the right of making laws to the owners of real estate. He declares that those who have neither house nor land ought not to have any voice in the matter. He now began (in 1764) to look forward to the end of monarchies, and to expect a revolution. Nevertheless, he plainly declares, "The pretended equality of man is a pernicious chimera. If there were not thirty laborers to one master, the earth would not be cultivated." But in practical and humane reforms Voltaire took the lead, and did good work. He opposed examination by torture, the punishment of death for theft, the con-

¹ Martin's History of France.

fiscation of the property of the condemned, the penalties against heretics, secret trials; praised trial by jury, civil marriage, right of divorce, and other reforms in the direction of hygiene and education.

And, above all, whatever fault may be found with Voltaire, let us never cease to appreciate his generous efforts in behalf of the unfortunate victims of the atrocious bigotry which then prevailed in France. It is not necessary to dwell here on the cases of Calas, the Sirvens, La Barre, and the Count de Lally. They are fully told by Mr. Parton, and to his account we refer our readers. In 1762 the Protestant pastor Rochette was hanged, by order of the Parliament of Toulouse, for having exercised his ministry in Languedoc. At the same time three young gentlemen, Protestants, were beheaded, for having taken arms to defend themselves from being slaughtered by the Catholics. In 1762, the Protestant merchant Calas, an aged and worthy citizen of Toulouse, was tortured and broken on the wheel, on a wholly unsupported charge of having killed his son to keep him from turning Catholic. A Protestant girl named Sirven was, about the same time, taken from her parents, and shut up in a convent, to compel her to change her religion. She escaped, and perished by accident during her flight. The parents were accused of having killed her to keep her from becoming a Catholic. They escaped, but the wife died of exposure and want. In 1766 a crucifix was injured by some wanton persons. The Bishop of Amiens called out for vengeance. Two young officers, eighteen years old, were accused. One escaped; the other, La Barre, was condemned to have his tongue cut out, his right hand cut off, and to be burned alive. The sentence was commuted to death by decapitation. Voltaire, seventy years old, devoted himself with masterly ability and untiring energy to save these vic-

tims; and when he failed in that, to show the falsehood of the charges, and to obtain a revision of the judgments. He used all means: personal appeals to men in power and to female favorites, eloquence, wit, pathos in every form of writing. He called on all his friends to aid him. He poured a flood of light into these dark places of iniquity. His generous labors were crowned with success. He procured a reversal of these iniquitous decisions; in some cases a restoration of the confiscated property, and a public recognition of the innocence of those condemned. Without knowing it, he was acting as a disciple of Jesus. Perhaps he may have met in the other world with the great leader of humanity, whom he never understood below, and been surprised to hear him say, "Inasmuch as thou didst it to the least of my little ones, thou hast done it unto me."

Carlyle tells us that the chief quality of Voltaire was *adroitness*. He denies that he was really a great man, and says that in one essential mark of greatness he was wholly wanting, that is, earnestness. He adds that Voltaire was by birth a mocker; that this was the irresistible bias of his disposition; that the first question with him was always not what is true but what is false, not what is to be loved but what is to be contemned. He is shallow without heroism, full of pettiness, full of vanity; "not a great man, but only a great *persifleur*."

But certainly some other qualities than these were essential to produce the immense influence which he exerted in his own time, and since. Beside this extreme adroitness of which Carlyle speaks, he had as exhaustless an energy as was ever granted to any of the sons of men. He was never happy except when he was at work. He worked at home, he worked when visiting, he worked in his carriage, he worked at hotels. Amid annoyances and disturbances which would have paralyzed the

thought and pen of others, Voltaire labored on. Upon his sick bed, in extreme debility and in old age, that untiring pen was ever in motion, and whatever came from it interested all mankind. Besides the innumerable books, tracts, and treatises which fill the volumes of his collected works, there are said to be in existence fourteen thousand of his letters, half of which have never been printed. But this was only a part of the outcome of his terrible vitality. He was also an enterprising and energetic man of business. He speculated in the funds, lent money on interest, fitted out ships, bought and sold real estate, solicited and obtained pensions. In this way he changed his patrimony of about two hundred thousand francs to an annual income of the same amount, — equal at least to one hundred thousand dollars a year at the present time. He was determined to be rich, and he became so; not because he loved money for itself, nor because he was covetous. He gave money freely; he used it in large ways. He sought wealth as a means of self-defense, — to protect him against the persecution which his attacks on the church might bring upon him. He also had, like a great writer of the present century, Walter Scott, the desire of being a large landed proprietor and lord of the manor; and like Scott, he became one, reigning at Ferney as Scott ruled at Abbotsford.

In defending himself against his persecutors he used other means not so legitimate. One of his methods was systematic falsehood. He first concealed, and then denied, the authorship of any works which would expose him to danger. He took the tone of injured innocence. For example, he had worked with delight, during twenty years, on his wretched *Pucelle*. To write new lines in it, or a new canto, was his refreshment; to read them to his friends gave him the most intense satisfaction. But when the poem found its way into print, with what an outcry he denies the au-

thorship, almost before he is charged with it. He assumes the air of calumniated virtue. The charge, he declares, is one of the infamous inventions of his enemies. He writes to the *Journal Encyclopédique*, "The crowning point of their devilish manœuvres is the edition of a poem called *La Pucelle d'Orléans*. The editor has the face to attribute this work to the author of the *Henriade*, the *Zaïre*, the *Mérope*, the *Alzire*, the *Siècle de Louis XIV*. He dares to ascribe to this author the flattest, meanest, and most gross work which can come from the press. My pen refuses to copy the tissue of silly and abominable obscenities of this work of darkness." When the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* began to appear, he wrote to D'Alembert, "As soon as any danger arises, I beg you will let me know, that I may disavow the work in all the public papers with my usual candor and innocence." Mr. Parton tells us that he had a *hundred and eight* pseudonyms. He signed his pamphlets *A Benedictine*, *The Archbishop of Canterbury*, *A Quaker*, *Rev. Josias Roussette*, the *Abbé Lilladet*, the *Abbé Bigorre*, the *Pastor Bourn*. He was also ready to tell a downright lie when it suited his convenience.

When *Candide* was printed, in 1758, he wrote, as Mr. Parton tells us, to a friendly pastor in Geneva, "I have at length read *Candide*. People must have lost their senses to attribute to me that pack of nonsense. I have, thank God, better occupation. This optimism [of Pangloss] obviously destroys the foundation of our holy religion." Our holy religion!

Some may find an excuse for these falsehoods. A writer, it may be said, has a right to his incognito; if so, he has a right to protect it by denying the authorship of a book when charged with it. This is doubtful morality, but Voltaire went far beyond this. He volunteered his denials. He asserted in every

way, with the most solemn asseverations, that he was not the author of a book which he had written with delight. But this was not the worst. He not only told these author's lies, but he was a deliberate hypocrite, professing faith in Christianity, receiving its sacraments, asking spiritual help from the Pope, and begging for relics from the Vatican, at the very time that he was hoping by strenuous efforts to destroy both Catholicism and Christianity.

When he was endeavoring to be admitted to a place in the French Academy, he wrote thus to the Bishop of Mirepoix:¹ "Thanks to Heaven, my religion teaches me to know how to suffer. The God who founded it, as soon as he deigned to become man, was of all men the most persecuted. After such an example, it is almost a crime to complain. . . . I can say, before God who hears me, that I am a good citizen and a true Catholic. . . . I have written many pages sanctified by religion." In this Mr. Parton admits that he went too far.

When at Colmar, as a measure of self-protection, he resolved to commune at Easter. Mr. Parton says that Voltaire had pensions and rents to the amount of sixty thousand livres annually, of which the king could deprive him by a stroke of the pen. So he determined to prove himself a good Catholic by taking the sacraments. As a necessary preliminary, he confessed to a Capuchin monk. He wrote to D'Argens just before, "If I had a hundred thousand men, I know what I should do; but as I have them not, I shall commune at Easter!" But, writing to Rousseau, he thinks it shameful in Galileo to retract his opinions. Mr. Parton too, who is disposed to excuse some of these hypocrisies in Voltaire, is scandalized because the pastors of Geneva denied the charges of heresy brought against them by Voltaire; saying that

¹ Parton, i. 461.

"we live, as they lived, in an atmosphere of insincerity." In the midst of all this, Voltaire took credit to himself for his frank avowals of the truth: "I am not wrong to dare to utter what worthy men think. For forty years I have braved the base empire of the despots of the mind." Mr. Parton elsewhere seems to think it would have been impossible for Voltaire to versify the Psalms; as it was "asked him to give the lie publicly to his whole career." But if communing at Easter did not do this, how could a versification of a few psalms accomplish it? Parton quotes Condorcet as saying that Voltaire could not become a hypocrite, even to be a cardinal. Could any one do a more hypocritical action than to partake the sacraments of a church which he despised in order to escape the danger of persecution?

When building his house at Ferney, the neighboring Catholic curés interfered with him. They prohibited the laborers from working for him. To meet this difficulty he determined to obtain the protection of the Pope himself. So he wrote to the Pope, asking for a relic to put in the church he had built, and received in return a piece of the hair-shirt of St. Francis. He went to mass frequently. Meantime, in his letters to his brother freethinkers, he added his usual postscript, "Ecrasez l'Infâme;" begging their aid in crushing Catholicism and Christianity. Yet it does not seem that he considered himself a hypocrite in thus conforming outwardly to a religion which he hated. He thinks that others who do so are hypocrites, but not that he is one. In 1764 he writes to Madame du Deffand, "The worst is that we are surrounded by hypocrites, who worry us to make us think what they themselves do not think at all." So singular are the self-deceptions of the human mind. He writes to Frederic ridiculing the sacrament of extreme unction, and then solemnly par-

takes of the eucharist. Certainly he did not belong to the noble army of martyrs. He expected to overturn a great religious system, not by the power of faith, but by ingenious pamphlets, brilliant sarcasms, adroit deceptions. In thus thinking he was eminently superficial.

His theory on this subject is given in an article in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, quoted by Mr. Parton: "Distinguish honest people who think, from the populace who were not made to think. If usage obliges you to perform a ridiculous ceremony for the sake of the canaille, and on the road you meet some people of understanding, notify them by a sign of the head, or a look, that you think as they do. . . . If imbeciles still wish to eat acorns, let them have acorns."

Mr. Parton describes in full (vol. ii. p. 410) the ceremony of the eucharist of which Voltaire partook in his own church at Ferney. It was Easter Sunday, and Voltaire mounted the pulpit and preached a sermon against theft. Hearing of this, the bishop was scandalized, and forbade all the curates of the diocese from confessing, absolving, or giving the sacrament to Voltaire. Upon this Voltaire writes and signs a formal demand on the curate of Ferney to allow him to confess and commune in the Catholic church, in which he was born, has lived, and wishes to die; offering to make all necessary declarations, all requisite protestations, in public or private, submitting himself absolutely to all the rules of the church, for the edification of Catholics and Protestants. All this was a mere piece of mystification and fun. He pretended to be too sick to go to the church, and made a Capuchin come and administer the eucharist to him in bed; Voltaire saying, "Having my God in my mouth, I declare that I forgive all my enemies." No wonder that with all his marvelous ability and his long war upon the Cath-

olic church he was unable to make any lasting impression upon it. Infinite talent is not enough to make revolutions of opinion. No serious faith was ever destroyed by a jest.

If we return to Rousseau, and compare his influence with that of Voltaire, we shall find that it went far deeper. Voltaire was a man of immense talent. Talent originates nothing, but formulates into masterly expression what has come to it from the age in which it lives. Not a new idea can be found, we believe, in all Voltaire's innumerable writings. But genius has a vision of ideal truth. It is a prophet of the future. Rousseau, with his many faults, weaknesses, follies, was a man of genius. He was probably the most eloquent writer of French prose who has ever appeared. He was a man possessed by his ideas. He had none of the adroitness, wit, ingenuity, of Voltaire. Instead of amassing an enormous fortune, he supported himself by copying music. Instead of being surrounded by admirers and flatterers, he led a solitary life, alone with his ideas. Instead of denying the authorship of his works, and so giving an excuse to the authorities to leave him quiet, he put his name to his writings. He worked for his bread with his hands, and in his *Emile* he recommended that all boys should be taught some manual craft. Voltaire ridiculed the *gentleman carpenter* of Rousseau; but before that generation passed away, many a French nobleman had reason to lament that he had not been taught to use the saw and the plane.

If Voltaire belonged to the eighteenth century, and brought to a brilliant focus its scattered rays, Rousseau belonged more to the nineteenth. Amidst the *persiflage*, the mockery, the light and easy philosophy, of his day, he stood, "among them, but not of them, in a crowd of thoughts which were not their thoughts." This is the true explanation of his weakness and strength, and of

the intense dislike felt for him by Voltaire and his school. They belonged to their time, he to a coming time.

The eighteenth century, especially in France, was one in which nature was at its minimum and art at its maximum. All was art. But art separated from nature becomes artificial, not to say artful. Decorum was the law in morals; the *bienséances* and *convenances* ruled in society. The stage was bound by conventional rules. Poetry walked in silk attire, and made its toilette with the elaborate dignity of the *levée* of the Grand Monarque. Against all this Rousseau led the reaction, — the reaction inevitable as destiny. As art had been pushed to an extreme, so now naturalism was carried to the opposite extreme. Rousseau was the apostle of nature in all things. Children were to be educated by the methods of nature, not according to the routine of old custom. Governments were to go back to their origin in human nature; society was to be reorganized on first principles. This voice crying in the wilderness was like the trumpet of doom to the age, announcing the age to come. It laid the axe at the root of the tree. Its outcome was the French Revolution, that rushing, mighty flood, which carried away the throne, the aristocracy, the manners, laws, and prejudices of the past.

In his first great work, the work which startled Europe, Rousseau recalled man to himself. He said, "The true philosophy is to commune with one's self," — the greatest saying, thinks Henri Martin, that had been pronounced in that century. Rousseau condemned luxury, and uttered a prophetic cry of woe over the tangled perplexities of the time. "There is no longer a remedy, *unless through some great revolution, almost as much to be feared as the evil it would cure, — which it is blamable to desire, impossible to foresee.*"

"*Man is naturally good,*" says Rous-

seau. Before the frightful words "mine" and "thine" were invented, how could there have been, he asks, any vices or crimes? He denounced all slavery, all inequality, all forms of oppression. His writings were full of exaggeration, but, says the French historian, "no sooner had he opened his lips than he restored earnestness to the world." The same writer, after speaking of the faults of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, adds that nevertheless "a multitude of the letters of his Julie are masterpieces of eloquence, passion, and profundity; and the last portions are signalized by a moral purity, a wisdom of views, and a religious elevation altogether new in the France of the eighteenth century." Concerning *Emile*, he says, "It is the profoundest study of human nature in our language; it was an ark of safety, launched by Providence on the waves of skepticism and materialism. If Rousseau had been stricken out of the eighteenth century, whither, we seriously ask, would the human mind have drifted?"¹

The *Social Contract* appeared in 1762. In this work Rousseau swept away by his powerful eloquence the arguments which placed sovereignty elsewhere than in the hands of the people. This fundamental idea was the seed corn which broke from the earth in the first Revolution, and bears its ripe fruit in republican France to-day. D'Alembert, who disliked Rousseau, said of *Emile* that "it placed him at the head of all writers." The *Social Contract*, illogical and unsound in many things, yet tore down the whole frame-work of despotism. Van Laun, a more recent historian, tells us that Rousseau was a man of the people, who knew all their wants; that every vice he attacked was one that they saw really present in their midst; that he "opened the flood-gates of suppressed desires, which gushed forth, overwhelming a whole artificial world." Villemain writes that the words of Rousseau,

¹ Martin's History of France.

"descending like a flame of fire, moved the souls of his contemporaries;" and that "his books glow with an eloquence which can never pass away." Morley, to whom Rousseau is essentially antipathic, says of the Social Contract that its first words, "Man is born free, but is everywhere in chains," thrilled two continents, — that it was the gospel of the Jacobins; and the action of the convention in 1794 can only be explained by the influence of Rousseau. He taught France to believe in a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Locke had already taught this doctrine in England, where it produced no such violent outbreak, because it encountered no such glaring abuses.

Such is the striking contrast between these two greatest writers in modern French literature. It is singular to observe their instinctive antagonism in every point of belief and character. The merits of one are precisely opposite to those of the other; their faults are equally opposed.

The events of Voltaire's life have been so often told that Mr. Parton has not been able to add much to our knowledge of his biography. He was born in 1694 and died in 1778, at the age of eighty-four, though at his birth he was so feeble that those who believe that the world's progress depends on the survival of the fittest would have thought him not fit to be brought up. This was also the case with Goethe and Walter Scott. His father was a notary, and the name Arouet had that of Voltaire added to it, it being a name in his mother's family. This affix was adopted by the lad when in the Bastille, at the age of twenty-four. As a duck takes to water, so Voltaire took to his pen. In his twelfth year he wrote verses addressed to the Dauphin, which so pleased the famous courtesan Ninon de l'Enclos, then in her ninetieth year, that she left the boy a legacy of two thousand francs. He went to a Jesuits' school, and always retained

a certain liking for the Jesuits. His father wished to make him a notary, but he would "pen a stanza when he should engross;" and the usual struggles between the paternal purpose and the filial instinct ended, as usual, in the triumph of the latter. He led a wild career for a time, in the society of dissipated abbès, debauched noblemen, and women to whom pleasure was the only object. Suspected of having written a lampoon on the death of Louis XIV., he was sent to the Bastille, and came forth not only with a new name, but with literature as his aim for the rest of his life. His first play appeared on the stage in 1718, and from that time he continued to write till his death. He traveled from the *château* of one nobleman to another, pouring out his satires and sarcasms through the press; threatened by the angry rulers and priests who governed France, but always escaping by some adroit manoeuvre. In England he became a deist and a mathematician. His views of Christ and Christianity were summed up in a quatrain which may be thus translated. Speaking of Jesus, he says, —

"His actions are holy, his ethics divine;
Into hearts which are wounded he pours oil and wine.
And if, through imposture, those truths are received,
It still is a blessing to be thus deceived."

He lived many years at Cirey with the Marchioness of Châtelet; the marquis, her husband, accepting the curious relation without any objection. Then followed the still stranger episode of his residence with Frederic the Great, their love quarrels and reconciliations. After this friendship came wholly to an end, Voltaire went to live near Geneva in Switzerland, but soon bought another estate just out of Switzerland, in France, and a third a short distance away, in the territory of another power. Thus, if threatened in one state, he could easily pass into another. Here he lived and worked till the close of his life, an untiring writer. He was a man of infi-

nite wit, kind-hearted, with little malignity of any sort, wishing in the main to do good. His violent attacks upon Christianity can be explained by the fact of the corruptions of the church which were around him. The church of France in that day, in its higher circles, was a persecuting church, yet without faith; greedy for wealth, living in luxury, careless of the poor, and well deserving the attacks of Voltaire. That he could not look deeper and see the need of religious institutions of a better sort was his misfortune.

Mr. Parton, though not as philosophic a writer as John Morley, has given

us a standard work of great value. If he is disposed to excuse, or defend, or ignore some of the defects of his hero, that failing, as we have intimated before, leans to the side of biographical virtue. In a careful reading, we have met only a few errors.

This work is a store-house of facts for the history of Voltaire and his time. We do not think it will materially alter the judgment pronounced on him by such critics as Carlyle, Morley, and the majority of French writers in our day. He was a shining light in his age, but that age has gone by, and can never return.

James Freeman Clarke.

WARD'S ENGLISH POETS.¹

AN excursion through eight or ten centuries of verse is an undertaking like the circumnavigation of the globe; the space to be traversed is so great that it takes a life-time to make the way familiar. The mariner on shore, as he retraces his course in memory from island to cape, is mindful chiefly of the great way-marks of nature. No navigator finds a new course to the antipodes, or deviates with advantage from the ocean highways.

The long succession of English poems, so diverse in thought and style, gives a bewildering impression at the outset, and it is only by a great effort that they can be grasped and contemplated in a mass. Few persons can hope to be equally familiar with every portion; but as in the world of nature, so in the lesser world of art, the main features are immutably established. The great poets are the natural centres of groups; they are as fixed as mountains. No one

questions the rank of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. After naming these, we go back and locate in proper order (and in smaller characters) Ben Jonson, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. And then we can add a great number of lesser magnitude, some of whom are as much beloved as their great brethren, and perhaps more generally read.

Historically viewed, the epochs are clearly divided. At the beginning we can observe on the one hand the alliterative verse of the Anglo-Saxons, and on the other the rude rhymes of the minstrels and *trouvères*. We see the two currents of speech and of art, each rough and unpleasing alone, meeting and swelling at the time of Gower, Langland, and Chaucer. We see the perfected speech and the perfected art in the *Færie Queene*. Later, we see the rise of the drama, and the appearance of that

¹ *The English Poets*. Selections, with Critical Introductions by various writers, and a General Introduction by MATTHEW ARNOLD. Edited by

THOMAS HUMPHRY WARD, M. A. Four vols. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

alpine group of poets surrounding and heightening the grandeur of the sky-pointing Shakespeare. Passing by Milton, we observe the decline of imagination first shown in Dryden and still more conspicuous in Pope, with whom sense and wit with ease and grace were the accepted substitutes for poetic fire. The revolution against that formal school, led by Wordsworth, has taken place almost within our time; and the later history of poetry, perhaps as glorious as that of any period, is familiar to all modern readers.

English poetry covers an enormous space, and in spite of areas of dullness it is probably as a whole superior in all high qualities to that of any modern nation. The poetry of Italy and of Spain ended not long after the Middle Ages. Since the Reformation, no great poems have appeared in any but Protestant countries. The poetry of Germany is scarcely more than a century old, — Goethe and Schiller, as they were the first, so they are almost the last of the great German poets, — and that of France, brilliant and finished as it is in some respects, is wholly wanting in the subtle, unnamed quality which characterizes the chief works of British as well as of ancient classical authors.

We welcome every conscientious attempt to illustrate the history of English verse, and to give an appreciative estimate of the work of each bard. The labors of cyclopædists and collectors of anthologies bring forgotten traits to light, and enable us to take a broader and completer view of the most precious of our intellectual possessions. No perfect collection exists, either in the form of catalogue or anthology. Warton is a mine for antiquaries alone. Johnson's *Lives* are entertaining, but his judgments are not trustworthy, because the great author was totally destitute of the poetic sense. Chambers's useful work is marred by bad taste and by inexcusable carelessness. Countless volumes of *Elegant*

Extracts only testify that our poetical literature is too vast and many-sided for the grasp of any one man.

It is not the man of highest genius that will make the most valuable collection for general use. Emerson's *Parnassus* is best only for Emersonian readers. Think what an anthology we should have from Browning! — great in many respects, doubtless, but confined to a limited tract of human thought and experience. Imagine, on the other hand, what a gay and melodious collection we might have had from Tom Moore!

Perhaps a creator of verse could not be the best collector. The task would appear to call rather for a man of refined perception, general reading, and wide sympathies. It is only a truism to say that no earnest lover of poetry ever examined an anthology without feeling that he could have bettered it. He might be grateful for new light here and there, but he would be sure to resent the omission of favorite poems, and to deplore the lack of appreciation of favorite poets. It must be frankly admitted, therefore, that the student who has gone over the field of English poetry for himself will take up a new work like this with some caution, not to say distrust. It is impossible that his attitude should be other than critical.

Mr. Ward's collection appears to have been made by the collaboration of a literary senate. No fewer than twenty different names are signed to the biographical and critical introductions. The greater number were written by Edmund W. Gosse. The best known of the writers are Matthew Arnold, Professor Skeat, Goldwin Smith, and Mark Pattison. These little essays embody the latest results of literary research, and are for that reason, if for no other, extremely valuable. They are also well written, in the main, and have a uniform high seriousness, as if the tone had been taken in concert. There are occasional blemishes, as where a writer calls Her-

rick "a pagan and a hedonist." The jolly parson was no doubt intensely Greek in feeling, and a lover of pleasure; but there was no need to ransack the dictionary to find an epithet. This is part of the influence of Taine on the rising critics, — the attempting to epitomize a character in one dashing phrase. There are evident marks of care in most of these prefaces, but their value to readers will depend upon the interest felt in the several subjects.

This brings us to consider whether all the poems and extracts gathered in these volumes are worthy of preservation. An anthology, a collection of blossoms, should have the best specimens, all the best, and only the best. The only latitude allowed the collector is in respect to the varying standards of excellence in the successive centuries. Gower was satisfied with verses that we find harsh and dry. We may agree with the editor and his senate that Gower should be represented; we only stipulate that he shall be represented in due perspective from this century, and not as he appeared to admirers in his own time.

In this view we must consider that too much space has been allowed to the early poets, Chaucer excepted. Considered in themselves, and omitting for the time the historical connection, the poems of Lydgate and Occleve, as well as "the morall Gower," have very little interest for any readers. These poets of the old dispensation are to be preserved by the literary annalist; they should not have more than twenty dreary lines apiece in an anthology.

There is another class of so-called poets; which should have been excluded on another ground. We refer to the writers in Scotch and other Northern dialects between the age of Chaucer and that of Spenser. It is an English anthology that is offered to us, and it does not matter that Scotland is now a part of the kingdom; because the same

is true of Ireland, Wales, and the Isle of Man. We are to trace the current of English speech and of English poetry back through legitimate channels; we do not preserve the dialectic offshoots. No part of our poetical lineage is derived from Douglas or Dunbar. The time was when many contemporaneous forms of speech prevailed in the island; but it was settled at a comparatively early period which of them was to be developed into the national language. The influences that led to the predominance of London were decisive against the Northern variations. Says John of Trevisa, in the fourteenth century, "Al the longage of the Northumbres, and specialych at York, ys so scharp, slytting and frotyng, and unshape, that we Southeron men may that longage unnethe [*scarcely*] understonde. Y trowe that this ys bycause a buth [*they are*] nygh to strange men and aliens that speketh strangelych, and also by cause that the Kinges of Engeland woneth [*are used to dwell*] alway fer fram that contray: For a buth [*they are*] more yturnd to the south contray; and gef a goth [*if they go*] to the north contray, a goth with gret help and strength. The cause why a buth [*they are*] more in the south contray than in the north may be betre cornlond, more people, more noble cytes and more profytable havenes."

The Act of Union could not be retroactive; it could not annex the uncouth dialect of the North, nor make Englishmen heirs of Scottish tradition. The Scotch dialect blossomed in Burns, and as a literary medium may be said to have ended with him. The old speech still haunts the rural firesides, but it is doomed to extinction. That Scotchmen should have a living interest in their royal Jamie, and in other Northern poets cited in this work, is not strange; but to Englishmen they are foreign. Perhaps they could be tolerated if they were brilliant, or even mildly interesting, but they are worse than uncouth; they are

dull. It is with a gatherer of flowers that we are dealing, and we have a right to object to thistles.

Chaucer is to be mastered only by patient study; but when his style has become familiar, what scenes are open to our view! The England of that day lives eternally in his pages. Piers Plowman also repays the student an hundred fold; but the same cannot be said of the other poets before Spenser. In Morley's invaluable *Tables* the names may be seen ranged at the top of their life-lines; and the records of their works stand like sepulchral memorials. A literary historian may consult them; a philologist or grammarian may find kernels of use in their barren pages; but no other man will have patience with their whistling, croaking verse.

Between Chaucer and Spenser there were two poets only in whom the reading public retains an interest, — Wyatt and Surrey. The judgment of Taine in this respect was right: "Must we quote all these good people, who speak without having anything to say?"

It will be impossible, as it would be undesirable, to go over the volumes in detail. We will say in general that the editors have been liberal and tolerant, and the list of poets is considerably larger, we think, than any American scholar would have made it; that is to say, there are specimens in the volumes which are not truly poetical, and scarcely worth preserving.

That Sidney was in many respects a man of vivid genius is undeniable; but it is Sir Philip, the peerless knight and the lamented hero of Zutphen, rather than the sonneteer and the Arcadian romancer, of whom mankind have such a fond remembrance. It seems to us that the merits of his verse are somewhat overstrained in Miss Ward's delightful essay. He uses our tongue with manly vigor, and makes thought at once eloquent and melodious; but it is an intellectual fire that we observe. The son-

nets are classic in form, and the lines show frequently a mastery of expression; but they move us no more than a Latin epitaph. It is pleasant, though, to see the enthusiasm of the lady who has had charge of the memory of the immortal youth; and we must applaud the effect produced by her able sketch and the accompanying specimens, albeit they are rather numerous in comparison with those given of much greater men.

The great brotherhood of dramatists that preceded and surrounded Shakespeare are generally well treated; but the estimate of the great bard himself is far more satisfying. The essayist, Professor Dowden, has confined himself mainly to the elucidation of the sonnets and of the *Venus and Adonis*. It is true, there is great difficulty in presenting extracts from plays; but an essayist who offers to us his views upon Shakespeare as a poet, and omits all reference to the mines of golden ore in his dramas, appears to have thrown away his most valuable material.

Milton, of all the "tuneful choir," is shown with most art and with most splendor of effect. The selections are numerous, as they should be, and are unquestionably the best. The introductory essay, by Mark Pattison, author of the life of Milton in Morley's series, *English Men of Letters*, considering its limits, is beyond comparison the ablest and most thorough presentation of the merits of our great Puritan poet yet made. It is a model of good taste, and is full of valuable suggestions upon the subject of poetic art. The singular perfection of this essay — the power of clear thinking and clear statement, as well as the exquisite perception of beauty which it shows — makes us regret that an author so admirably fitted for literary criticism had not been assigned a larger share in the work.

The second volume contains fewer great names, and less poetry of the highest order. From the time of Mil-

ton there is a period of gradual decline; but the lack of strength is almost made up by the affluence of beauty, the charm of sentiment, and the sparkle of wit. Dryden's stately music, the pastorals of Wither, the songs of Carew, most refined of lovers, and of Herrick, steeped in sentimental languor, yet striking the British harp with the sure hand of a Greek, the delicate fancies of Suckling, the manly dignity of Lovelace, the quaint conceits of holy George Herbert, and the masculine energy of Donne, — these are treasures of which any people might be proud. They are peculiarly English; and the literature of no other nation is so rich in poetry of this order, — not great, not heroic, not world famous, but delightful and inexhaustible.

In the third volume there are a few eminent names, Pope, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns being the chief. It also contains a number that are historical, and for that reason demand mention, and not a few that might have been advantageously omitted from a work like this. For the mere pleasure of reading no one will take up such writers of verse as William Walsh, Sir Samuel Garth, Allan Ramsay, John Armstrong, William Somerville, Matthew Green, John Byrom, Richard Glover, Mark Akenside, Christopher Smart, Thomas Warton, and others that might be named. No one will read Dr. Johnson's ponderous heroics or the filth of Dean Swift more than once.

The Scotch seem to be well represented in Mr. Ward's senate, and there is a superfluity of their Bœotian verse. The specimens of Robert Fergusson, for instance, must have been brought in, we suppose, as a kind of Ollendorff's exercises in the Northern *patois*. There is no other reason apparent. By constantly referring to the foot-notes the sense of the lines can be gathered, and when that is done the utter absence of poetry is manifest.

We must repeat that our interest in

the greater number of eighteenth-century poets is purely due to the historical continuity. People read Addison's *Blenheim* to see of what wretched verse the author of perfect prose could be guilty. They must give some study to the rhymed eloquence of Pope, the royal dwarf who lorded it over all the wits and poets of his time, and whose influence reached far beyond his century. They will skim over the moral platitudes of Young, the Tupper of his age, and smile at their affected inversions, — as if a prose sentence became poetical by turning it inside out.

Of the memoirs in the third volume, the best, incomparably, is that of Collins, by Algernon Swinburne. It is brief, far too brief, and it is itself almost a poem. It is such an estimate as none but a poet could have made, and its illustrations, drawn from the poetic painters of modern landscapes, — such as Corot and Millet, — are suggestive of ideas and feelings that elude any direct expression. This little essay, so instinct with feeling and so rich in color, is in vivid contrast with the perfunctory style of some other writers in the same volume.

Matthew Arnold's memoir of Gray is one of the longest, and is on the whole unsatisfactory. It would seem that the author is not quite settled in his own mind as to the genius of Gray, and he accompanies himself with inharmonic quotations from all sorts of people. The best parts of the essay are those that treat of the varied learning and acquirements of the poet. The selections include nearly every poem of value. Mark Pattison's essay upon Pope is able and decisive. It is invaluable to the student, as it presents the literary history of the century in a just and clear light. Mr. Ward, the editor, furnishes the memoir of Cowper, which is pleasant and appreciative. Goldsmith is perhaps too lightly estimated by Professor Dowden. Burns is reviewed by an able writer, Dr.

Service; and though, after the matchless essay of Carlyle, all other judgments must appear cold and inadequate, still in this modest introduction the character of the people's poet and the traits of his genius are well set forth. William Blake, artist and poet, is sympathetically treated by J. Comyns Carr.

As we come to the end we have a feeling of disappointment, because the great poets who are still living are excluded. A volume of modern poetry in which we do not find Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Morris, Rossetti, and Aubrey De Vere can hardly be satisfactory to American readers. Some of the best of nineteenth-century poets are singing yet. Some of the dead are omitted that deserve mention, and some are treated with unreasonable severity. Macaulay was not a great poet, but his Roman ballads are fully as good as the poems of Præd, or Tennant, or Mrs. Hemans. The tone in which that learned and powerful writer is mentioned is almost contemptible. It sounds like a tory strain, or perhaps is caught from the prevailing but unacknowledged feeling of Oxford against Cambridge. Horace Smith was not a great poet, either, but his Hymn to the Flowers will be remembered after many of the minor poems in these volumes have been forgotten.

In the last volume the disadvantages of having memoirs and estimates by different hands are painfully apparent. The separate judgments do not accord. Sir Henry Taylor has much to say of Southey, whose Oriental temples and domes of gilded words are as far as possible from poetic creations. His Battle of Blenheim, with its parrot-like refrain "For 't was a famous victory," his quaint address To a Spider, and his Stanzas Written in My Library comprise about all the poetry he ever wrote. Mr. J. A. Symonds presents Lord Byron to us as a splendid genius, with some faults, to be sure, and calls his

Don Juan one of the great poems of the century; and the dean of St. Paul's, R. W. Church, properly exalts Wordsworth as the great philosophical poet of our times. That these views are totally discordant it needs no argument to show. Between Wordsworth and Byron the distance is as great as between Gabriel and Mephistopheles, — between the peddler of the Excursion and Byron's Lara. Of the article on Wordsworth it may be said that it is a well-reasoned and a correct statement by a careful and finished writer; but it cannot for a moment be compared with the essay by Lowell upon the same subject. In Lowell's vigorous, allusive, and ornate sentences there are thoughts and images beyond the power of any but a highly poetical mind.

The characterization of Coleridge, by Walter H. Pater, is at once acute and felicitous. In the quality of pure imagination Coleridge ranks among the first of poets, and his psychological studies gave him a singular insight into the labyrinths of human feeling. All this is clearly reasoned and charmingly expressed. The illustrations of his imaginative power cited in the essay are numerous and to the point.

Landor is treated by Lord Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes) at considerable length. Concerning this great man and great genius it may be said that no poems of any age are more completely "caviare to the general" than his. They are pure as crystals, fine cut as antique cameos, but wanting in human interest, because addressed to the intellectual faculties, and never to the emotional nature.

Matthew Arnold's essay upon Keats shows the critic in his liveliest vein. The biographical portion is somewhat discursive, but it affords a vivid picture of the man; and in the critical estimate the qualities of his genius and his place among England's noblest poets are clearly shown.

The admirers of Shelley will be pleased to notice the ample space given to the most ethereal, most poetical, of poets. The selections are admirable, as is natural; for how could any one possessed of the least taste go amiss? The essay, which, if not thoroughly critical, is lucid, appreciative, and interesting, is by Frederic W. H. Myers.

But it will be impossible to notice the separate articles in detail. There is evidence throughout of careful study and of a spirit of fairness; and if the whole impression is in some respects confusing, it is because entire unity is impossible in the work of so many laborers. The focal distance varies in the optical instruments of different observers. In some few instances space seems to have been wasted, as in the pages given to Thomas Peacock and T. L. Beddoes. It is difficult to consider such verses classic or even interesting. In other instances the difficulty appears to be in making quotation serve any fair purpose. This is so with regard to Mrs. Browning, an author whose power is undeniable, but not exerted in short, single impulses. The just impression of her poetry is to be obtained only by continuous reading. *Vires acquirit eundo.*

On the whole, it should be said that the bringing together of so many fine and thoughtful essays by so many different writers, animated by similar high purposes and finished with such literary art, is something that inspires a hearty admiration for the intellectual resources of the mother country.

We have reserved our remarks upon the Historical Introduction for the last. Such an essay may be likened to the portico of a building, and it should be appropriate in every sense to the main structure. The author, Matthew Arnold, has endeared himself to this generation by his liberal views and his generous sympathy with everything tending to elevate and refine mankind. His

mind exhibits in full fruition the effects wrought by poetry in a serene, lovely spirit and a noble humanity. It is natural that in a work of coöperation like this he should have a prominent place. The historian begins with the Provençal poetry, dwells with some emphasis upon Chaucer, passes by Spenser and Shakespeare, dismisses Milton with a word, states the cases of Dryden and Pope, glances at Gray, expatiates at some length upon Burns (who is not an English poet), and then suddenly ends. The retrospect is rapid and erratic, and leaves a painful sense of incompleteness, not to say of irrelevancy. It is a survey of only rare portions of the field, and is not founded upon any philosophical view of the eras of development. We must add that, in the preliminary discussion upon the vital essence of poetry, he has almost wholly missed the mark. A specimen of verse might be accurately described in the terms he employs which should yet be destitute of poetry. The best statement is that in poetry "thought and art are one." He tells us that poetry "has a mark, an accent, of high beauty and power." What the mark or accent is he does not state. He quotes Aristotle as saying that poetry as compared with history is characterized by "higher truth and a higher seriousness." To this truth and seriousness, he says, must be added the charm of "diction and movement." When he comes to give instances, he refers rather pleonastically to Chaucer's "divine liquidness of diction and divine fluidity of movement." He dwells lingeringly on the line,

"O martyr soulded in virginitee,"

the rhythm of which is not superior to hundreds that could be quoted from the great bard. But the supreme instance he gives of the high poetic accent is a line of Dante, which he quotes three times: —

"In la sua voluntade è nostra pace."

If nothing more can be said to show

the inherent quality of poetry than is set down in this Historical Introduction, and if there are no more signal instances of the sublime and beautiful in English verse than are here cited, then the labors of critics have been vain, and this anthology is a waste of labor.

The reader, we think, will recognize the fact that the great element which Mr. Arnold has overlooked is imagination. Doubtless he has the limitations of other critics, and feels what he does not adequately express. We are willing to believe this; otherwise, poetry with him, like the unvitalized religion satirized by St. Paul, would be like "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

Against these vague and disappointing definitions we will set some sentences from Mr. Pattison's essay: "Milton, like all poets of the first order, knew, or rather felt, that human action or passion is the only subject of poetry. This is no mere conventional rule, established by the critics or by custom; it rests upon the truth that poetry must be the vehicle of emotion. Poetry is an address to the feelings and imagination, not to the judgment and the understanding. The world and its cosmic processes, or nature and natural scenery, are in themselves only objects of science. They become matter for the poet only after they have become im-

pregnated with the joys and distresses, the hopes and fears, of man. . . . Descriptive poetry is in fact a contradiction in terms. . . . To exhibit in space is the privilege of the arts of design. Poetry, whose instrument is language, involves succession in time, and can only present that which comes to pass under one of its two forms, action or passion."

"Milton was in possession of this secret, . . . in virtue of the intensity of human passion which glowed in his bosom; . . . the imagery is there not for its own sake; it is the vehicle of the personal feelings of the Man."

"The Addison-Johnson criticism, which regarded a poem as made up of images and propositions in verse, could not teach the truth. So the poets went to work to describe scenery. And our collections are filled with verse, didactic and descriptive, which, with many merits of style and thought, has no title to rank as poetry."

This sound doctrine and its corollaries should have been placed at the beginning, and should have guided the selections and comments throughout. But, with all drawbacks, we are bound to say that this collection of English poetry is by far the best which has been made within similar limits. The reading public will be grateful for such care and taste as the work displays.

Francis H. Underwood.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

APPRECIATION is the life-breath of all art. Without it the poet fails to sing at his best, and the actor repeats his text coldly. But applause in the wrong places is worse than none at all, since it encourages bad taste and mediocrity. I was struck with the extraordinary humor of the audience that recently witnessed the first representation

of Daniel Rochat in Boston. A Boston audience is not, as a rule, enthusiastic, but it is keenly appreciative. Though the silence may be unbroken, the actor is assured that he is receiving a rare kind of intelligent attention. A famous tragedian once told me that he would rather act in Boston than in any city in the world, though a less demonstrative

audience was not to be found anywhere. Knowing this, I was rather surprised, on the opening night of Sardou's comedy, by the frequent rounds of applause that greeted the play. Without plot or situations in the stage sense, Daniel Rochat is as thrilling as a skillful melodrama; it is absorbingly interesting from the first scene to the last, and there are passages in it that cannot be too warmly applauded. But imagine a Boston audience skipping these places, and applauding to the skies the brutally atheistical vagaries of Daniel Rochat! One would have said, A theatre full of atheists! Yet there was probably not a man nor a woman among the spectators who would not have been shocked by the charge. The honors of the evening were divided between the cynical and satanic Dr. Bidache and the great orator who held that God was an exploded idea fit for children. The cleverness with which the two rôles were sustained does not explain the matter, and no other explanation offers itself. It was simply an inexplicable case of applause in the wrong places. Another instance of a like nature, though not so curious, is furnished me by a correspondent:—

Stormy applause was excited in several of our large cities by Signor Campanini's performance in the third act of *La Favorita*, which, however, as an impersonation, was a gross blunder. Everybody who has seen Campanini in the opera of *Carmen* must acknowledge the talent and power of his acting Don José, which gains terrible force in the explosion of jealousy when he is forced to leave the gypsy Carmen among the contrabandists, after his rival the *to-reador* has found out her retreat. The darkening hue, the swollen throat, the bursting veins, every look, tone, motion, betrayed the conflict between the last emotion of filial love and piety and all the brutal passions; when the good angel momentarily triumphs, one feels that the man has been torn to pieces in

the struggle, and will fall an easy prey to the demons who are still waiting to seize him. The conception was perfectly true to the character and the circumstances; there was but one adverse criticism to be made,—it was too violent and realistic for the lyric stage. In the *Favorita* everything is different: the scene, instead of being a mountain pass, is a palace; the *dramatis personæ* are a king, a great lady, a young officer who has been brought up in a monastery, grandees, and courtiers; there is not even jealousy, — only undeception and despair. In the libretto, which is by Scribe, the situation is risky enough, when a subject tears off the decoration, breaks the sword, and refuses the bride which have been bestowed upon him by his sovereign, in the royal presence and full court. Only the most dignified and self-restrained bearing renders the action dramatically possible. Campanini stamped, bellowed, flung Leonora about, and shook his fists in the king's face. At his first gesture the guards should have dragged him out of sight. Yet audiences who ought to have known better clapped, shouted, rose to their feet, and had him out before the curtain two or three times. How is Campanini to know better?

— I am not a lover of biography, but I feel sure that I should enjoy more of this literature if it were better in its kind. Without being prepared to define the ideal biography, I have arrived at some notion of what the best biography is not. In the first place, it is not too long; most Lives are too long by half, or at least one third. Biographers appear to grow too fond of their labor, and put in much of what were better left out. No incident or trait is too trivial to insert which in any real sense helps to reveal the man, but much of what goes to swell the pages of the ordinary biography is there only because the writer of it has fancied that, his subject being a great or notable person,

nothing that he said or did could be without interest. Biographers are often without the sense of proportion; they seem impelled by a mistaken conscientiousness to put in everything they know, rather than to sift and resift their material until what remains is of real value. Take the life of Baroness Bunsen: a third of those fat volumes might have been done away with, and we should know her equally well. After learning that she and her husband were on terms of intimate acquaintance with distinguished persons of all sorts, and having read in Madame Bunsen's Diary that she dined to-day with this one, and yesterday with that one, what profit is there in reading pages full of the same mere brief mention, when, as in many cases, nothing of conversation is recorded?

Lives of literary men are perhaps least interesting, for the reason that we already have the best of them in their writings; but there are of course exceptional cases of marked individualities, where a knowledge of the man's private life is a most useful supplement to and commentary upon his written utterances. Lives of Shelley and Byron are numerous, but we hardly feel that we know everything about them yet. I often have a feeling, when reading memoirs, that the unfortunate subject of inquiry and discussion would decidedly object to such dissection of his private self, if he could have a voice in the matter, and it hardly seems an excuse for taking the liberty with him that he cannot possibly prevent our doing so. It is a consolation for being an entire non-entity that the world will not be concerned to take possession of and pull one to pieces after one is gone, to ascertain judiciously what manner of man one was. Our curiosity may be natural, but I am not sure it is quite justifiable, to know all that can be known about dead notabilities. I suppose there will be a Life of George Eliot forthcoming, but I, for

myself, am willing to forego all the information it may contain, for I am certain that she would have intensely disliked such personal scrutiny. If biographies must be written, however, they ought to be done by competent hands, for a superficial account of a man or woman is sure to be an untrue one. The friend chosen to write the life of another because of his superior opportunities for knowing his subject intimately may in reality know less of him than another man who, with slighter familiar acquaintance, has had a keener insight into the character before him.

— Why do not our preachers study oratory? As preachers, not pastors, their business is to work a certain effect, and all helps to its production it should be a part of their education to learn. I presume I shall not be misunderstood to mean the effect of displaying self, and winning admiration for personal gifts. What the true preacher seeks to do is to inform the intellect with Christian truth; to stir the heart, and thereby influence the will, of his hearers. Half the sermons annually preached are, so far as human insight goes, a waste of labor and breath. Two things partly account for this: one is that a majority of the men set to preach are out of their real vocation, — good pastors they may be, but fit preachers they are not; another is that those with more aptitude for preaching do not yet understand the means to be employed to attain their object. Being of a clerical stock myself, I have become observant and critical in this matter. I am free to confess that most sermons bore me. By the way, it is a very convenient though not a seemly fashion the English have of walking coolly out of church at sermon-time, when disinclined to listen. I have seen a British yeoman leave his seat in the choir of Salisbury Cathedral, and walk deliberately out, with his spurs clanking over the marble floor in front of his bishop's pulpit. The

dullness of the average English sermon surpasses ours, and perhaps excuses these misdemeanors. It is not the length of a sermon that can overcome me, provided it be of good quality, but the incapacity of the preacher for his task often distresses and depresses the soul. How many a worthy man proceeds comfortably through his lifeless discourse, satisfied that such truths as he has to utter must of themselves carry conviction home! Sometimes the preacher has some conception of the needs of human nature, and knows that the truest truths fail to move when put before men in a dull, dry way; perhaps he does his best to acquire a good style, and succeeds in making an ably-written discourse. But when he comes into his pulpit to give it to his people, where is the impression it should produce? What becomes of his choice words, his considered sentences? There they lie upon the page he holds: he proceeds to read them. Why do they fail of any result? It is for want of delivery, of the oratorical art of making mere words "tell." His faithful effort goes for little; he seems to his hearers to be reading something to them, as he is, — not to be speaking to them from the heart. All this was exemplified in a sermon I heard a Sunday or two ago. The preacher's thoughtful, earnest discourse was too essay-like in style, and full of those long sentences which give the listener's attention excuse for wandering; but at the last he dropped his paper, and went on with an extempore addition to his sermon, as fervent as it was unpremeditated. He spoke of the truth of revelation proving itself to the individual conscience, of the inward witness for heavenly things.

"Now, while my voice is speaking to you, you hear another Voice," he said, in an awed undertone. For a moment the congregation seemed verily listening for the Voice, so hushed was the church. "Suppose that now, while I were speaking," the preacher went on in the same

tone, "before I had finished what I have to say, the time of judgment were come, the roof of this church were lifted, and the heavens opened above you: you would be the judges of your own selves, and know your places on the right hand or on the left." It was not the words alone that startled the congregation into perfect silence, but the preacher's voice, his look, his gesture, the sense that the things he spoke of were vivid realities. He had no notion of making an oratorical effect, but unconsciously he had wrought one. A little more of the orator's instinct or training would have made him stop just there, without another word; but alas, he continued for five minutes longer, and brought his hearers down from the heavens to the ordinary level before he ceased. A man with no gift for extempore speaking, and who is obliged to write out his discourse in full, may yet give it the air of a true *sermo*, and gain all the advantage which a talk, a speech, must always have over anything that is merely read.

— It seems to me that in his wonderful Jeanne d'Arc picture Le Page has committed a blunder. The spectator of sensibility likes to be credited with some power of imagination, and the imagination left to itself is certainly able to furnish a less definite, but more powerfully effective, picture of the vision that inspired the hero-hearted peasant girl than any pictorial representation like this of the mailed woman and the mourning shapes attendant. Nor are these necessary in order to inform us of the precise moment of her life when we see her. The face tells all. Next to the face one notices the attitude; without grace, the figure has yet that fine poise with which rustic women so often hold themselves, and the steady limbs, the fallen hand, and the one that has unconsciously grasped the tree twig are in harmony with the unbeautiful but glorified peasant countenance. Except the figure, the coloring seems to me horribly bad,

the grass untrue and sickly in tone, and the foliage having that spotty distinctness which real trees never have. But that face is such a triumph of art! It is a picture one is not content to look at and admire,—one wants to own it; but I am not sure that if it were mine I should not be tempted to cut out the figure, and frame it by itself alone.

—I suppose the world of literary people may be somewhat roughly divided into clever, cultured, and intellectual persons, though of course any two, or all three, adjectives may sometimes apply to one individual. Yet how commonly the words are confounded, and the different terms, which do express real differences of mental faculty, bestowed at random, not only upon authors of note but upon any man or woman supposed to be given to books! I often think of a little story Mrs. Gaskell tells of Charlotte Brontë when at school. The girls were talking of Dr. Johnson, and some of them spoke of him as clever. Charlotte objected to the epithet, saying, "He has not a bit of *cleveralty* in him." Her comrades, who were one and all incapable of appreciating the distinction she drew between cleverness and other kinds of mental power, unanimously pounced upon her for making use of such a self-made, un-English word as "*cleveralty*." Of course Charlotte knew what the proper word was, but happening to lose it at the moment, in the eagerness of discussion she coined a very good substitute. People who do not read at all find "literary" their word of good command for all those who know a little more than they do. Persons in the habit of reading books of a good character—a commendable habit, whether or not they enter into them with a perfect intelligence—are fond of the term "intellectual," which they generously apply to any one whose reading they know extends a little farther or goes a little deeper than theirs. I have myself been called "clever," "literary," and "intellectual,"

to my mingled amusement and annoyance; the first adjective being specially absurd, as, in Charlotte Brontë's words, I have n't a bit of cleveralty in me. It shows how easily reputations are gained, even when they have been rather avoided than sought. Atlantic readers have perhaps heard of the lady who invited a gentleman to her house to "meet some minds,"—the only word she thought comprehensive enough to characterize her select circle of the initiated in literature. So far am I from being a "mind" that I confess the precise meaning of the word "intellectual" only lately defined itself to me, and that by the aid of another. Speaking of a young lady, not of my acquaintance, whose acquirements I knew to be rather uncommon, she having pursued linguistic studies farther than many men into the Hebrew, Sanskrit, Anglo-Saxon, etc., I inconsiderately called her intellectual. "No, she is not intellectual," replied my friend, who knew the young lady tolerably well. "What is she, then?" "A young woman with a taste for study, brought up under the influence of an intellectual man." "And an intellectual person is—what?" "One who thinks for himself, uses his own intellect to some purpose." My friend's definition reduces the number of intellectual people considerably, but no doubt he is right. That reading does not necessarily make a cultivated person is a truth not generally apparent, even to conscientious readers who suppose themselves to be going through a process of cultivation. There is comparatively small pleasure in talking of books and subjects connected with literature with an uncultured person, however he may be in the habit of reading; while in the presence of cultivated men or women almost the first word reveals that their reading has been assimilated and become a part of their mental substance, so to speak, and there is felt at once a common ground to move upon, an unspoken understanding of each other's

point of view. A circle of a dozen or two of ladies meet together for the diligent improvement of their minds, and an outsider may see that, so far as true culture is concerned, the ladies are no further advanced at the end of the year than at the beginning. They have read a number of books, gained considerable information of one sort or another, and enjoyed the occupation more or less, and yet have not exercised their own reflective powers; they have paid exclusive attention, perhaps, to the subject matter of the volumes, and neglected the form, the purely literary qualities, which to the man of culture are nearly as important as the substance. I suppose, however, that the literary instinct, the capacity for culture, is largely a gift of nature; it may be entirely such.

It is noticeable that while cleverness and culture, or culture and intellect, often go together, it is rare to find what we call cleverness in company with strong intellectual power.

— A curious instance of the ease with which taxation of personal property may be evaded came lately under my notice in one of the Western States. A firm of capitalists requested a lawyer to draw a legal instrument which would enable them to lend money on the security of land, and be at the same time entirely free from any liability for local taxes on the secured debt. By the plan he devised the mortgagor shifts his legal status into that of tenant for a term of years and prospective purchaser; the mortgagee shifts his into that of landlord and vendor. The money-lender receives a deed instead of a mortgage. This is of course recorded. The borrower receives a lease of the land at a yearly rent equal to the annual interest on the sum received for purchase money. Embodied in the same instrument is a contract for sale, by which the landlord agrees to convey the land to the tenant at the expiration of the lease on receipt of the same sum for which he bought it of him, and further

a clause whereby the tenant agrees to *pay all the taxes* assessed on the property during his term. If there are any buildings on the land the usual insurance clause may be inserted. There is also the usual covenant for repairs, etc., to be made by the tenant. Immediate possession is given; indeed, the possession of the borrower is not interrupted. The gist of the transaction is exactly the same as if money were borrowed and a mortgage given in security, but by the ingenious changes in the usual legal phraseology the vexed question whether the lender can be compelled to pay taxes on the mortgage as personal property is definitely settled in the negative.

This means of evading the taxation of mortgages has been submitted to the scrutiny of the highest legal talent, and has been pronounced safe and effectual. One would suppose that the original owner of the land would be reluctant to part with the title, but experience proves that a man who is ready to sign a mortgage does not hesitate to sign a deed; and after all, his rights in the land are as secure in one case as in the other. They depend on the repayment of a certain sum of money, whether it is denominated purchase money or principal. His lease and contract must be foreclosed before his "equity of redemption" is terminated. As a fact, a great deal of money has been lent on this form of landed security. The chance of any question arising between two state governments is avoided, as well as the liability of the tenant to double taxation; for his leasehold interest is plainly an imperfect title to land on which the taxes have already been paid. The capitalist is of course protected by the tax receipts from any claim on the part of the State.

Thus, if we admit that mortgages are rightly subject to taxation, a mere change of names, without the slightest change in the essential relations between the borrower, the lender, and the security,

renders them exempt. Such a *reductio ad absurdum* proves the soundness of the position that property ought to be taxed, not the evidences of it. Notes, bonds, mortgages, stock certificates, etc., are in the last analysis merely documentary proof that some one else has your property, and the presumption is that the possessor has been taxed to support the legal machinery which insures him peaceable possession of it. The same ingenious legal fictions might be applied to all of these forms of personal property. A note merely proves that some one has hired your money; a certificate of stock that a stranger has possession of your part of a railroad. Why should they not pay for the law which defends them, not you, against thieves, deadheads, or rioters? At all events, two assessments should not be levied on the same subject matter. If you invoke the aid of the law, it is for the purpose of regaining possession, and then *you pay the costs*, and afterwards you pay the taxes on the property itself, if you are so fortunate as to obtain it. If state taxation were based on the "essential nature of things" ingenious legal subterfuges would be of no avail to avoid it, the demoralizing temptation to resort to them would be removed, and the burden of supporting our state establishment would be more equally distributed.

— As a contribution to the discussion on the relative position of married women in Germany and in America, I would propose to offer the testimony of an extremely intelligent German lady. After living for some years in America she expressed to me her opinion that the condition of a married woman in America was altogether better than in Germany. The Germans made excellent lovers, *gemüthlich* and *schwärmerisch*;

they were excellent in society, capital at moonlight sieges of windows and serenades. But once married, the former obsequious lover became bearish and careless. This and much more corresponded closely with the delineation given by the clever Englishwoman in Fraser's Magazine, and afterwards republished in a volume.

But it is not necessary to seek for such testimony: the Germans have themselves given in their literature all the evidence requisite. No one can be familiar with the German novels of the day without seeing indicated on every page the humiliating position accorded to women in Germany. Take Auerbach, for example, whose pictures of life and character in rural Germany are held by his fellow countrymen to be most accurate. His *Barfuessele* is the history of a girl of uncommon force of character and intellect: the position which she is compelled from first to last to accept relatively to her guardians, her lover and his parents, is one which no American country girl, however poor and friendless, would accept or be expected to. In city life the same state of affairs appears to exist, and will be found constantly implied in the incidents of the novels of Heyse, Detlef, Werner, Marlett, and others. Not but what there is much married happiness in Germany, but the expectations of the wife are pitched lower than with us: she is to do more work and to be more submissive. A German girl may be happy as the wife of an American, but it does not seem possible that any American girl can be happy as the wife of a German. Of the first-mentioned sort of union I have seen instances that turned out well, but have never either known or heard of an American girl who married in Germany and did not regret the act.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Science. Mr. G. P. Brown, in his *Sewer-Gas and its Dangers* (Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.), gives the result of careful investigations made for the purpose of ascertaining to what extent improper drainage is responsible for sickness in our great cities. The author does not claim to have written a scientific treatise, nor to have dealt with the technical mysteries of plumbing. His little essay is just what it professes to be, — a sensible, straightforward statement of the defects which he found in the system of sewerage adopted in Chicago. For Chicago the reader may easily substitute New York, or Philadelphia, or Boston. — D. Appleton & Co. have reprinted *Anthropology, an Introduction to the Study of Man and Civilization*, by Edward B. Tylor, D. C. L. The work, which addresses itself to the cultured reader rather than to the scientist, is profusely illustrated. — George M. Beard, M. D., has furnished a supplement to his treatise on *Neurasthenia*, entitled *American Nervousness: Its Causes and its Consequences*. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) — *The Disposal of the Dead*, by Edward J. Bermingham, A. M., M. D., is a plea for cremation. (Bermingham & Co.)

Poetry. In this department we have *Giorgio and Other Poems*, by Stuart Sterne, the author of *Angelo* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); *A Little Child's Monument*, by the Hon. Roden Noel (London: C. Kegan, Paul & Co.); *The Perfect Day and Other Poems*, by Ina D. Coolbrith (published by subscription); and *The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk*, by George Houghton (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Each of these volumes is entitled to praise: Giorgio for a certain dramatic strength, and Roden Noel's *Child's Monument* for its delicate versification; Miss Coolbrith's poems have here and there fine lyrical qualities, and Mr. Houghton's picturesque Northern legend is well worthy of its present tasteful resetting. This poem was originally published in pamphlet form for private circulation. — Some one who withholds his name from the title-page has turned Tennyson's poem of *The Princess* into a play. (Lee & Shepard.) The dramatization is not very skillfully done. The playwright has overlooked several of the most effective points in the narrative, and deliberately eliminated the delicate humor of the poem. The idea of making a parlor drama of it was charming.

Fiction. The month has not been very prolific in novels, but the list is notable since it embraces Synnöve Solbakken, translated by Rasmus B. Anderson, from the Norse of Björnsterne Björnson. This forms the initial volume of the complete collection of Björnson's novels and romances announced some time ago by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The same publishers have issued Miss Phelps's *Friends: A Duet*, and Edgar Fawcett's *A Gentleman of Leisure*. The former story, which has just run its course in *The Atlantic Monthly*, is certain of a wide popularity in book form, and equal good fortune may be predicted for Mr. Faw-

cett's charming and caustic picture of New York society. — In Mrs. Geoffrey (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) the readers of *Molly Bawn* and *Phyllis* will find something quite to their taste. — *The Story of Helen of Troy* (Harper & Brothers) is a society tale, of rather light texture. — It is rather difficult to class *Hidden Power* (G. W. Carleton & Co.): so much fiction is mixed up with Mr. T. H. Tibbles's presentation of contemporary events that we must needs place his book among the novels. *Hidden Power* is a singularly felicitous title for a work of fiction in which literary power is so completely hidden. It is not, however, devoid of interest or entertainment. — In the *Annals of Brookdale* an anonymous author draws a pleasant idyllic picture of the typical New England village of twenty-five or thirty years ago. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) — The American readers of *Hester Stretton* — and she deservedly has a great many readers in this country — will warmly welcome the reprint of her *Cobwebs and Cables*. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) — *The Chaplain of the Fleet*, a capital novel by Walter Besant and James Rice, and *The Miller's Daughter*, by Annie Beale, are among the latest additions to the Franklin Square Library. — The most striking thing about *Contrasts*, by M. R. Grendel (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is its tasteless cover. It does injustice to a really clever story of Northern and Southern life. The latter half of the novel is more than clever. — The Rev. George H. Hepworth's little story is quite as feeble as its affected title, or rather its lack of title, would lead one to expect. (Harper & Brothers.) The author christens his novelette with three exclamation points, and the production really is !!! — MM. Sirven and Leverdier have fallen victims to the baleful idea of writing a sequel to Zola's *Nana*. The kindest thing that can be said of these two gentlemen is that they have failed in their attempt to be as "scientific" and revolting as Zola. (J. B. Peterson & Brothers.) — *Happy-Go-Lucky*, by the author of *Rutledge* (G. W. Carleton & Co.), is an advance on some of the writer's later novels, but is not so satisfactory as the story by which she first attracted her public. — *The Count's Secret*, translated from the lurid French of Émile Gaboriau (Estes & Lauriat), *A Nihilist Princess*, also a translation from the French (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), and *Among the Hills*, by E. F. Poynter, the author of *My Little Lady* and other charming tales of English life (Henry Holt & Co.), complete our list.

Literature. Harper's *Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry*, edited by the late Epes Sargent, is a handsome volume of nearly one thousand pages in double columns, neatly printed and admirably adapted for its purpose. Errors of taste and judgment are inevitable in compilation on so grand a scale: the present work contains as few mistakes as any poetical anthology with which we are acquainted. In the matter of selection, the

editors of cyclopædias of this kind usually follow in each other's footsteps, like Indians on a war-path. Mr. Sargent wisely struck out a course for himself, or at least sought to do so. In most instances he gives us not only fresh selections, but selections quite as excellent as the time-honored "specimens." — The little folks will hail with delight Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson's *Stories from Old English Poetry*. The stories are from Chaucer, Spenser, John Lyly, Robert Green, and Shakespeare. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) — Charles Scribner's Sons have issued the fifth volume of Max Müller's *Chips from a German Workshop*, — a work whose interest and value are inadequately expressed by the title.

History and Biography. The Correspondence of Prince Talleyrand and King Louis XVIII. during the Congress of Vienna has been issued in one handsome and marvelously low-priced volume by Charles Scribner's Sons. The work, which is excellently printed on good paper, is furnished with a carefully prepared biographical and geographical index, and sells at one dollar. The Correspondence also appears in the Franklin Square Library, and in a cloth edition at seventy-five cents. (Harper & Brothers.) — Fowler and Wells have issued the first volume of *The History of Woman's Suffrage*, edited by Elizabeth C. Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Matilda J. Gage. The work is to be complete in two volumes, the first of which contains over eight hundred closely-printed pages, and is illustrated with numerous portraits on steel. — Edgar Quinet, his *Early Life and Writings*, by Richard Heath (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is the latest addition to the English and Foreign Philosophical Library. It is an exposition of Quinet's writings rather than a narrative of his life, though the opening portion of the book is rich in delightful biographical studies. The deep interest taken in Quinet and his literary career is shown by the fact that the first edition of this work is already out of print. — An interesting biographical sketch of Count Agénor de Casparin, translated from the French of Thomas Borel, by Gen. O. O. Howard, comes to us from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. A work of more immediate interest, however, is General Howard's account of Nez Perce Joseph. (Lee & Shepard.) The rights and wrongs of the Chief Joseph and the circumstances attending his pursuit and capture are matters that have been imperfectly understood by the public at large, and evidently not understood at all by several of those critics who have been most severe on General Howard's action in the case. — If the Lost Cause were not quite dead, Mr. Davis's history of *The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy*, in two ponderous volumes, would deal it a deadly blow. (D. Appleton & Co.) — Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. have added to their Popular Library Boswell and Johnson and The Rev. Rowland Hill.

Theological and Religious. We have to record three very important works: *The Republic of God*, an Institute of Theology, by Elisha Mulford, LL. D.; *The Theistic Argument*, by the late Professor Diman; and *The Gospel of the Resurrection*, by James Morris Whiton, Ph. D.

(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) — In *The Story of the Manuscripts* (D. Lothrop & Co.) Mr. Merrill has undertaken to give a popular account of the manuscript history of the Scriptures of the New Testament. He traces the probable origin and destruction of the original documents, the copies and their distribution, the discovery of the leading manuscripts, and the work done by scholars in editing them. His work is executed in a spirit of affectionate interest, and he writes *con amore*. — It has become nearly impossible to keep the run of the various editions of the revised New Testament. The latest and in several respects the most satisfactory edition is the Comparative Edition. (Porter & Coates.) This work embraces the authorized version, known as King James's, and the new revised version arranged in parallel columns for comparison and reference. It is printed with large, clear-faced type on paper of good quality. Messrs. Lee & Shepard have issued an American reprint, which they state is an accurate and exact reproduction of the Oxford edition. Still another comes from Messrs. Harper & Brothers. In this edition the readings and renderings of certain passages preferred by the American Committee are printed as foot-notes.

Education and Text Books. In the series of School Bulletin publications (Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen) there have been published *A Short History of Education*, a reprint of the article Education from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; the little book is edited, with considerable apparatus, by Prof. W. H. Payne, of University of Michigan; also *DeGraff's Pocket Pronunciation Book*, containing three thousand words of difficult pronunciation. — The publication of a manual, *How to Use Wood-Working Tools* (Ginn & Heath), is an agreeable intimation of the progress already made in the introduction of technological studies into elementary education. — In the Chautauqua Language Series (A. S. Barnes & Co.) there appears a *Second German Book* after the Natural or Pestalozzian Method for Schools and Home Instruction, by James H. Worman. It is meant for beginners in German, but it seems to be assumed that the beginners are children, the pictorial explanations having little other value. — Mr. Rolfe in his edition of Shakespeare has reached Coriolanus. (Harpers.) In his preface he recognizes Mr. Hudson, whose edition comes into comparison with his, and although his thrusts are good-natured we suspect this is the mild beginning of a controversy. Mr. Hudson may talk back.

Criticism. The *Philosophy of Carlyle*, by Edwin D. Mead, is a very thoughtful examination of that great writer's career, purpose, and influence. The voice of this book is in a different key from that of the voices now contending over the unlucky *Reminiscences* and their injudicious editor. The point of view from which Mr. Mead looks at the author of *Sartor Resartus* is indicated by the quotation from Emerson which figures on the fly-leaf: "Carlyle has, best of all men in England, kept the manly attitude in his time. . . . His errors of opinion are as nothing in comparison with this merit, in my judgment." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)